Sept. 27, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

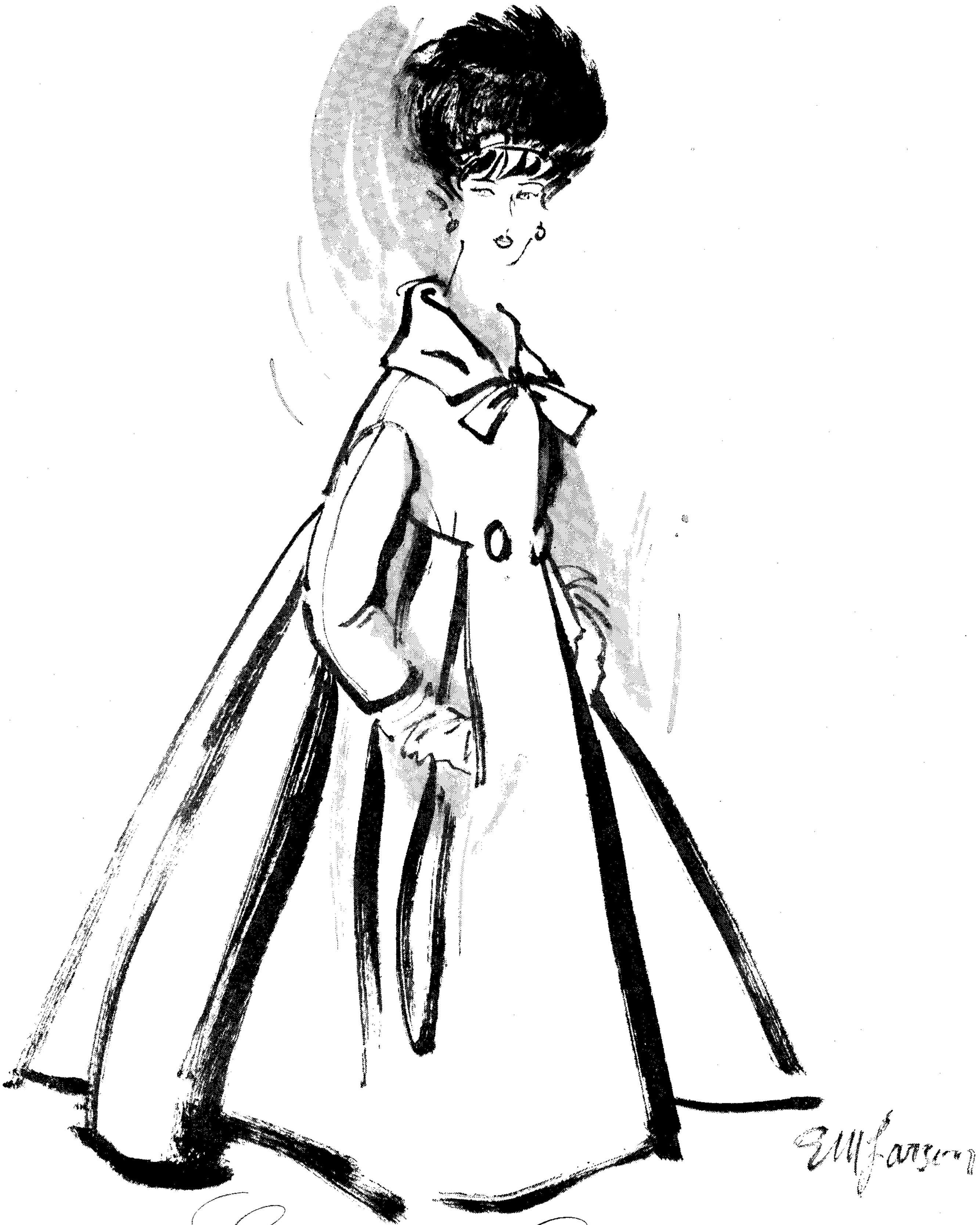
Price 25 cents

Property of
ssador College Librar
Sandy, TX 75755
AUG 0 5 1993

UE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE LIBRAR
AUG 0 5 1993

Hand-blended beauty...pressed powder made to order just for you. While you watch, the Charles of the Ritz consultant creates the one shade that flatters you most. Pressed in an elegant compact, $2.00 plus tax. Nowhere else, but at our beauty bar. At favored department and specialty stores.

Charles of the Ritz



Greatcoat: Circa '58

In a city wardrobe, it could easily be *the* coat.
In terms of fashion, it makes a high point of the Empire line—
so much a part of the recent European fashion showings.
In our eyes—and we hope in yours—it has all the makings
of a Great Beauty. The fabric: a heavenly suede-surfaced wool
in red, blue or black. Sizes 8 to 14. $225
Coats, Third Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Say, Darling—Richard Bissell, Marian Bissell, and Abe Burrows have collaborated most felicitously on this play about the birth pains of a musical comedy. Mr. Bissell, of course, had a large hand in "The Pajama Game," of a couple of years ago, so the rest of the parallel should not be difficult to figure. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne wrote the songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond lead a fine big cast through their comic paces. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Dore Schary's play covering the three years between Franklin Roosevelt's crippling illness and his speech nominating Al Smith for the Presidency is excellent historical drama, written with great vigor and taste. Ralph Bellamy gives a most remarkable performance in the central role, and he is admirably supported by a cast that includes Mary Fickett, Henry Jones, Anne Seymour, and Alan Bunce. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—The complete cast of this drama by William Gibson consists of Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft, as a dreamy out-of-towner and a young lady from the Bronx. Mr. Gibson clearly has a sharp ability to reproduce authentic dialogue. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Visit—Maurice Valency's translation of Friedrich Duerrenmatt's play about a woman who wants a man killed, and the inhabitants of a village who are all quite willing to oblige her, is chillingly powerful theatre. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are stunning as the victim and the vengeful lady. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—the dark at the top of the stairs: All about life in Oklahoma some three decades ago. William Inge's play has a cast headed by Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **look homeward, angel:** Ketti Frings' adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel. Now with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Long Runs—bells are ringing: A comedy involving Judy Holliday as a conscientious telephone-answering-service girl. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **jamaica:** Lena Horne in a musical for which Harold Arlen wrote the music and E. Y. Harburg supplied the lyrics. The cast also includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the music man:** Meredith Willson's excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. With Robert Preston. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Sally Ann Howes plays Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **west side story:** "Romeo and Juliet," restated in terms of a teen-age gang war. The cast includes Carol Lawrence and Larry Kert. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Handful of Fire—N. Richard Nash's new play, starring Roddy McDowall and James Daly. Staged by Robert Lewis and presented by David Susskind and the Playwrights' Company. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 1. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Touch of the Poet—Helen Hayes, Eric Portman, Kim Stanley, and Betty Field in the Eugene O'Neill drama. A presentation of the Producers Theatre, directed by Harold Clurman. Opens Thursday, Oct. 2. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"The Magic Flute," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

The Bald Soprano and **Jack**—Two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. Included in the casts are Jenny Egan and Phil Bruns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Blood Wedding—Federico García Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Children of Darkness—Colleen Dewhurst and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Comic Strip—A comedy by George Panetta, with Peter Falk and Tom Pedi. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-1143. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Sept. 28.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Michael Higgins and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

The Egg and I—A musical version of Betty MacDonald's book, adapted by Hal Pockriss, with music by Frank Brents and lyrics by Wilferd Sales, and with an All-Negro cast. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.)

Guests of the Nation—Frank O'Connor's short story, adapted by Neil McKenzie. Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da Capo" serves as a curtain-raiser. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:15 and 9:45; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:30.)

Héloïse—A play by James Forsyth, originally produced in London and based on the medieval love story of Héloïse and Abélard. Mitzi Hoag and Eugene Miles head the cast. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

Lulu—Eva Gabor, Harold Huber, and Clarence Derwent in a translation of Frank Wedekind's play "Earth Spirit." The director is David Ross. Previews at 8:40 through Sunday, Sept. 28. Opens officially on Monday, Sept. 29. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—Zero Mostel and Robert Brown in a dramatization of a segment of James Joyce's novel "Ulysses." (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-6244. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, Sept.

Page
BOOKS 165
THE CURRENT CINEMA 163
LETTER FROM ROME 83
MUSICAL EVENTS 101
JAZZ RECORDS 103
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS 108
THE RACE TRACK 149
A REPORTER AT LARGE 121
THE THEATRE 74

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIV, No. 32, September 27, 1958. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. ©, 1958, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

Our shipshape tweed rules the deck

on Mooremack's new liner, S. S. Brasil

Exhilarating feature of this handsome new cruise ship to South America—five wonderful promenade decks for strollers who love to keep face-up to fresh breezes.

Smart way to come aboard—in this easy, fluid coat, exclusive with Peck and Peck. Stunning in a monotone diagonal wool tweed in Charcoal or Taupe. 8 to 16. 85^{95}

Peck *and* Peck

New York

Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Washington, D. C., Atlanta, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Hartford, Buffalo, Providence

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIA MARTEL
ON ONE OF S. S. BRASIL'S FIVE
BROAD, TERRACED PASSENGER DECKS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

25: "Swan Lake," "Variations for Four" (première), "Journey," and "Concerto." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 26: "Petrouchka," "Les Sylphides," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Gala Performance." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 27 (primarily for children): "Petrouchka," "Les Sylphides," and "Helen of Troy." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 27: "Swan Lake," "Fall River Legend," "Judgment of Paris," and "Helen of Troy." . . . ¶ Monday evening, Sept. 29: "Miss Julie," "Les Sylphides," "The Combat," and "Gala Performance." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 30: "Paean," "Fall River Legend," "The Nutcracker: Pas de Deux," and "Concerto." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 1. "Theme and Variations," "Pas de Quatre," "Pillar of Fire," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 2: "Variations for Four," "Giselle," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 3: "Billy the Kid," "Pas de Trois" (Minkus), "Journey," and "Gala Performance." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 4 (primarily for children): "Billy the Kid" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 4: "Theme and Variations," "Miss Julie," "Pas de Deux," and "Concerto." (Metropolitan Opera House. PL 7-7035. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances—Thursday evening, Sept. 25: "Interplay," "Illuminations," "Waltz-Scherzo," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 26: "Serenade," "Pas de Dix," "Agon," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 27: "Swan Lake," "Agon," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 27: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Pas de Dix," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 28: "Four Temperaments," "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," and "Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 28: "Fanfare," "Apollo," "Waltz-Scherzo," and "Western Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Jerome Robbins' Ballets: U.S.A.—"N. Y. Export, op. Jazz," "The Concert," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "3 x 3." (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 11.)

Percival Borde—With his company of dancers, singers, and musicians, and with Pearl Primus as assisting artist. (St. Mark's Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Mark's Pl. Nightly, except Monday, Sept. 29, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Monday, Oct. 6. For tickets, call AL 5-8067.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—Roy Rogers, Trigger, and Trigger, Jr., are heading this year's Wild West Show on Eighth Avenue. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Through Monday, Oct. 13.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Lights! Action! Camera! Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra on the dead run all night.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, a couple of stalwart chaps—Ray Middleton and Jimmy Carroll—have their way with Victor Herbert, which can result in a very sentimental journey. This happens at nine-thirty and, on Fridays and Saturdays, also at twelve-thirty. Dance music by an orchestra led by Joseph Ricardel and Alan Logan's band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Ted Straeter's band is filling the night with the headiest sort of dance music, and Mark Monte's quintet is playing along with the mob. At dinner and supper, Lisa Kirk puts on a small-scale Cecil B. deMille extravaganza. Thursday, Sept. 25, will be a benefit for the Travelers Aid. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, an idyllic way to pass the time of night, the dance orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen glide decorously down Memory Lane. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's chamber musicians dish up gossiping music at teatime in the Palm Court and munching music at the dinner hour in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either abode.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Lenny Herman's dance orchestra bows out of the Grill on Thursday, Oct. 2. Sammy Kaye's band, which veers from big-city to small-town with occasionally disconcerting celerity, arrives next evening. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Julie Wilson, dressed to kill, is prowling the Maisonette at dinner and supper, trailing songs dedicated to the proposition that it's the man who pays, and yet looking as wholesome as blueberry pie. Her final performances will be on Tuesday, Sept. 30. Constance Moore, about as polished a singer as you'll get from Hollywood, begins her annual visit to New York a night later. Dancing—just about non-stop. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Emile Petti, the long-lost piano man, is now presiding over his band in the Café Lounge, where it murmurs happily for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Embassy Club at the stroke of nine, Chauncey Gray's orchestra turns on its débutante-speed dance music for a group to whom that sort of thing is an old story. Quintero's band takes up any slack. There's dinner music, too, but Sundays are soundless.

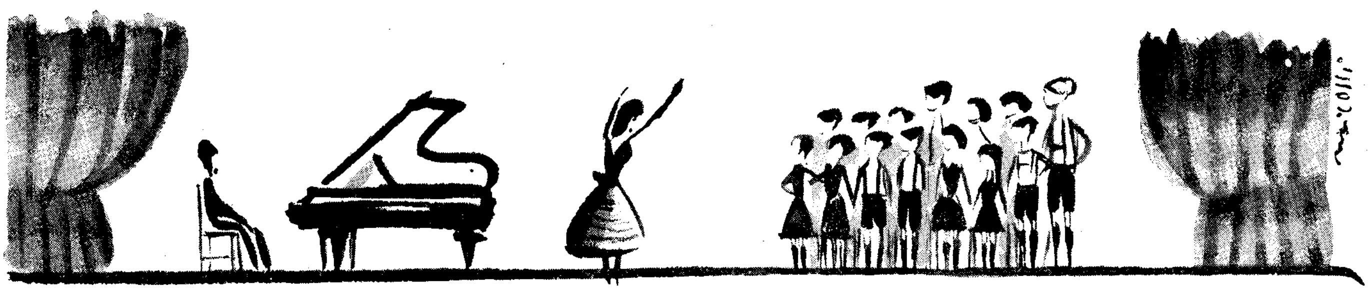
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Marguerite Piazza, who looks great in her track clothes, is being put through a marathon of song, dance, and prance that would leave anyone but a Met trainee breathless. She's a supper-and-dinner condiment in the Empire Room. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Béla Babai's orchestra, both of them decisive, play for dancing. Sundays are silent nights. . . . ¶ Weekdays, between eight-thirty and one, a group run by Jozsi Ribari plunks down more music for dancing in the opulent reaches of Peacock Alley. Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai band does the plunking.

Note—There's light at the top of the stairs (at least from four-thirty to nine every day but Sunday), in the Rainbow Room, which is on the six-thousandth floor of 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Joseph Sudy's trio contributes stein songs now and then. The phone is CI 6-5800.

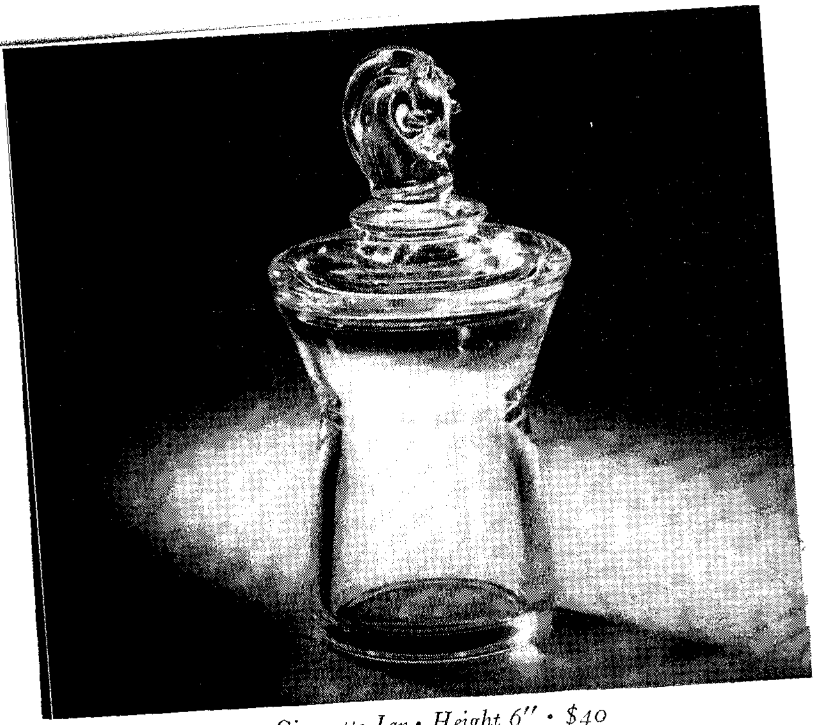
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

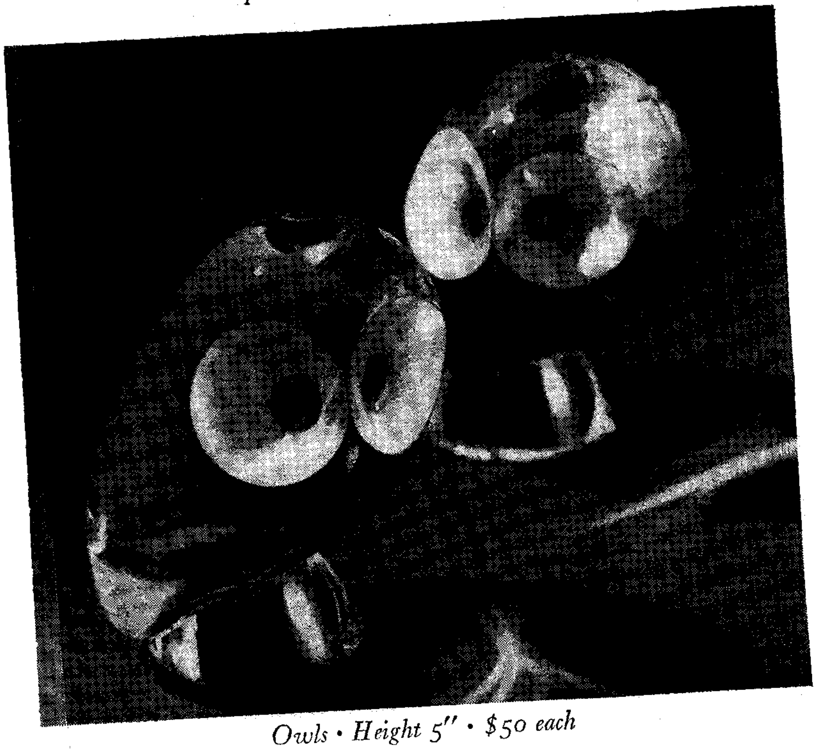
DRAKE ROOM, *71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600):* A tree grows in Manhattan—a fine, glittery, green bay tree, in whose shade sits the piano of Addison Bailey, the establishment's cocktail, dinner, and supper concertmaster for a good many years. The Sunday handyman is Joel Forbes. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The keepers of the night watch here rarely relax, but when they do they are wooed (and even won) by the Romance-language piano of Ralph Strain, an early settler who has recently come back home. He starts at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' general store, which has certain attributes of a bar-and-grill, stays open late for the benefit of the neighborhood youngsters. Mr. Hawkins addresses himself to one of the two pianos, the other of which is staffed by Wayne Sanders. They're in action, singly or in tandem, from five until dawn. Late at night, there are apt to be non-scheduled flights by the guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, who at times sounds like the wisest woman of the extra-civilized world, offers a song recitation that begins fairly late in the evening. Her accompanist, and the piano soloist, is Sam Hamilton, by now practically her alter ego. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar takes a Mediterranean honeymoon cruise all the way from Seville to Sorrento, holds forth from nine to one every evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The Florentine gardens the name brings to mind are present only in spirit, but everything tangible is Florentine in actuality. Pellucid piano, by Dick Hankinson, decorates the premises from dinner until a wee hour. After the theatre, there are verbal and visual pranks by Dean Sheldon, a virtuoso tenor who gives his more sombre arias some Grand Guignol trappings, and Isobel Robins, a bearer of *light, fond, and foolish words*. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS ROOM**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The most recent, and the most picturesque, gazebo erected by Julius Monk in furtherance of his scheme for making night life at once comfortable and scatterbrained. Alice Ghostley, a bewitched *diseuse*, and Don Evans and Carl Norman, upper-echelon pianists, are the dramatis personae. The bar opens at five, the merrymaking starts at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): A crossroads-of-the-world restaurant, where Cy Walter, of the light, fantastic fingers, is at play on the piano from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Violins with every course, right on down to the *caffè espresso*. Theo Fanidi's corps of bowsmen keeps it up all night. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The table-side violin of the timeless Norbert Faconi is the main event in a household crammed with re-



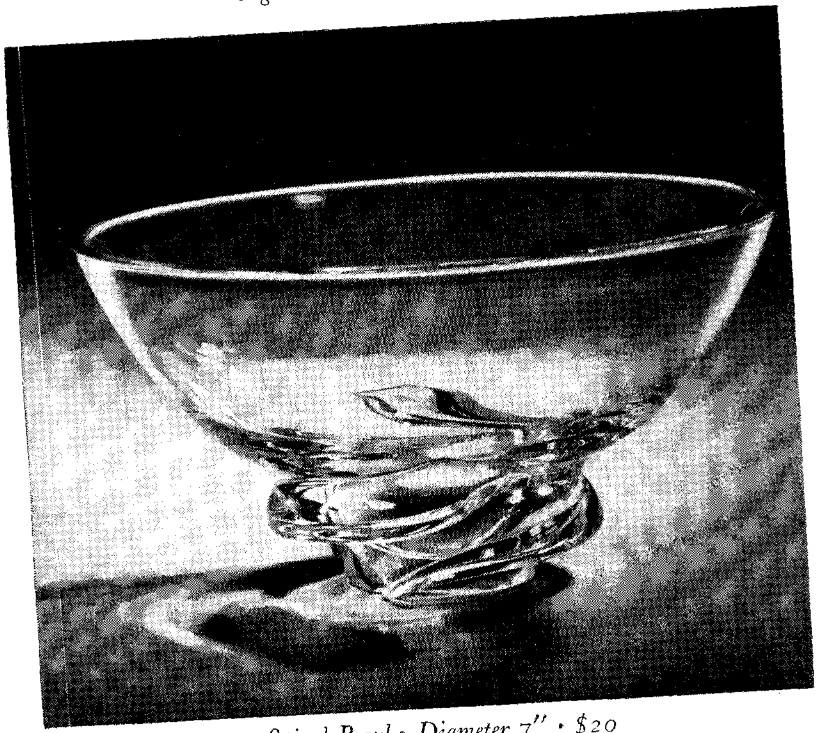
Bouquet Vase · Height 5″ · $17.50



Cigarette Jar · Height 6″ · $40



Owls · Height 5″ · $50 each



Spiral Bowl · Diameter 7″ · $20

The World of Steuben Crystal

ASIA, Africa, South America, Europe and Australia. Great men and women of the world are owners of important Steuben presentation pieces.

Steuben takes equal pride in being a beloved part of American homes. Look at the crystal pieces illustrated above.

The cigarette jar is useful. The owl is an amusing conceit. The vase asks for flowers, as does the bowl for candy.

Each piece is unique. Each bears the rare stamp of Steuben craftsmanship.

STEUBEN GLASS

718 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave., at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Moulding the Woman

Interest mounts to new heights in the simple silk faille sheath when it sends a deep swag across its bodice line. Flattery indeed, in the low-glow of pure silk faille . . . emerald, royal, black or clam. By Max Lawrence. Sizes 10 to 20. **49.95**

3rd Floor

Also available at our 17 convenient Branches

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

minders of the days when knighthood was in flower. He is onstage after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Fun in a Spanish wine cellar, which has been equipped with tables, chairs, and a troupe of players who never get out of the habit of singing, dancing, and plain and fancy strumming. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays. . . . LA ZAMBRA, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Another aspect of Spain—a pastoral one—where indigenous music wells up until quite late at night amidst excellent scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . LEFT BANK, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Hemmed in by an exhibit of oils you're unlikely to see anywhere else this side of Jupiter or Mars is the Signatures, an instrumental and vocal quintet just getting its start in the city's night life. The music starts at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . CHARDAS, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): None of the Hungarians around here can hold their tongues for any length of time. Along with the resultant songfest goes music by the bushel, some of it from that vanishing instrument the zimbalon. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The living is easy, and the landscaping is all that an urban eye could wish. The major punctuation is piano, which, as of Monday, Sept. 29, will be in the charge of George Feyer. He's on at frequent intervals from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . WAVERLEY LOUNGE, 103 Waverley Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the completely unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory, largely British and New York. He gets going at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . CHAMPAGNE GALLERY, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues arranged in a manner conducive to conversation, instead of mass participation, and looking unmistakably like Greenwich Village. Someone is usually at the piano. . . . NINO'S TEN EAST, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the taproom, an ornate nook in an ornate restaurant, there's reasonably cheerful piano by Jules Kuti from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . CARLTON HOUSE, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Hunting-lodge architecture, inhabited by the most unruffled grouse in town. Dr. Al Mello, a physician who has healed himself by turning pianist, has the floor from five-thirty to eight, and again from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . CASANOVA, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): A familiar scene—candelabra to the left, candelabra to the right, and violins and song (the French mother-and-daughter team called Caroline and Belen) down front. Closed Sundays. . . . STANHOPE GATE, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): While the night mail coach to Boston is changing horses, it is possible to duck into this chastely modern bar of the Stanhope Hotel for grog and a roundelay by Fernando Sirvent, a guitarist who goes flamenco at the slightest urging. He's on point duty from nine till twelve-thirty. No music Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): In spite of all the good-natured tumult onstage, the incumbent extravaganza (by turn musical, acrobatic, terpsichorean, scenic, and Dionysian) is essentially a woman's world—a young, Garden of Eden woman's world, on the whole. The principal is the humorist named Dick Shawn, presenting sketches drawn from life and sketches drawn from musty files. Dancing. . . . COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The thousand and one nights of Joe E. Lewis the Haroun-al-Rashid, and the thousand and one days of Joe E. Lewis the horseplayer. In between tales, there's a show made of bricks without straw. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Mike Nichols and Elaine May are putting on some remarkably true-to-life comedies of errors, and Bobby Lewis is deeply engrossed in old

A&F

Sportsmen's Choice

Men who come to A&F for fine sporting gear confidently choose their wardrobes for town and spectator wear at the same time. For they know that everything at A&F measures up to the most exacting standards of functional design, durable quality and virile styling.

English Cordovan Oxfords: plain-toe blucher that's ideal for town, country, campus. In traditional deep brown . . . rugged leather soles and heels. . **24.95**

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

NEW YORK—360 MADISON AVENUE
CHICAGO *SAN FRANCISCO*

parlor black magic and old parlor jokes. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are the background.... ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, from 2 to 4 A.M., except Saturdays and Mondays, there's progressive music by the Lyonses.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Phil Leeds, whom life has hung, drawn, and quartered a thousand times over, has lived to tell the tale in choice words and rare good humor; Gigi Durston, a well-remembered sweet girl graduate, does the singing. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those familiar faces, never stray far from their twin pianos. Sundays, silent movies and no Durston; Mondays, amateur performers and no Leeds.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A Village version of the "1812 Overture," in which the lyric Mae Barnes supplies the cannons' roar and the Three Flames (Tiger Haynes among them) supply the other cacophony. Jimmie Daniels, the inventor of this inn, is more bland, more *dégagé*, as he does his world-weary ballads. The nonsense is in the hands of Phyllis Diller, a girl with many problems and something to say for and against all of them, and Larry Storch, whose chalk talks are red, hot, and (unhappily) now and then blue. Closed Mondays.... **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Up one flight of stairs, in a space no bigger than a hall bedroom, four young folk romp through a series of skits endowed with a fair amount of common sense and airy nonsense. Performances at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; closed Sundays and Mondays. ... **LE CUPIDON,** 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): Corinne Calvet, who is pretty enough to be in the movies (and has been) is now turning her attention to song. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The afterdeck of the Midtown Café, and Chinese ice-cream parlor is the word for it. Janice Mars, a delightfully unmannered purveyor of songs of dalliance and songs of supplication, and Baldwin Bergersen, composer and pianist of note, are at play all week long; every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Mr. Bergersen is supplemented by Brooks Morton, who also knows what he is doing. All quiet on Sundays.... **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Furniture by Grand Rapids, atmosphere by Jack London, and top-of-the-evening song and piano by Bobby Short, an irresistible force. Russ Haddock's trio, which helps Mr. Short along, goes it alone, too, from time to time. Mr. Short is away Mondays, and Mr. Haddock's group is away Tuesdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The famous Condon health farm, with its rigid regimen—Labatt's India Pale Ale, roast beef, and jazz with plenty of sulphur and molasses. Mr. Condon is supported in this worthy endeavor by Rex Stewart, George Wettling, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Leonard Gaskin, and Herb Hall. The favorite topic is the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. The recess-hour pianist is Bob Hammer. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Through Sunday, Sept. 28, George Shearing's quintet, which adds a certain poetry to the often harsh prose of the new music, and Evans Bradshaw, who has the use of the piano and a trio during intermissions, will be disporting themselves. Sundays, there's a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session. The place is closed Mondays. On Tuesday, Sept. 30, Carmen McRae, a comely Cleopatra, will start whipping out her high-style jazz ballads, and Irwin Corey, one of the greatest semanticists of our time, will start talking.... **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): An assembly hall for musicians, administered by Freddie Lamb, a sound senior executive. Tyree Glenn's quartet, which has Hank Jones on piano, is in real breezy form; André Previn, who has finally got around to New York, has a trio in operation. Sundays, when they're away, rangers from nearby colleges take over the bandstand; on Sept. 28 the Brown University Bru Notes and the Dartmouth Sultans will have a workout.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-0800): Venerable troupers, such as Sidney de Paris, Wilbur

SINGAPORE

SINGAPORE
and so much more!

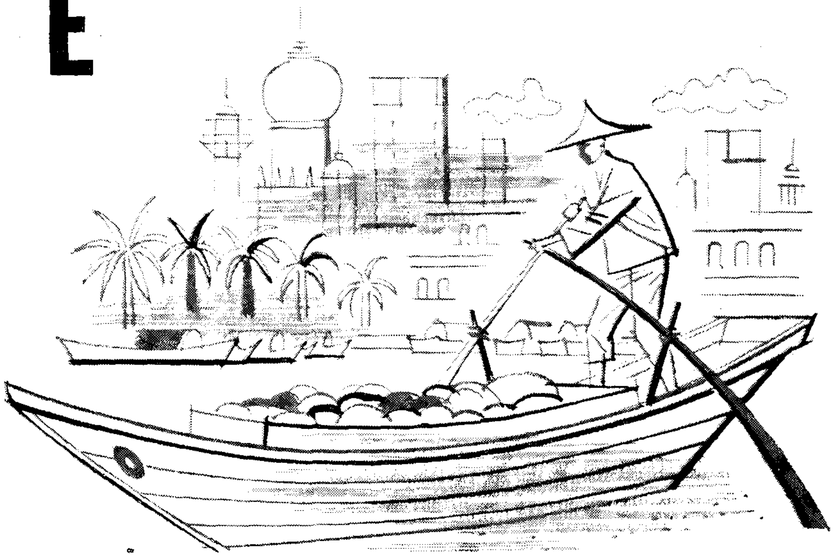
By sea or air, a
KEY POINT on Pacific
and World Tours

Singapore, in its own right, is a city of rare fascination. In addition, it is the crossroads of Southeast Asia...the logical base for short flights to Bali, Borneo, Malaya, Penang, Bangkok...all the travel magnets in one of the most glamorous areas in the world!

Give high priority to many-splendored Singapore, itself. The mystery and charm of the Orient stir you like heady wine...throngs on the street weave a tapestry of many races in many colored garb...magnificent temples and shrines rise in a clean, beautiful, modernized city.

And what shopping! Filigree and sarees from India, Swiss watches, Javanese carvings, Kelantan silks, laces and brocades set off by British woollens ...goods from everywhere offered at bargains which only a free port makes possible. With fine modern hotels, world-famed restaurants, exotically gay night life, Singapore entertains you royally.

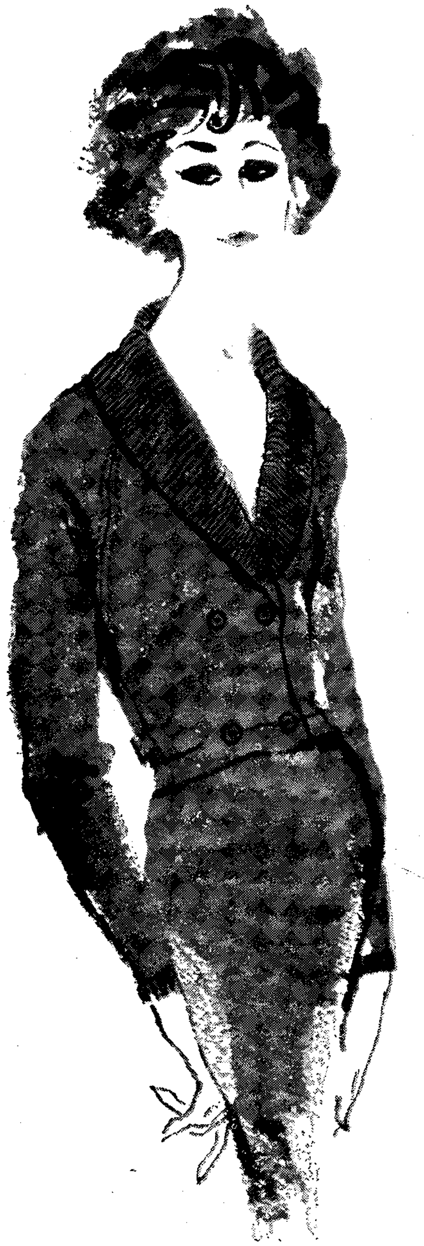
Have your Travel Agent schedule plenty of time for Singapore. And write us for literature and the answers to any questions.



SINGAPORE

DIVISION OF TOURISM • *Government of Singapore*
58 Sutter St., San Francisco • Box 887 Singapore

PATA Conference in Singapore Jan. 26-30
"SEE YOU IN SINGAPORE!"



THAT FRENCH KNIT IN AMERICA

Born in Paris, adored in America, the cardigan with low-plunging tuxedo collar and low-lying back belt. In softest Lesur Merino yarn. "Galucha," in caviar, chamois, watercress, deepsea blue, scarlet. About 35.00. Matching French jersey skirt about 30.00. At BERNATH, New York; RANSOHOFFS, San Francisco, Sacramento; and other fine stores.

Korrigan Lesur

Korrigan Lesur, 70 West 40 St., New York, N. Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk, are clattering away in an effort to prove that the old way of doing things is the best way. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays. Monday, Sept. 29, the Christmas City Six, from Lehigh University, will be among the house guests.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band, no stranger here, huffs and puffs in a manner more than likely to blow the walls down. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Stan Kenton is giving his new band its first hearing in town. In the supporting cast is Harry Edison's quartet. They will be here through Wednesday, Oct. 1. Next evening, Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, keening as shrilly as a jet plane, will come bouncing in. The regulars are on leave Mondays, which are visitors' nights.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, the major evening occupant of the oval bar, plays piano suggesting (1) that he may become the most brilliant of the modern technicians and (2) that he is just gathering rosebuds while he may. He and his trio are on duty after nine-thirty every evening but Monday.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Battledore and shuttlecock, without regard for the rules of Hoyle, is offered by such aged-in-the-vat minstrels as Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Cozy Cole, Buster Bailey, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and Herb Fleming. The uproar is continuous from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon hold a group discussion with Zutty Singleton and Pee Wee Erwin. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie.... **VERSAILLES,** 418 Sixth Ave., at 9th St. (AL 4-8346): The music is as up-to-date as the décor, which is saying quite a lot. At present, the sound engineers are Joe Saye and his trio. On Tuesday, Sept. 30, the trio of Charlie Mingus, rebel with a cause, will replace the Saye group. Closed Mondays.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Weekend youth therapy, performed loud and offhand. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, the bulls in the china shop will probably be Wild Bill Davison, Tyree Glenn, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Willie the Lion Smith, Dick Wellstood, Panama Francis, and Freddie Moore.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The trio of Dorothy Donegan, who often plays piano simply by slapping it on the back, begins at nine-thirty. Don Goldie's quartet, the alternate posse, will be there through Saturday, Sept. 27. There's also cocktail and dinner piano every evening, and Sundays are catch-as-catch-can bouts between extra hands.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Reopens Tuesday, Sept. 30, with Eddie Costa's trio and Lennie Tristano and his quartet again occupying this hero-sandwich parlor. On Wednesday the Costas will do a solo act, and Thursday through Sunday the Tristanos will have the place to themselves. Mondays, the room is dark.... **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Greenwich Village of "The Iceman Cometh" period and décor, but full of questing youth. The accompanying jazz, which is over the hills and far away, is turned out by the quintet of Thelonious Monk, whose office hours are rarely the same on two consecutive evenings. Mondays are assigned to Mal Waldron's band. ... **GOTHIC ROOM,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): A foursome of innocent wayfarers known as the Commuters makes dance music, and (Fridays and Saturdays) a girl named Helen Streiff warbles with heart and soul after ten in the evening. They stand beside a parquet of cozy dimensions that adorns the ground floor of the Hotel Duane. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

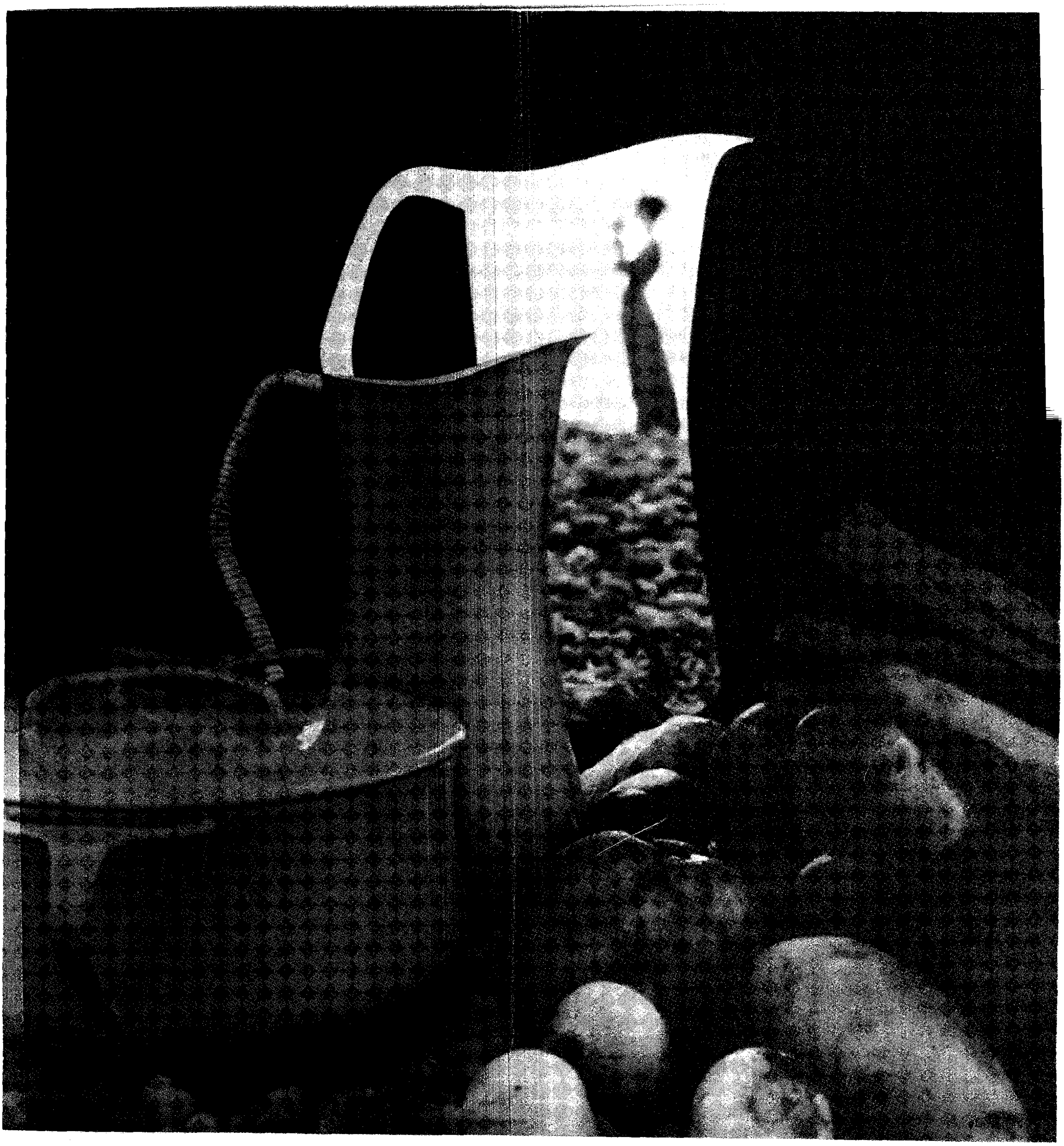
SAUL BAIZERMAN—A memorial exhibition of sculptures in bronze and hammered copper;

Concord

The watch that tells more than the time—something about you . . . something about excitement to come.

shown: The Ridgecrest, an elegant lady's 14K Florentine finish bracelet watch . . . $325.00. Write for illustrated folder.

Concord Watch Company
720 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York



THIS IS THE CASSEROLE THAT HAS WON FOUR INTERNATIONAL DESIGN AWARDS. IT'S CALLED KOBENSTYLE BY DANSK

LIGHTWEIGHT DANISH COOKWARE FOR TABLE USE IN YELLOW, RED OR TURQUOISE. DESIGNED BY JENS H. QUISTGAARD (J.H.Q.). PITCHER $6.50, CASSEROLE $10.50

FOR BROCHURES OF OUR COLLECTIONS WRITE DANSK DESIGNS INC., DEPT. N9, GREAT NECK, N.Y.

Elizabeth Arden

three faces of fashion

Not one, but *three* new lipstick shades from Elizabeth Arden, whose feeling for fashion is exceeded only by her passion for beauty. Months ago, Miss Arden realized that with all the new jewel colors in the Autumn clothes a complete, new lipstick wardrobe would be needed. Here it is, from left to right: India Ruby, to wear with blue red, violet, amethyst and the new deep black and red combinations; Rose Diamond, for all the deep royal blues, blue greens and teal; Star Topaze, for all the new tawny colors, coppers, golds and moss greens. Rich, creamy, lustrous and long-lasting, they all are *as considerate to your lips* as they are vital to your beauty. And all are offered in Miss Arden's newest lipstick, a classic cylinder girdled by a sequence of mock jewels. $5.00. *Refills* $.85. Regular lipstick $1.75.

through Oct. 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

PEHR—Paintings; through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St. Mondays, 1 to 5:30; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

HENRY WARD RANGER CENTENNIAL—A loan exhibition of about a hundred and fifty oils and water colors, selected from purchases made with Ranger funds since 1919 by the Council of the National Academy. The painters include George Luks, Andrew Wyeth, Childe Hassam, and Xavier Gonzales. Through Oct. 12. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Oliver Andrews, Carroll Cloar, and Reuben Tam are among the gallery members represented in an exhibit of paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Sept. 27. . . . **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Such nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists as Thomas Eakins, Marsden Hartley, and Sol Wilson; through Oct. 11. . . . **DE NAGY**, 24 E. 67th St.: Oils by Larry Rivers, Robert Goodnough, Helen Frankenthaler, and others; through Oct. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **NORDNESS**, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Two works apiece by ten painters and sculptors, among them Edward Millman, Walter Meigs, and Abbott Pattison; through Oct. 11. . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Harry Crowley, Paul Riba, and others; through Tuesday, Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **WASHINGTON IRVING GALLERY**, Irving Pl. at 17th St.: Ruth Vodicka, Jonah Kinigstein, and George Papashvily are among those displaying paintings and sculptures; through Oct. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Prospectus '58-'59" offers one oil or sculpture by each of the gallery members, including Americans Calvin Albert, Randall Morgan, and Stephen Greene, and two Italians Mario Negri and Giuseppe Santomaso; through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **EMMERICH**, 17 E. 64th St.: Paintings and drawings by, for instance, Adolph Gottlieb, Adja Yunkers, and Léger; through Tuesday, Sept. 30. . . . **KOOTZ**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: New paintings by Hans Hofmann, William Ronald, Pierre Soulages, and others; through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Oils, water colors, and drawings by such French and American artists as Picasso, Raoul Dufy, and Darrel Austin; through Oct. 11. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: An exhibit of paintings and drawings by several Europeans (Klee, Giacometti, and Kandinsky, for example) and by one American, Lyonel Feininger; through Oct. 18.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sunday, Sept. 28.

MUSEUMS

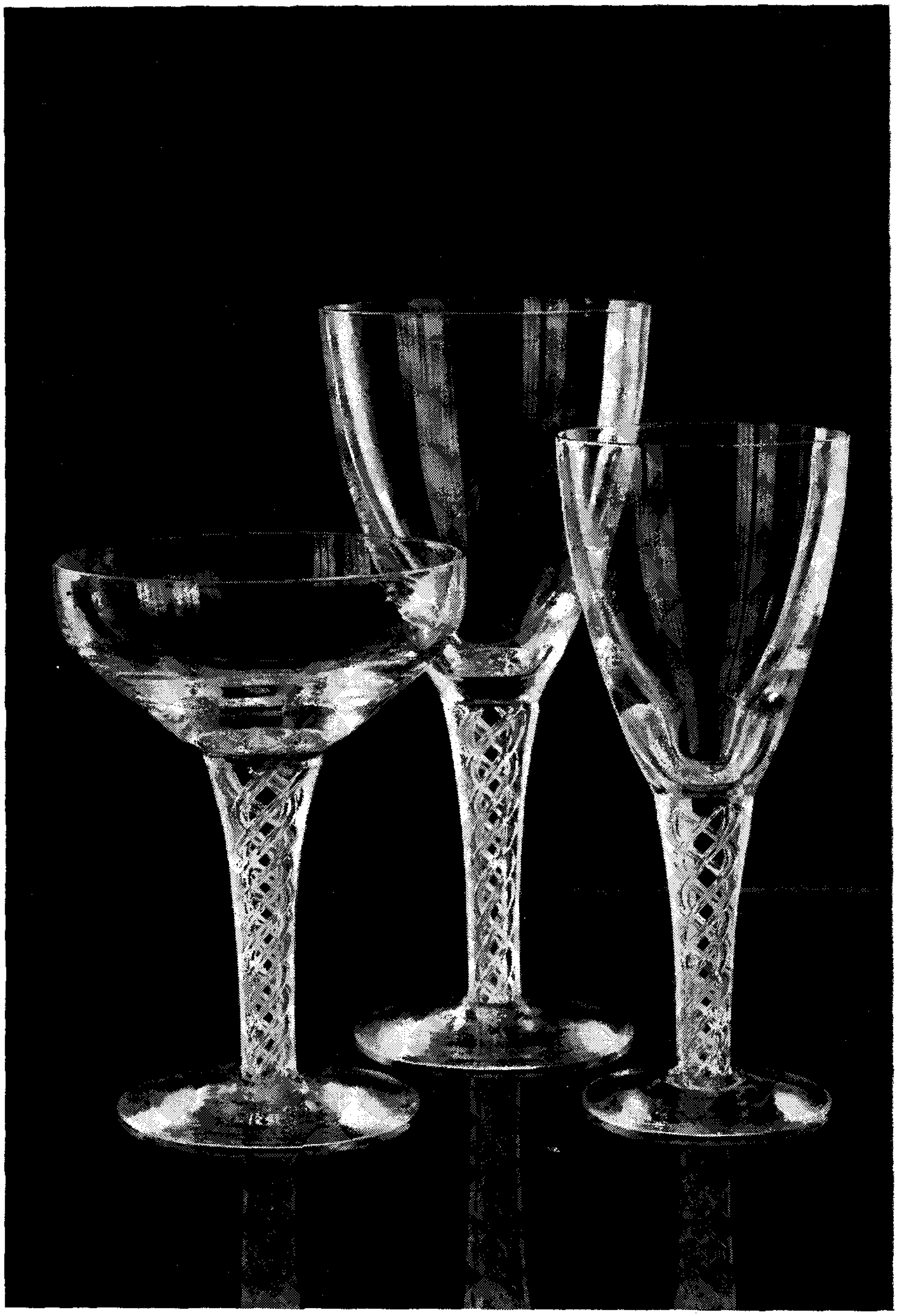
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—In two recently opened galleries, arms and armor from the Near, Middle, and Far East, including jewelled court weapons, filigreed Indian rifles, Turkish helmets, a Japanese suit of iron and leather scales, and samurai swords. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Museum is scheduled to reopen on Oct. 8.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—African sculptures, including figures, masks, and religious objects, in wood, stone, metal, ivory, and clay; through Dec. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—Braque, Modigliani, Brancusi, and Calder are four of the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection; through Oct. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A display of Finnish rugs and rug designs, plus an exhibit of pottery, silver, wall



HAND-BLOWN CRYSTAL BY STUART OF ENGLAND

IN ARIEL PATTERN WITH AIR-TWIST STEM.

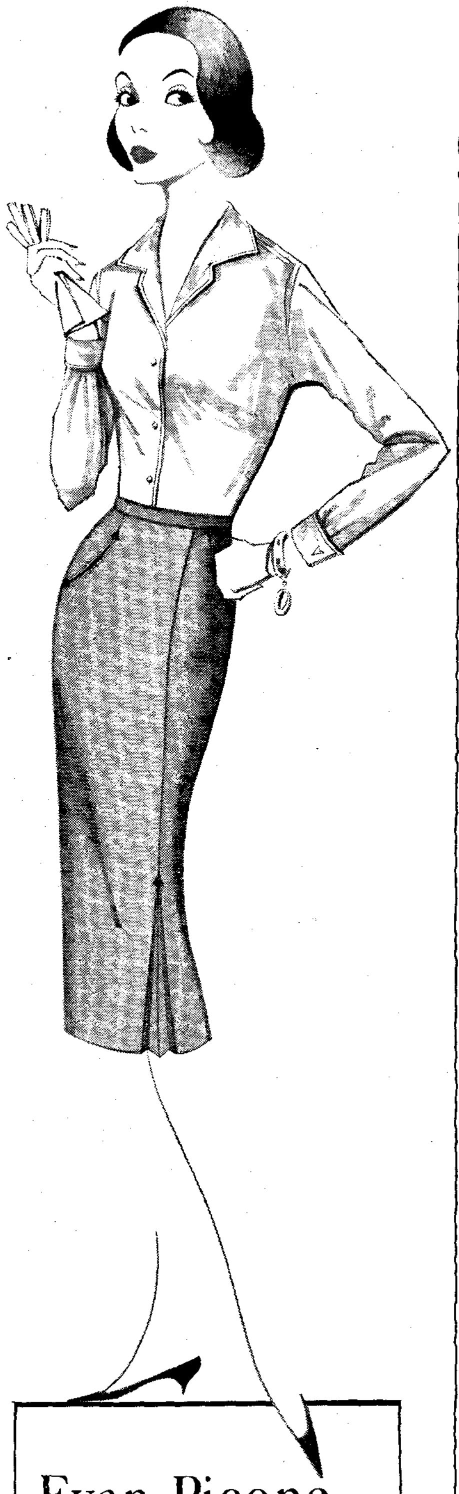
CHAMPAGNE AND WATER GOBLETS,

NINETY DOLLARS THE DOZEN.

CLARET, EIGHTY FOUR DOLLARS THE DOZEN.

TIFFANY & CO

NEW YORK



Evan-Picone

TALL
AVERAGE
SHORT

The proportioned skirt in wool flannel . . . black, camel, or grey . . . about $15. The Epic shirt in A. P.'s pure silk, about $12.

B. ALTMAN & CO.
KAUFMANN'S Pittsburgh
HALLE BROS.
CHAS. A. STEVENS

hangings, glass, and other craft items on loan from various museums; starting Friday, Sept. 26. The Museum will be closed the day before, while this show is being assembled. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"African Sculpture Lent by New York Collectors," a show containing some sixty figures, masks, and ceremonial objects made of bronze, wood, straw, beads, and shells; through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Five turquoise and coral necklaces once owned by the late Navajo chief Chee Dodge; through Oct. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Sixty paintings by as many Fulbright award winners of the past ten years; through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ A retrospective of oils, collages, pastels, and water colors by Arthur G. Dove; starting Wednesday, Oct. 1. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, May 3. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 3, at 2:30; Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 5, at 3.)

Contemporary Music Society—Leopold Stokowski conducting a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Interval Concerts—Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8:30: Werner Landshoff, cello, and George Benette, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 26, at 8:30: Louis F. Simon, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 28, at 8:30: Attilio Cantore, saxophone, and Ruth Brall, contralto. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 29, at 3: Jane Hamilton, soprano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 8:30: The Metropolitan Wind Octet and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 5:30: The Kroyt Duo. (Carnegie Recital Hall. For tickets, call MU 2-6521.)

Chamber Music—John Barrows, French horn; Milton Kaye, piano; and the Beaux-Arts String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8:30.)

Byron Janis—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

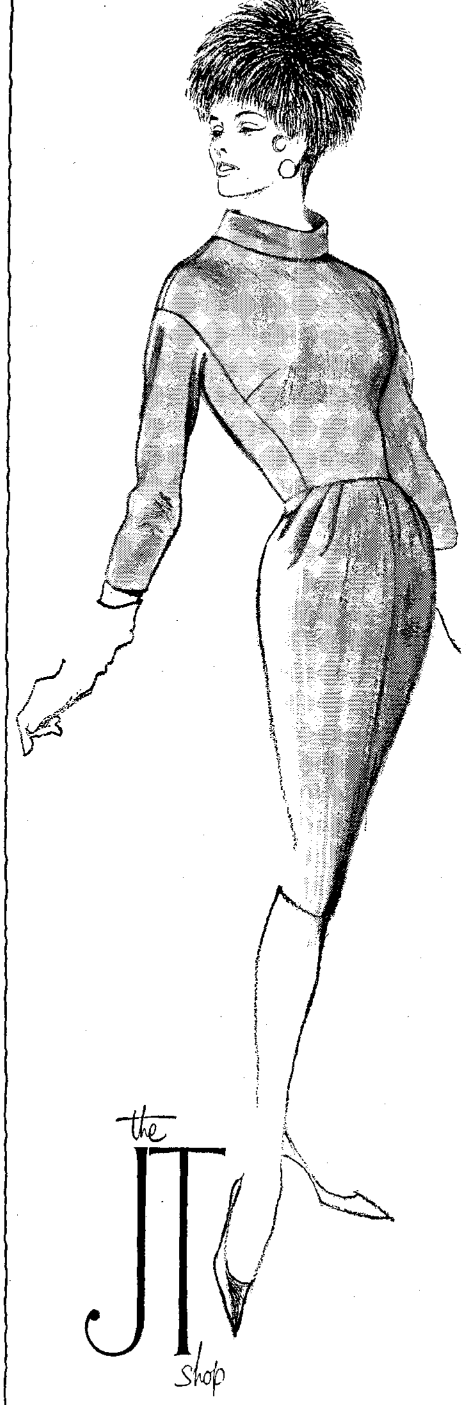
Jazz Concerts—Jean Shepherd (commentator), Sonny Stitt, Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers, Anita O'Day, Tony Scott's quintet, and others. (Loew's Sheridan Theatre, Seventh Ave. at 12th St. WA 9-2166. Saturday, Sept. 27, at midnight.) . . . ¶ Dakota Staton, Ahmad Jamal, and Ted Heath and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 3, at 8:30 and 11:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, Sept. 26, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 27-28, at 2. . . . WORLD SERIES: Starts Wednesday, Oct. 1, in Milwaukee. The first two games will be played there, the next three at Yankee Stadium, and the final two, if required, in Milwaukee. Local games will start at 1 on Saturday and Monday and at 2:05 on Sunday. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call MEridian 7-1212.

College Football—SATURDAY, SEPT. 27: Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Buffalo, at Cambridge, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Penn State, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 4: Army vs. Penn State, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Colgate vs.

JAY THORPE



"I love to be flattered"...
and Abe Schrader really knows how.
He uses a sculptor's talent . . .
subtle curving . . . clever seaming
in this beautifully textured rayon
and acetate dress. Lipstick Red,
Olive Green, Mink Brown, Black.
Sizes 8 to 18. **39.95**
The JT Shop

mail and phone orders • JUdson 6-1000 • sorry, no c.o.d.'s

24 WEST 57 • NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Rutgers, at Hamilton, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton, at 2.

Dog Shows—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury, L.I. Sunday, Sept. 28.) . . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 4.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 1, and Saturday, Oct. 4.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Jericho. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase.

Racing—At **BELMONT PARK**: Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, Oct. 20. The Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 27; the Cowdin, Monday, Sept. 29; the Lawrence Realization and the Vosburgh Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 1; and the Beldame Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 4. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays, except Monday, Sept. 29, at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 4-5, at 2.

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 11.

OTHER EVENTS

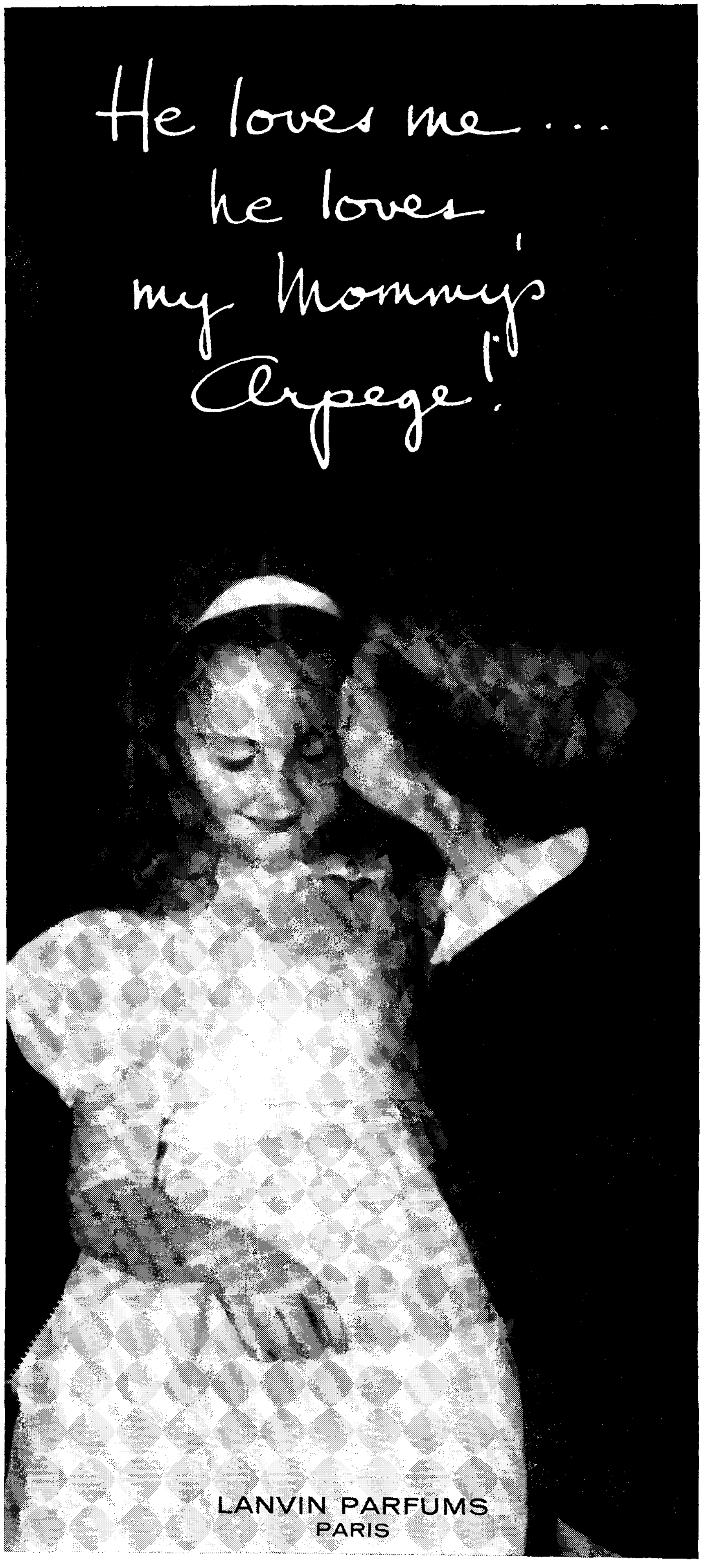
United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . ¶ Interviews with United Nations figures and films of General Assembly meetings are shown on WCBS-TV on Saturday mornings from 9 to 9:15, and on Sunday mornings from 11 to 11:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Once Upon a City—A hundred and seventy-five photographs of New York City, taken between 1890 and 1910 by the Byron Company, the well-known commercial photographers; through Jan. 4. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The opening exhibition of the season includes a book published in 1493 and containing a letter of Columbus's, announcing his recent discovery; a piece of the first Atlantic cable and the whole of the first message it transmitted; a group of thirty baroque-period Italian drawings; and a letter in which the nineteen-year-old Lord Nelson describes the capture of an American schooner. Through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current presentation, "The Expanding Universe," will be succeeded on Tuesday, Sept. 30, by a new show, having to do with the forthcoming total solar eclipse over Danger Island in the South Pacific. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

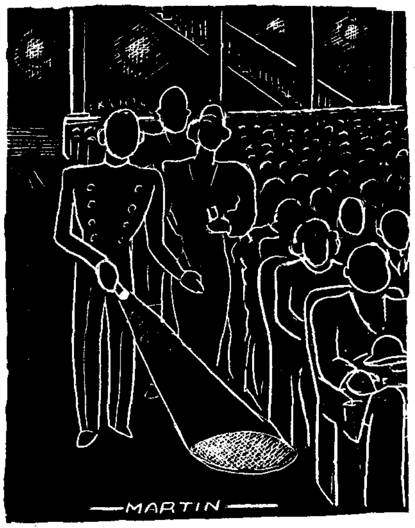
Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 25-27, at 1:45: English, French, and American furniture; Venetian glass; Meissen and other porcelains; silver; prints; Oriental rugs; a small group of tapestries; and bibelots. The property of Mrs. Hope Norman Gardner and others.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, topped by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's plenty of variety in this entertaining description of life among a group of British soldiers captured by the Japanese during the Second World War and led by a colonel who is not too well in the head. The film includes everything from satire to high adventure, and the cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa, performs valiantly under the direction of David Lean. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Case of Dr. Laurent—An interesting French film that explores the subject of natural childbirth with a good deal of dramatic impact. Jean Gabin is cast as a doctor who favors the method, and Nicole Courcel as a pregnant young woman who goes along with his ideas. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Gigi—A handsome and melodious adaptation of the Colette tale about a girl who is tutored to be a courtesan and winds up the betrothed of the richest young fellow in Paris. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, costumes by Cecil Beaton, and a fine cast that includes Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

The Key—As a chronicle of how the seagoing tugs of the British Navy salvaged merchantmen damaged by the Germans in the Second World War, this Anglo-American picture, which was directed by Carol Reed, has much to recommend it. On the other hand, the plot, having to do with a young woman who feels obligated to give herself to a series of tugboat captains because she thinks it is the least she can do in memory of her deceased tugboating sweetheart, doesn't make much sense. Sophia Loren plays the mixed-up lady, and William Holden, Trevor Howard, and Oscar Homolka are among the gallant tars. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 30, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 27, tentative. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Oct. 1, tentative.)

The Matchmaker—A pleasant period piece, adapted from a play by Thornton Wilder, in which Shirley Booth is delightful as a widow who has her eye on a Yonkers merchant, a difficult man to snare. The time is late nineteenth century, and the camera does a fine job in revealing some of the quaint aspects of American life during that era. Paul Ford plays the merchant Miss Booth has set her cap for, and Anthony Perkins and Shirley MacLaine supply a bit of young love. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Me and the Colonel—This account of the haphazard flight of a Polish Jew and an anti-Semitic Polish colonel from Paris in 1940 is gently diverting throughout. Danny Kaye could not be improved upon as the Jew, and Curt Jurgens is excellent as the Colonel. Nicole Maurey turns up as a lovely travelling companion of the gentlemen, and Akim Tamiroff as the Colonel's batman. They are first-rate, and so are Françoise Rosay, Alexander Scourby, and Martita Hunt, who round out the cast. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. . . . ¶ Odeon, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; through Sept. 29.)

Rouge et Noir—Perhaps the life and times of Julien Sorel aren't projected in this French film quite as effectively as they were in the Stendhal novel it is based on, but it still has some of the wit and perfection of the original. Done in color, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi giving charming portrayals of the major roles, and an admirable supporting cast. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 27.)

White Wilderness—Walt Disney's exploration into the Arctic Circle, where all kinds of interesting wildlife, from lemmings to walruses, are to be observed. Maybe the commentary is on the dull side and the music a trifle cute, but the photography is wonderful. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

REVIVALS

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. Cary Grant. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 1, tentative.)

The Captain's Paradise (1953)—Alec Guinness demonstrating that bigamy can be a rather blessed state. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Yvonne De Carlo. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 30.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 29-30.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in René Clair's English film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 1.)

The Inspector General (1949)—Danny Kaye, in a Napoleonic setting, creating endless confusion. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 1, tentative.)

King Solomon's Mines (1950)—Derring-do in Africa. With Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and thousands of beasts. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 28-30, tentative.)

Miracle of Marcelino (1956)—A Spanish film about the life of a small orphan who is being reared by a group of kindly monks. Pablito Calvo plays the waif. With English dialogue. Also known as "Marcelino." (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Sept. 29-30.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Oct. 1, tentative.)

The Prisoner (1955)—Alec Guinness, as an incarcerated cardinal, and Jack Hawkins, as his Communist inquisitor, in a Balkan country the Reds have taken over. An English film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Oct. 1, tentative.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the King. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 1.)

The Red Balloon (1957)—A brief fantasy about a small boy (Pascal Lamorisse) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Oct. 1, tentative.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 29.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture concerned with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 30.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi in a tale of an American spinster out for culture in Venice. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Oct. 1, tentative.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Sept. 30: "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine. From Oct. 1, at 8:45: "The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Charlton Heston. (Opening night will be a benefit for the National Jewish Hospital at Denver. For information about tickets, call PL 4-1020.)

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Dunkirk," John Mills, Richard Attenborough.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Wind Across the Everglades," Burl Ives, Christopher Plummer.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, Burl Ives.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Sept. 29: **ME AND THE COLONEL.**
From Sept. 30: "Windom's Way," Peter Finch, Mary Ure.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Oct. 1: "Harry Black and the Tiger," Stewart Granger, Barbara Rush.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Sept. 25: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 26: "Damn Yankees," Tab Hunter, Gwen Verdon, Ray Walston.

Royale, 242 W. 45th. (CI 5-5760)
GIGI.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Raw Wind in Eden," Esther Williams, Jeff Chandler.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Defiant Ones," Tony Curtis, Sidney Poitier.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Foxiest Girl in Paris" (in French), Martine Carol.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	1			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 30 (tentative): "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.
From Oct. 1 (tentative): **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY** (in French and English), revival; and **THE PRISONER**, revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Sept. 28: "Twilight for the Gods," Rock Hudson, Cyd Charisse; and "Kathy O'," Dan Duryea, Jan Sterling.
Sept. 29-30: "Pillars of the Sky," revival, Jeff Chandler, Dorothy Malone; and "The Rawhide Years," revival, Tony Curtis, Colleen Miller.
From Oct. 1: "The Naked and the Dead," Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson; and "Jamboree," Fats Domino.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 26 (tentative): "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.
From Sept. 27 (tentative): **THE KEY**.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Sept. 30: "Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons; and "Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens.
From Oct. 1: "Man of the West," Gary Cooper, Julie London; and "Cop Hater," Robert Loggia.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"A Town Like Alice," Virginia McKenna, Peter Finch.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 28: "Twilight for the Gods," Rock Hudson, Cyd Charisse; and "Kathy O'," Dan Duryea, Jan Sterling.
Sept. 29-30: **MIRACLE OF MARCELINO** (also known as "Marcelino"), revival; and "Out of the Clouds," revival, Anthony Steel, Robert Beatty.
From Oct. 1: "The Naked and the Dead," Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson; and "Jamboree," Fats Domino.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
ME AND THE COLONEL.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"La Parisienne" (in French), Charles Boyer, Henri Vidal, Brigitte Bardot.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Premier May" (in French), Yves Montand, Nicole Berger.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Sept. 30 (tentative): **THE KEY**.
From Oct. 1 (tentative): **SUMMERTIME**, revival; and **THE RED BALLOON** (a French film without dialogue), revival.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 1: "Cocktails in the Kitchen," Dirk Bogarde, Cecil Parker.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Sept. 30: "Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons; and "Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens.
From Oct. 1: "Man of the West," Gary Cooper, Julie London; and "Cop Hater," Robert Loggia.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Sept. 27 (tentative): **THE KEY**; and "A Novel Affair," revival, Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton.
Sept. 28-30 (tentative): **KING SOLOMON'S MINES**, revival; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.
From Oct. 1: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 30 (tentative): "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.
From Oct. 1 (tentative): **THE KEY**.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 28: "Twilight for the Gods," Rock Hudson, Cyd Charisse; and "Kathy O'," Dan Duryea, Jan Sterling.
Sept. 29-30: **MIRACLE OF MARCELINO** (also known as "Marcelino"), revival; and "Out of the Clouds," revival, Anthony Steel, Robert Beatty.
From Oct. 1: "The Naked and the Dead," Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson; and "Jamboree," Fats Domino.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 30: "Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons; and "Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens.
From Oct. 1: "Man of the West," Gary Cooper, Julie London; and "Cop Hater," Robert Loggia.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Sept. 28: **THE KEY**; and "How to Murder a Rich Uncle," revival, Charles Coburn, Nigel Patrick.
Sept. 29-30: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and "Razzia" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin, Magali Noel.
From Oct. 1: "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman; and "The Smallest Show on Earth," revival, Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 30 (tentative): **THE KEY**.
From Oct. 1 (tentative): **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**, revival; and **THE INSPECTOR GENERAL**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 1 (tentative): "Pather Panchali" (in Bengali), Kanu Bannerji.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 30: "Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons; and "Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens.
From Oct. 1: "Man of the West," Gary Cooper, Julie London; and "Cop Hater," Robert Loggia.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 27: **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French); and "Secrets of the Reef," revival, a nature film on marine life.
Sept. 28-30: "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli.
From Oct. 1: "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Sept. 28: "Twilight for the Gods," Rock Hudson, Cyd Charisse; and "Kathy O'," Dan Duryea, Jan Sterling.
Sept. 29-30: **MIRACLE OF MARCELINO** (also known as "Marcelino"), revival; and "Out of the Clouds," revival, Anthony Steel, Robert Beatty.
From Oct. 1: "The Naked and the Dead," Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson; and "Jamboree," Fats Domino.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
WHITE WILDERNESS.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THE MATCHMAKER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Crime and Punishment" (in French), Jean Gabin, Marina Vlady.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
"Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons; and "Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 30: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival; and "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak.
From Oct. 1: **THE KEY**; and "Return to Warbow," Phil Carey.

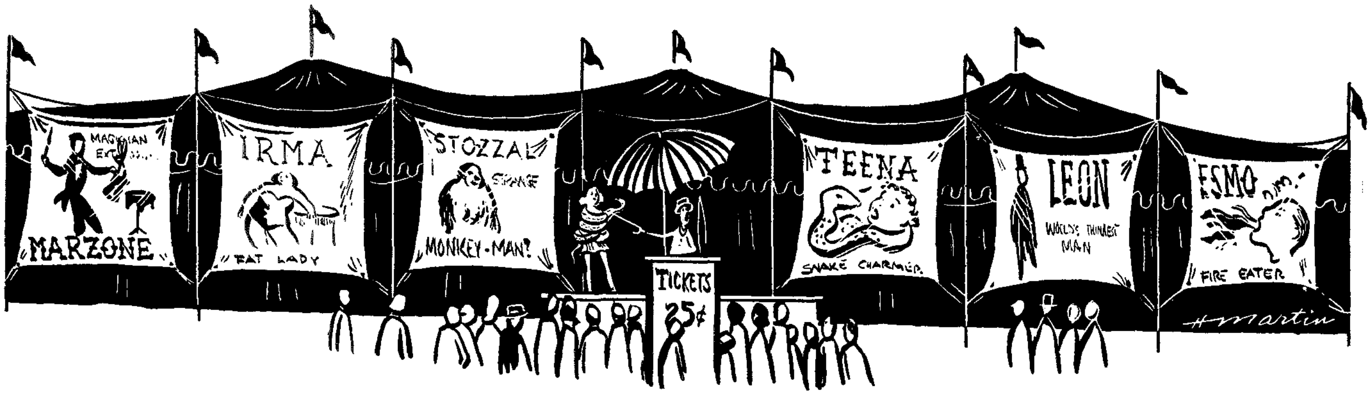
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 25: "The Virtuous Scoundrel" (in French), revival, Michel Simon, Marguerite Pierry; and "The Return of Don Camillo" (in Italian), revival, Fernandel, Gino Cervi.
Sept. 26: "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist; and "The Facts of Love," revival, Gordon Harker, Betty Balfour.
Sept. 27: "The Golden Coach," revival, Anna Magnani; and "Escape from Yesterday" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin, Annabella.
Sept. 28: A program of eight short George K. Arthur films.
Sept. 29: **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL**, revival; and "Albert Schweitzer," revival, a documentary film narrated by Fredric March and Burgess Meredith.
Sept. 30: **THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE**, revival; and "School for Husbands," revival, Rex Harrison.
Oct. 1: **THE GHOST GOES WEST**, revival; and **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII**, revival.

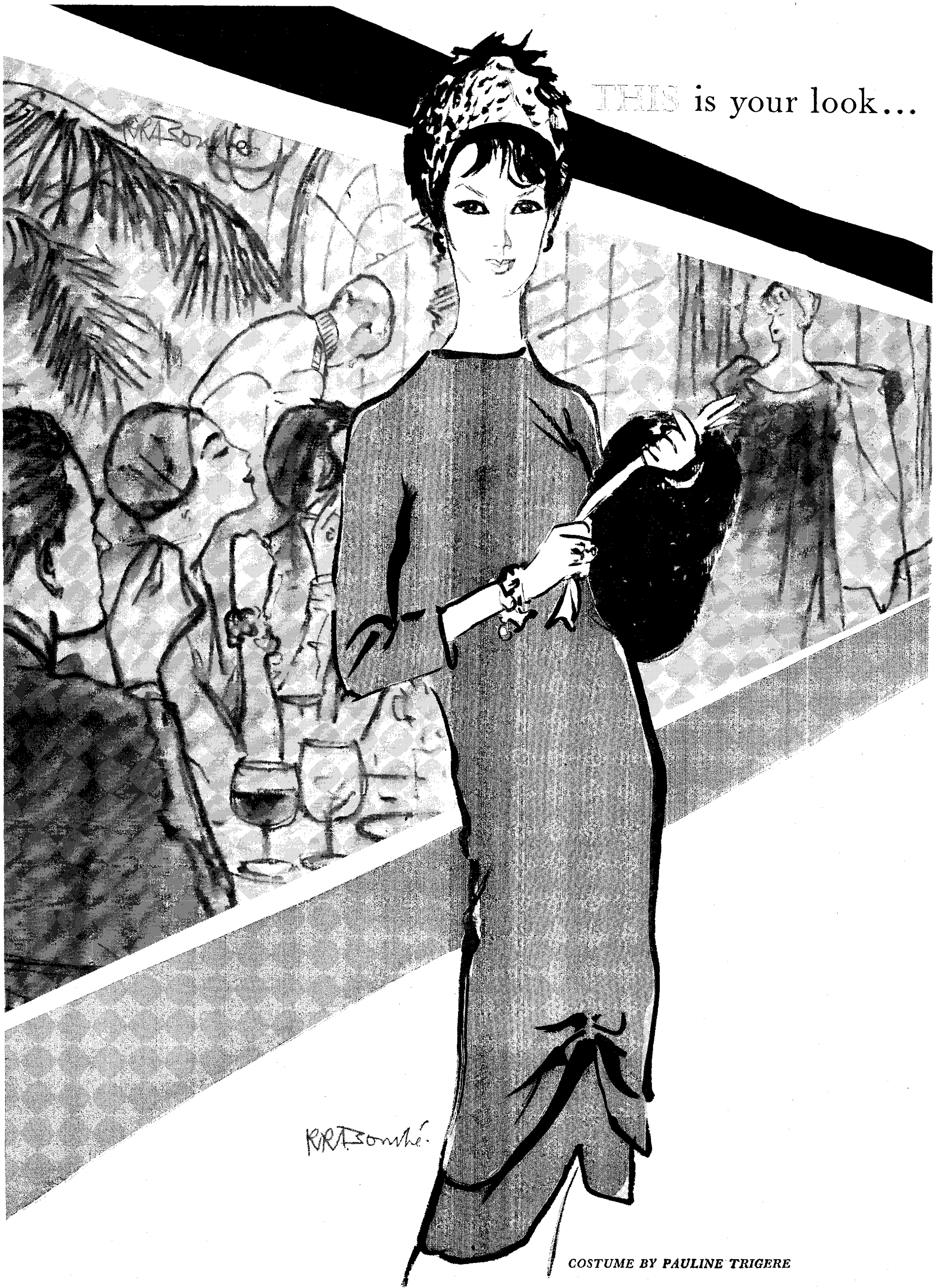
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Sept. 28: "Twilight for the Gods," Rock Hudson, Cyd Charisse; and "Kathy O'," Dan Duryea, Jan Sterling.
Sept. 29-30: "Island in the Sun," revival, James Mason, Joan Fontaine; and "Night People," revival, Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.
From Oct. 1: "The Naked and the Dead," Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson; and "Jamboree," Fats Domino.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Sept. 26: "Three Coins in the Fountain," revival, Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire; and "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," revival, William Holden, Jennifer Jones.
From Sept. 27: To be announced.

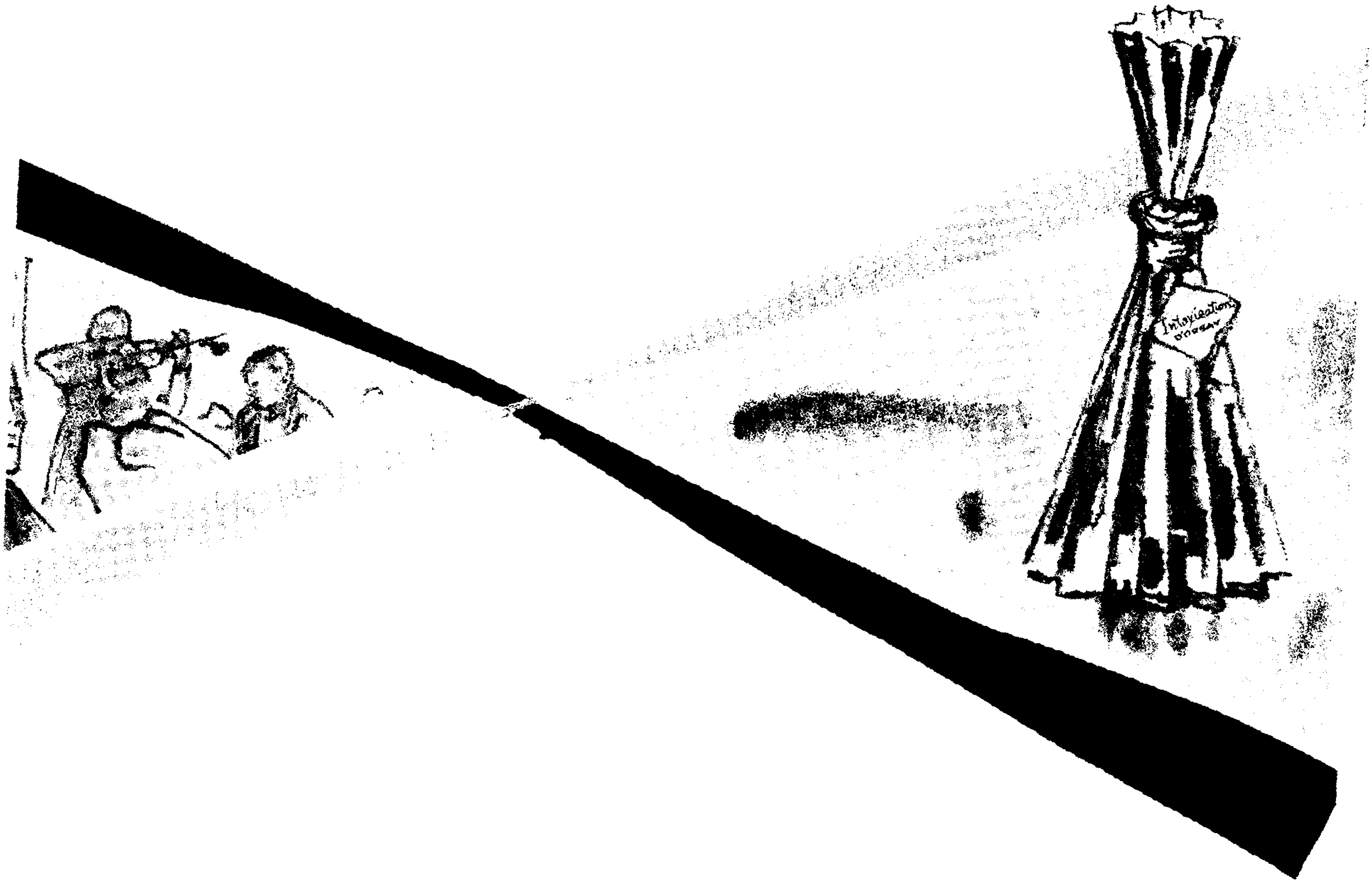
Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
"Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons; and "Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Sept. 30: "Twilight for the Gods," Rock Hudson, Cyd Charisse; and "Kathy O'," Dan Duryea, Jan Sterling.
From Oct. 1: "The Naked and the Dead," Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson; and "Jamboree," Fats Domino.




THIS is your look...
RRBouché

COSTUME BY PAULINE TRIGERE


Intoxication
D'ORSAY

is your fragrance...

Intoxication

D'ORSAY
of Paris

PERFUME . . . TOILET WATER . . . DUSTING POWDER . . . BATH OIL . . . IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE $3 TO $300 (plus tax)
CREATED IN PARIS . . . COMPOUNDED IN U.S.A.

Riding Apparel by Bailey's of Chicago

Shown above, the Wilshire, High Fidelity TV with Son-R

"I NEVER WATCH TV.... BUT WHEN I DO....

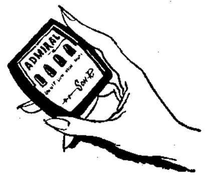
my set is a decorator-approved Original by Admiral." If you have ever uttered that slight exaggeration — "I never watch TV" — then here is the television set created especially for you. Admiral designed it for the discriminating viewer.

For those good shows you *really do* care to see, here is the television set that makes them look and sound even better. Look at radiantly alive High Fidelity pictures. 20,000 volts of picture power. Listen to life-like High Fidelity sound. 4-speaker hi-fi sound system. Stereophonic phono jack.

The lady on the horse is using touch bar tuning. This Admiral can also be tuned with wireless Son-R remote control from 4 lengths away.

Cabinets are approved enthusiastically by the leading decorators. Available in contemporary, provincial and traditional. Genuine wood veneers in your choice of mahogany, blond oak, sierra, fruitwood, cherry, walnut or maple finish. Hand-rubbed. Extra care and time go into these Originals — so they're in *limited quantity, naturally.*

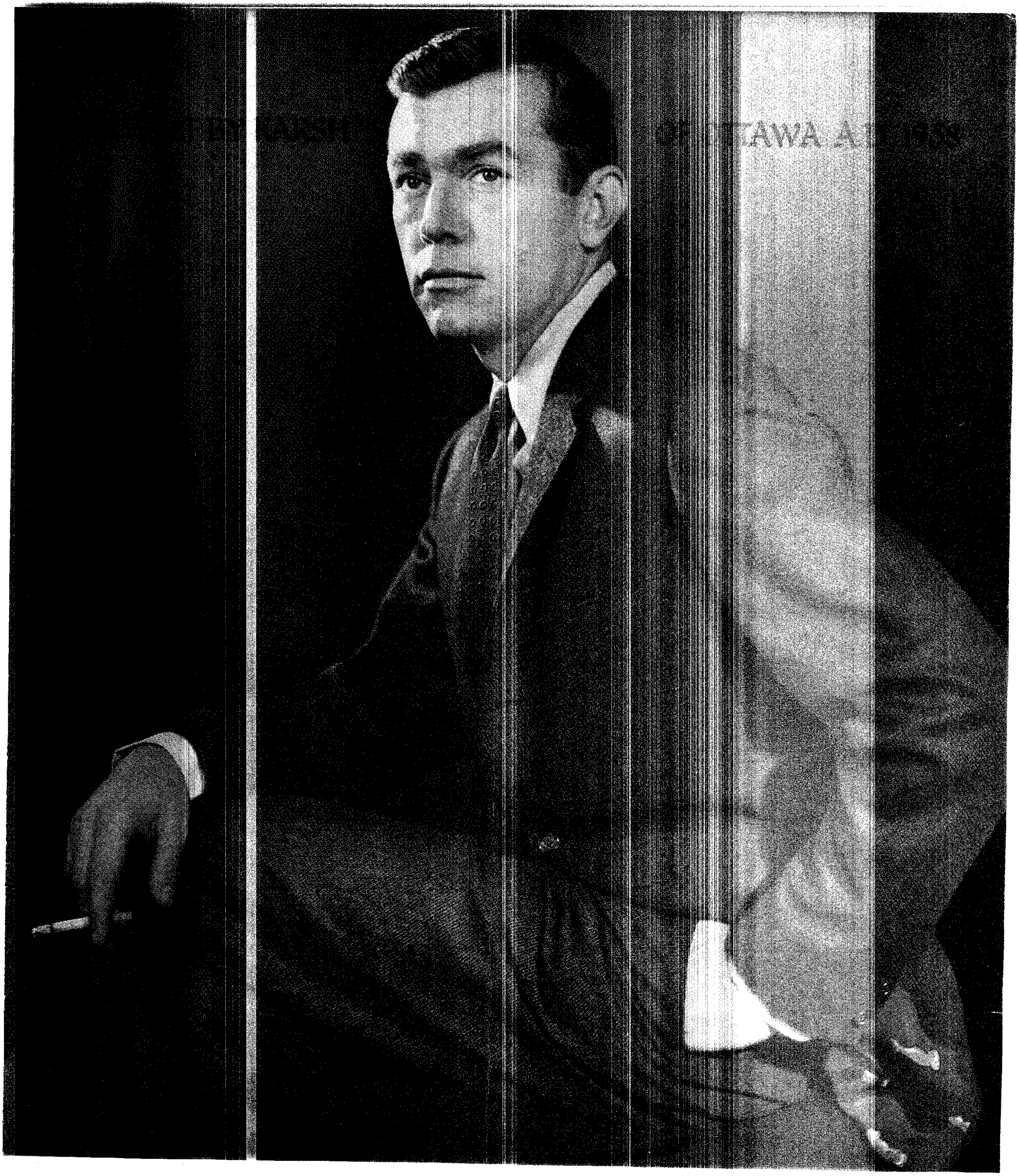
Push a button . . . click . . . there's your channel! *Tune from your chair with SON-R remote control.* Tiny as milady's compact. No wires! No batteries! 4-level Automatic sound control. Turns TV on-off. Changes channels in either direction. When not in use, slips into magnetic pocket on side of set.



Admiral®

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

SOLD IN 90 COUNTRIES. MANUFACTURED IN THE U.S.A., AUSTRALIA, ARGENTINA, BRAZIL, CANADA, ITALY, MEXICO, PHILIPPINES, AND URUGUAY



Norman Hilton is a specialist in natural shoulder clothes, and, incidentally Scottish Tweeds. This Hopsack Tweed, called Castlereagh,® was woven in Scotland exclusively for Norman Hilton by Ballantyne of Peebles. It is lined with the famous "Snooty Fox" sports print and detailed with 3/16" overlap seams, 3/16" single stitched edges and a hooked center vent. $100. at the stores listed.

Norman Hilton

DOING ONE THING WELL

200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y. CHelsea 3-0908

ARA'S Wellesley • **ATKINSON'S** Pasadena & L. A. • **BOYD'S** St. Louis & Clayton • **BRINKMAN-CLEARY** Cleveland • **DIX, LTD.** Nashville • **HARVEY LTD.** Providence
ARTHUR L. JOHNSON CO. Boston • **LARRIMOR'S** Pittsburgh • **PELLER & MURE** Buffalo • **ROSENTHAL-MARETZ** New York City • **WHITE, INC.** New Haven

NEW YORK STAT
THRUWAY

The new Rolls-Royce is designed to be owner-driven. No chauffeur required.

The Rolls-Royce is eighteen inches shorter than the largest domestic cars. With power steering, power brakes and an automatic gear-shift, it is very easy to drive and park.

WHAT *makes* Rolls-Royce the best car in the world?

"There is really no magic about it," says an eminent Rolls-Royce engineer. "It is merely patient attention to *detail*." Such details as these:

1. Every Rolls-Royce engine is run for seven hours at full throttle before installation, and each car is test-driven for hundreds of miles over varying road surfaces.

2. The coachwork is given five coats of primer paint, and hand rubbed between each coat, before *fourteen* coats of finishing paint go on.

3. The Rolls-Royce is guaranteed for *three years*. With a new network of dealers and parts-depots from Coast to Coast, service is no problem.

4. There is no metal-to-metal contact between the body of the car and the chassis frame—except for the speedometer drive. The entire body is insulated and under-sealed.

5. "At 60 miles an hour the loudest noise comes from the electric clock," reports the Technical Editor of THE MOTOR. The silence of the engine is uncanny. Three mufflers tune out sound frequencies—acoustically.

6. The finished car spends a week in the final test-shop, being fine-tuned. Here it is subjected to 98 separate ordeals. For example, the engineers use a *stethoscope* to listen for axle-whine.

7. The Rolls-Royce radiator has never changed, except that when Sir Henry Royce died in 1933 the monogram RR was changed from red to black.

8. By moving a switch on the steering column, you can adjust the shock-absorbers to suit road conditions. (The lack of fatigue in driving this car is remarkable.)

9. Another switch defrosts the rear window, by heating a network of 1360 invisible wires in the glass. There are two separate ventilating systems, so that you can ride in comfort and silence with all the windows closed. Air conditioning is optional.

10. The seats are upholstered with eight hides of English leather—enough to make 128 pairs of soft shoes.

11. A picnic table, veneered in French walnut, slides out from under the dash. Two more swing out behind the front seats. The backrests on the front seats are individually adjustable.

12. You can get such optional extras as an Espresso coffee-making machine, a dictating machine, a bed, hot and cold water for washing, an electric razor or a telephone.

Jet Engines and the Future

Certain airlines have chosen Rolls-Royce turbo-jets for their Boeing 707's and Douglas DC8's. Rolls-Royce prop-jets are in the Vickers Viscount, the Fairchild F.27 and the Grumman Gulfstream.

Rolls-Royce engines power more than half the turbo-jet and prop-jet airliners supplied to or on order for world airlines.

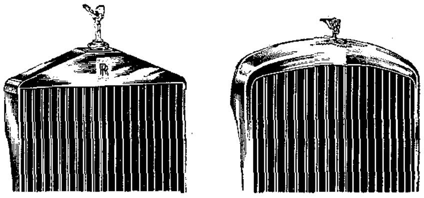
Rolls-Royce now employ 42,000 people and the company's engineering experience does not stop at motor cars and jet engines. There are Rolls-Royce diesel and gasoline engines for many other applications.

The huge research and development resources of the company are now at work on many projects for the future, including nuclear and rocket propulsion.

13. You can lubricate the entire chassis by simply pushing a pedal from the driver's seat. A gauge on the dash shows the level of oil in the crankcase.

14. Gasoline consumption is remarkably low and there is no need to use premium gas; a happy economy.

15. There are two separate systems of power brakes, hydraulic and mechanical. The Rolls-Royce is a very *safe* car—and also a very *lively* car. It cruises serenely at eighty-five. Top speed is in excess of 100 m.p.h.



ROLLS-ROYCE AND BENTLEY

16. Rolls-Royce engineers make periodic visits to inspect owners' motor cars and advise on service.

17. The Bentley is made by Rolls-Royce. Except for the radiators, they are identical motor cars, manufactured by the same engineers in the same works. The Bentley costs $300 less, because its radiator is simpler to make. People who feel diffident about driving a Rolls-Royce, can buy a Bentley.

PRICE. The Rolls-Royce illustrated in this advertisement—f.o.b. principal ports of entry—costs **$13,550.**

If you would like the rewarding experience of driving a Rolls-Royce or Bentley, write or telephone to one of the dealers listed on page 102.

Rolls-Royce, Inc., 10 Rockefeller Plaza,
New York 20, CIrcle 5-1144.

IE ROLLS-ROYCE SILVER CLOUD—$13,550

in

BALTIMORE

you get a

big reception

at The

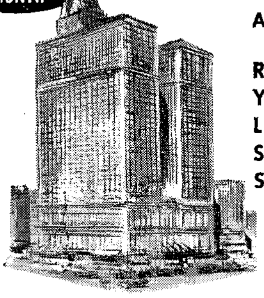
LORD

BALTIMORE

Even more than superior accommodations and fine dining facilities, a distinguishing feature of this Distinguished Hotel is friendly service with a southern accent.

Like all Distinguished Hotels, The Lord Baltimore caters to the exacting requirements of discerning travelers. These 18 *individually managed* hotels, in the nation's 15 important business centers, offer the type of hospitality that cannot be mass-produced. At Distinguished Hotels, inn-keeping is still in keeping!

THE
Distinguished
HOTEL-OF-THE-MONTH



Instant Reservation Service

AT NO COST TO YOU, THROUGH ANY OF THESE HOTELS,
or
ROBERT F. WARNER, INC. Service Offices in New York, Boston, Chicago, Washington, Toronto, and London; or GLEN W. FAWCETT, INC. Offices in San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver.

NEW YORK
The Commodore
Hotel Roosevelt *
BOSTON
Parker House
Somerset Hotel *
ATLANTIC CITY
Chalfonte-Haddon Hall
PHILADELPHIA
Bellevue Stratford
BALTIMORE
Lord Baltimore
WASHINGTON
The Mayflower *
PITTSBURGH
Carlton House
CLEVELAND
Hotel Cleveland *
CHICAGO
The Drake
Edgewater Beach *
ST. LOUIS
Chase — Park Plaza
DALLAS
The Adolphus
OKLAHOMA CITY
The Skirvin
SALT LAKE CITY
Hotel Utah
SAN FRANCISCO
The Mark Hopkins
LOS ANGELES
The Ambassador

THE LORD BALTIMORE IS A MEMBER OF THE DISTINGUISHED HOTELS NATIONAL CONVENTION NETWORK

dh
Distinguished
HOTELS
WARNER REPRESENTED

May we send you our informative, entertaining booklet?
Write Executive Offices, Distinguished Hotels, 17 E. 45th Street, New York 17 • MUrray Hill 2-4300

***Hotel Corporation of America cooperating with Distinguished Hotels**

NEIMAN-MARCUS PRESENTS FALL SUITS WITH THE UNMISTAKABLE ADVANTAGES OF

DACRON

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

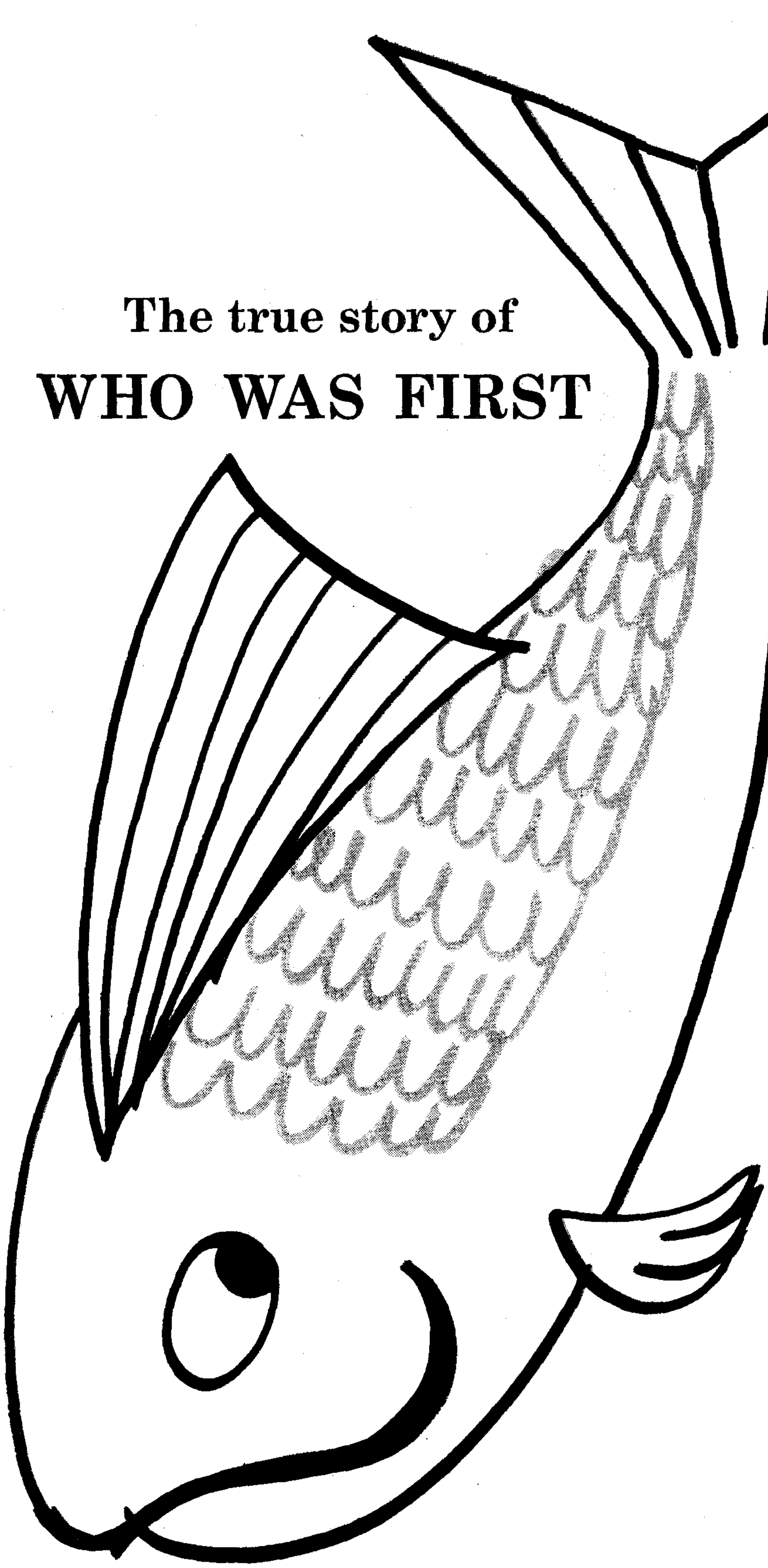
"Dacron", renowned for its extraordinary wrinkle resistance and press retention, now brings its unique advantages to the finest fall suits. Blended with worsted, 50% or more "Dacron"* polyester fiber tailors into fall suits that maintain an impeccable appearance, and are comfortably right for today's living. Choose from many fall patterns, colors.

*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabric or suit shown

DU PONT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY



The true story of
WHO WAS FIRST WITH FINS

by A. Fish

"I have been delegated by the Finny Association of America (a non-profit organization) to tell the plain facts to the people of the country.

"It has come to our attention that there is a school of thought in Detroit (Michigan) which believes that the fin was invented by Chrysler Corporation.

"Nothing could be further from the truth.

"*We fish were first with fins!*

"And, I might add, we had them many, many years before The *Forward* Look was even a gleam in an automotive designer's eye.

"Oh I grant you the folks at Chrysler Corporation were first to adapt our fins to passenger cars. (In addition to being functional, as we fish know, they do add quite a flair.) To be perfectly honest, we didn't mind a bit. Imitation, you know, is the sincerest form of flattery.

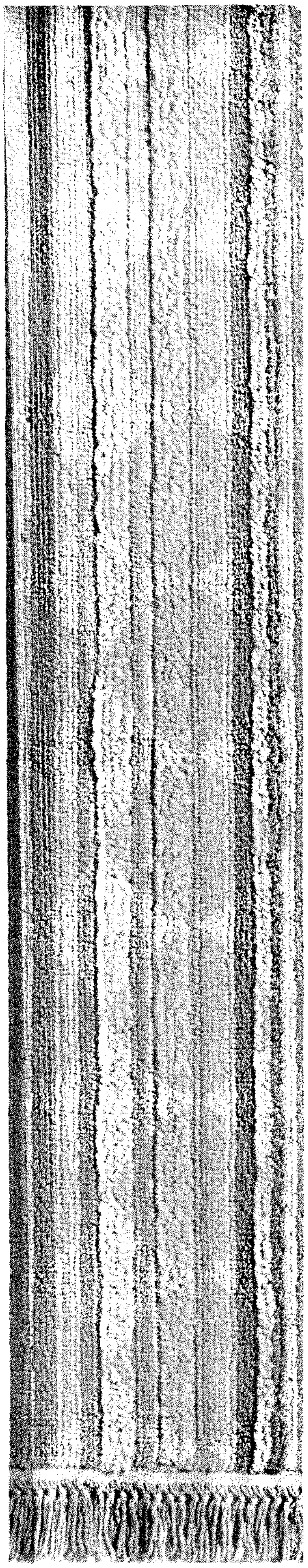
"But now we understand other car manufacturers are getting into the swim in full fin. And we just know this is going to wind up in one of those ridiculous squabbles about who was first.

"So we wanted you to have the facts. Fish were first with fins. Chrysler Corporation was merely first to make them an automotive fashion."

"P.S. My finfolk tell me the new 1959 cars of The Forward Look will be at your dealer's very soon. Come in and see them. I'll bet you'll flip!"

Chrysler Corporation

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL



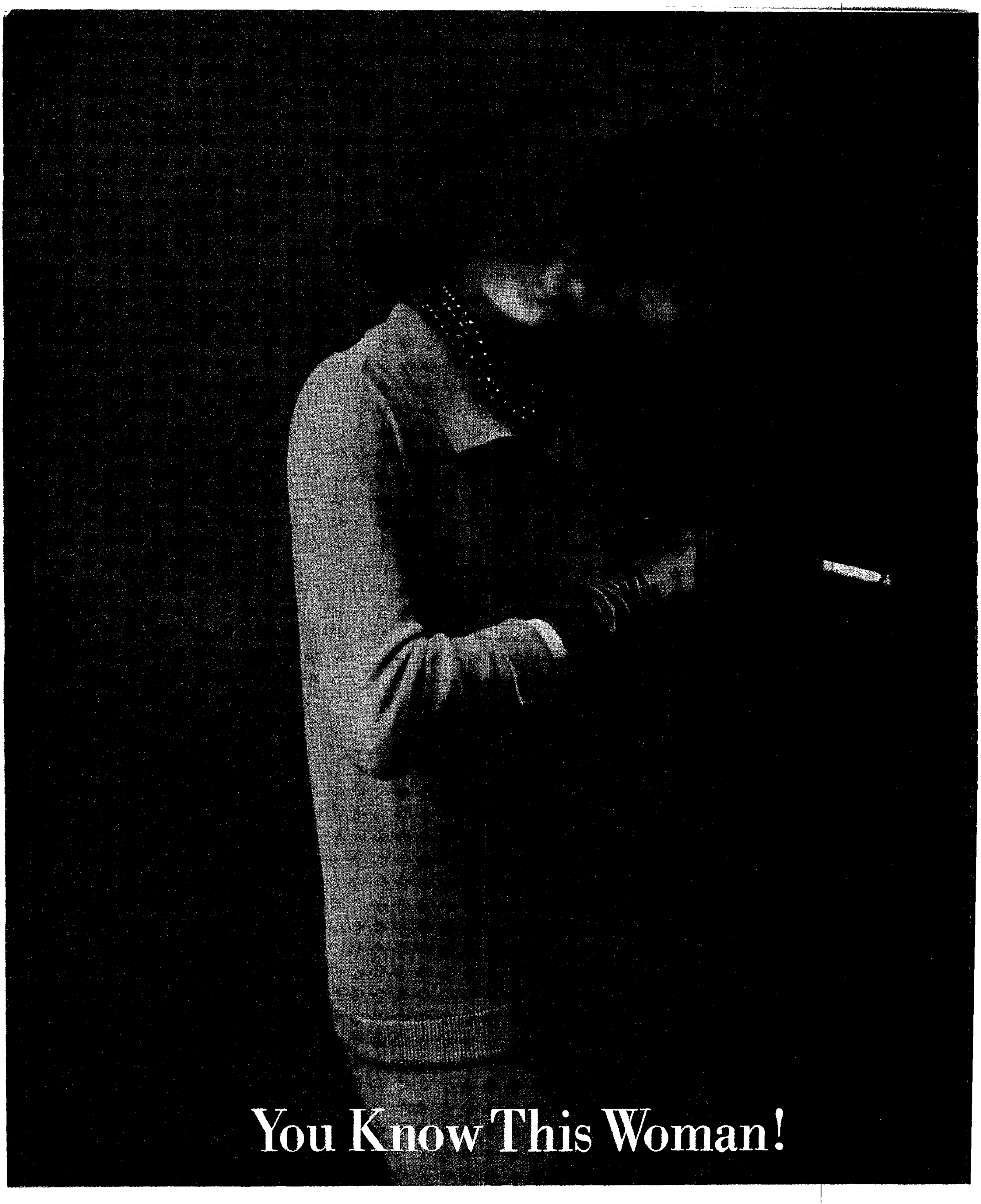
Cabin Crafts puts color in its proper place

A reaction was bound to come. For too many years, people saw endless expanses of tepid floor coverings. They became hungry for color. Then Cabin Crafts came on the scene with imaginative, colorful rugs. Today many people buy a Cabin Crafts area rug *first*, and use the colors for a whole room. These rugs have the flavor of custom designs. *Individuality*. They look frightfully expensive. But happily, they are not. "Marimba" (large picture) is $19.95 in 4′x 4′, $44.50 in 6′x 6′—a plush cotton blend. "Hidalgo" is Acrilan® in 7 stripe combinations, 27″x 48″ at $16.95 to 9′x 12′ at $199.50. All Cabin Crafts carpeting has this sense of color—Acrilans, nylons, blends—$5.95 to $19.95 sq. yd. Write for Room Service book on how to decorate with Needletuft Rugs and Carpets. Cabin Crafts, Inc., Dept. NY-4, Dalton, Ga.

®Chemstrand's Acrylic Fiber

A better idea in rugs and carpets—Needletuft by

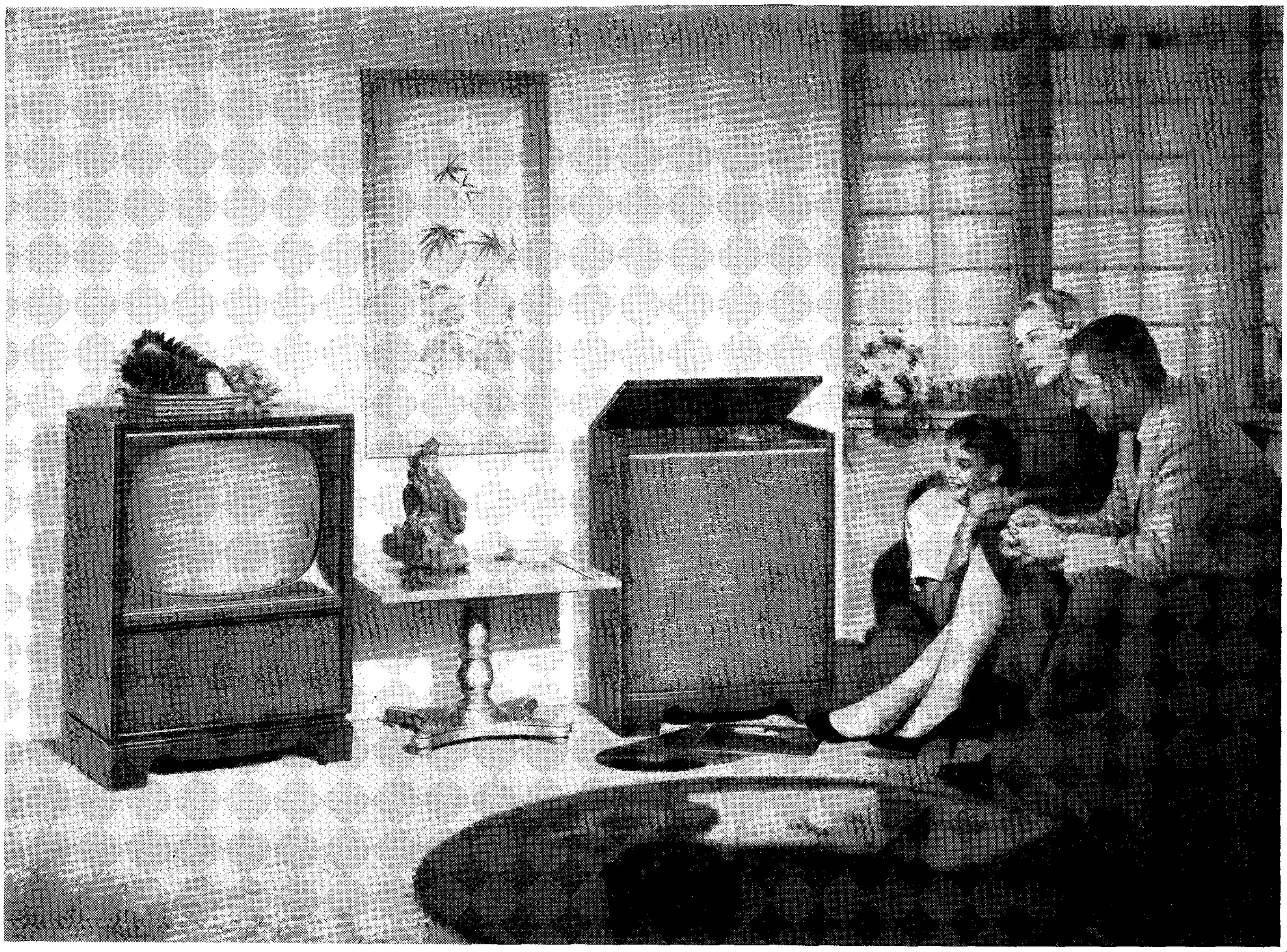
CABIN
CRAFTS


You Know This Woman!

When she chooses — perfect taste turns electric with drama. And the impact cannot be forgotten. This is the gift to possess, when owning cashmere. Imported cashmere costume, chemise cardigan and knitted cashmere skirt, emerald, cornflower blue, cranberry, light blue. $59.95.

Ascot Shop, La Jolla • L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis • Bernath & Co., Inc., New York • Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis Raleigh Haberdasher, Washington, D. C. Bernhard Altmann Corporation, 111 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 3.

Bernhard Altmann



The De luxe MANHATTAN 21, 262-sq.-in. High Fidelity TV... in mahogany, $299.50.

The BELVEDERE Stereophonic High Fidelity Phonograph... in mahogany, $225.

Enjoy both TV and Stereophonic High Fidelity with these magnificent new Magnavox instruments

Another Magnavox first—the finest, true-to-life TV and amazing new Stereophonic High Fidelity combined into one magnificent home entertainment center.

Think of being able to enjoy television as you never have before. Actors will become real personalities . . . the great musical shows will give you the sense of being "right on Broadway". And the new Magnavox Stereophonic High Fidelity will bring you the miracle of dimensional sound that envelops you, seems to come from everywhere in the room.

Only Magnavox Television offers you as many as four high fidelity speakers . . . with powerful high fidelity amplifiers up to 20 watts. When combined with the Magnavox phonograph or radio-phonograph, this superb TV sound system doubles as a stereophonic channel.

Prove to yourself that Magnavox is the finest . . . and the best buy . . . on *any* basis of comparison. Magnavox is sold direct only to fine stores in your locality, carefully selected for their integrity and ability to serve you better.

See many other beautiful styles in fine woods at your Magnavox dealer. If you have recently purchased a Magnavox, ask your dealer to show you how easily you can enjoy Stereophonic High Fidelity. Television prices start at $175. Stereophonic as low as $189.90.

magnificent
Magnavox

stereophonic high fidelity • radio-phonographs • television

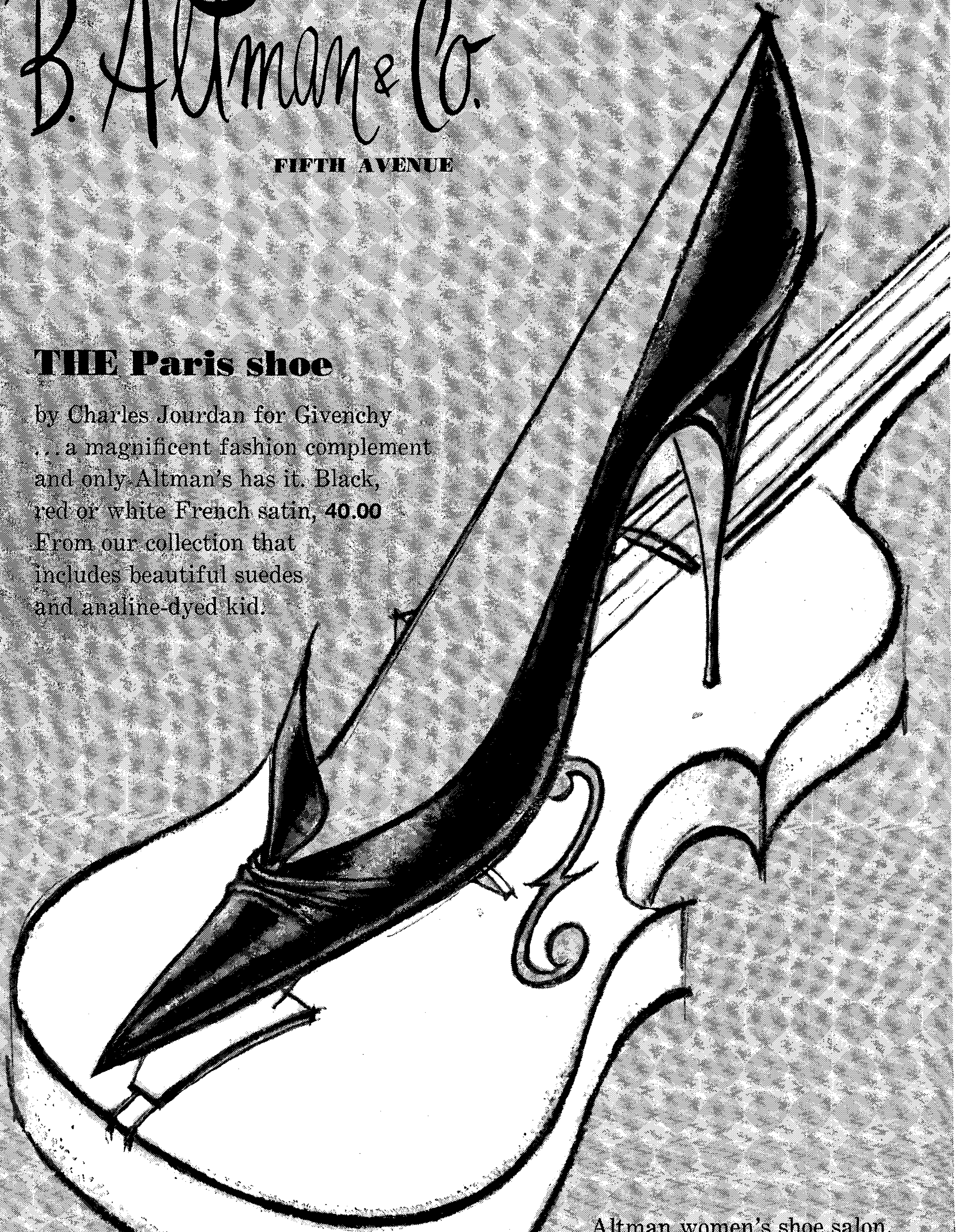
All prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Some prices slightly higher in the far west and south.

B. Altman & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE

THE Paris shoe

by Charles Jourdan for Givenchy
. . . a magnificent fashion complement
and only Altman's has it. Black,
red or white French satin, **40.00**
From our collection that
includes beautiful suedes
and analine-dyed kid.



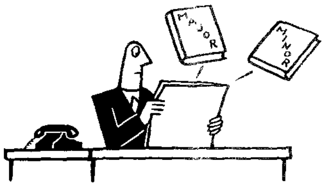
Altman women's shoe salon,
second floor
New York store only

THE NEW YORKER

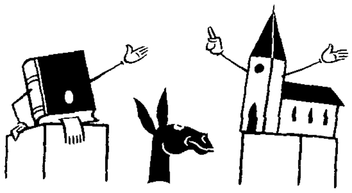
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"MAJOR" and "minor" are the comparative forms of Latin adjectives; they mean "bigger" (than big) or "smaller" (than small). In the lingo of people who write about writers, though, they have displaced the calmer forms. The hardened book reviewer favors "major" and "minor." He considers it too mild approval to call a writer only big, too faint disdain to call him merely small. We thought about this the other day when we read, in a review by Mr. Orville Prescott, of the *Times*, that the subject of appraisal was "a minor writer—a good one" (in a smaller-than-small way, we supposed). We wondered if Prescott ever thought of anybody as "a major writer—a bad one," but guessed he didn't. "Bigger" and "better" are equated in the book-reviewing mind, as they were until recently in that of the automobile-buying public. The longer the wheelbase of a book, and the more useless chrome on its author's style, the more likely it is to be hailed as a new "Anna Karenina" with automatic steering and he as a suburban Proust with a wholesome outcross to Rudyard Kipling. If a critic calls a writer "smaller," he should say who it is he is smaller than. The corresponding superlatives are not as yet in common use among the book tasters; we cannot remember a reference to "a minimal writer—an excellent one," or "a maximal writer—of no stature." ("Stature" is also employed in a peculiar trade fashion; one speaks of "an author of stature" but usually doesn't stipulate *what* stature, and only the experienced reader knows that the word is not trade-used to mean a midget. Everyone must have *some* stature, else he would be a vacuum.) The first neglect perhaps arises out of the difficulty of distinguishing a minimal writer from an author who is not a writer at all. As for "maximal," Mr. Prescott may figure that the group became extinct with the, in our opinion, merely big Porters, both born in 1868, a vintage year for the American novel of female origin. They were, of course, Gene Stratton ("A Girl of the Limberlost") and Eleanor ("Pollyanna"). All in all, it's a major problem.

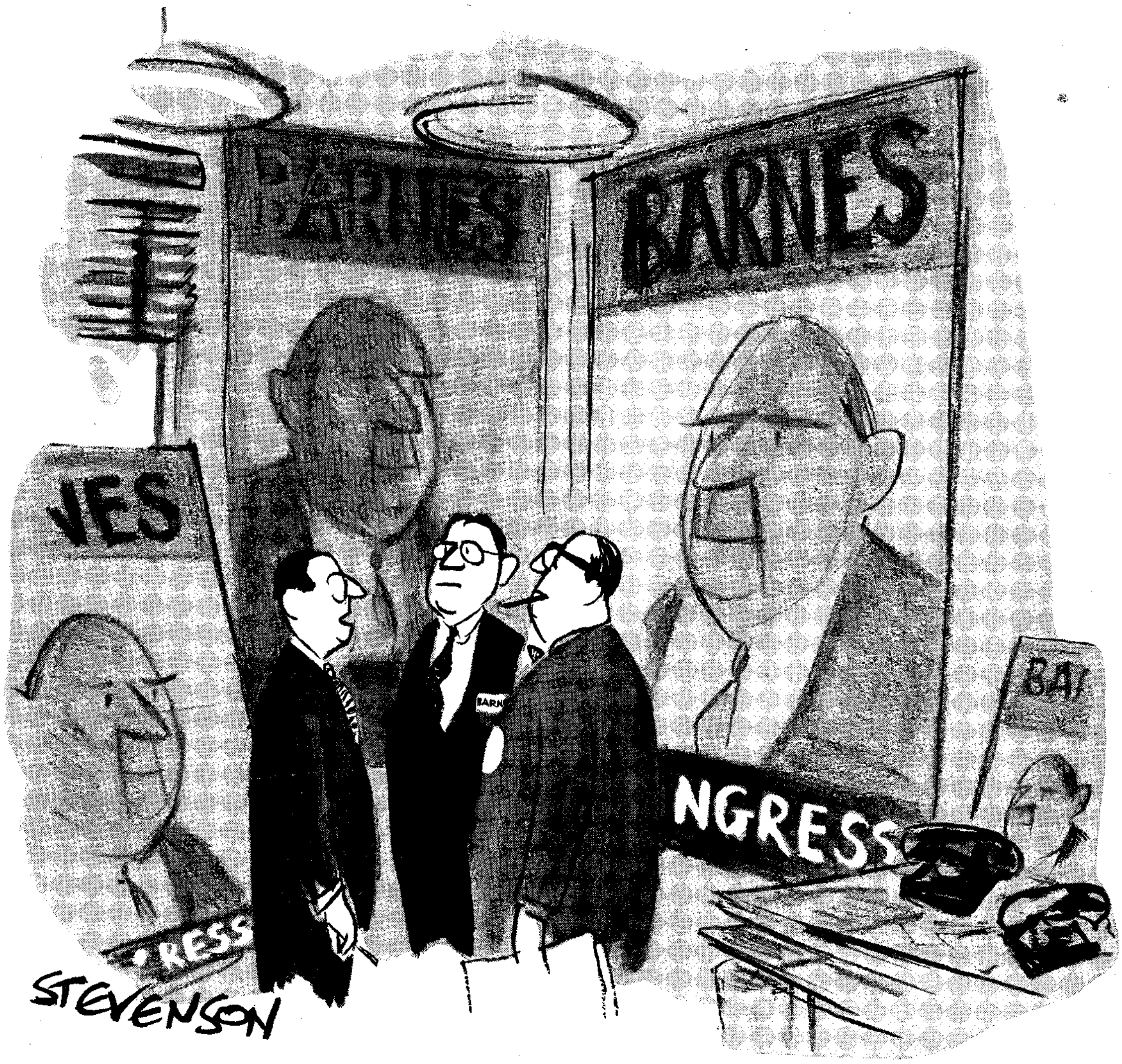


MINDFUL of the coming national elections, we've been bracing ourself for the avalanche of speeches and slogans and all the rest of the politicizing by which standard-bearers of both parties bi-autumnally seek to curry our favor. Imagine our surprise, then, when we learned the other day that a subtle (indeed a subliminal) new technique has been introduced into the young campaign to influence the voters of the nation—a technique we are compelled to view, at second glance, with mixed feelings, realizing that if it were encouraged, it might not only elevate the tenor of political advertising but also drastically alter the criteria by which candidates are selected. We refer to the Democratic National Committee's announcement last week that this year's campaign speakers' bureau would be composed of a Senator Bible, of Nevada; a Senator Church, of Idaho; and a Representative Wright, of Texas; and that, in addition, the burden of the first week's speaking would be undertaken by a Mr. Truman, of Missouri. Having checked a list of ranking Republicans, we are forced to conclude that the Democrats have taken a substantial early lead in a contest that may well reach frantic proportions in the future. It is our belief that the Republican National Committee should make a determined effort to wrest away the mantle of implied virtue in which their adversaries are now cloaked by culling their rosters and holding an emergency caucus to elect an appropriately named group of their own. To start things off, we'd like to submit as a candidate Goodwin Knight, of California.



Agenda in the Making

EIGHTY-ONE banners were stirring nervously on the flagpoles outside the United Nations headquarters when we visited the place last Thursday afternoon to see one of the early sessions of a General Assembly meeting that is scheduled to go on for the next ten or twelve weeks. Below the banners, and also stirring nervously, were quite a few diplomats—just in from off-campus lunches, we guessed—who were preparing to file into the auditorium and serve as a congregation for Andrei Gromyko, the chief speaker of the afternoon. We mingled with them for a while, but we heard nothing more significant than the observation of a gentleman with an English accent that Italian food was an invitation to gout. Withdrawing from the company of the diplomats, we joined the laity in the lobby of the General Assembly Building. These interested bystanders were swarming all over the premises, taking pictures, lining up for tours, and peering out of windows; one of them, a tall, angular lady, asked us what time Mr. Gromyko was due to open fire. She did not wait for an answer. "What I used to really love was to go and hear that Molotov out in Flushing Meadow," she said. "Sometimes I wanted



"Now that we've signed that clean-campaign agreement, I'm for bugging their headquarters to make damn sure they live up to it."

• •

to hiss him so much that I almost burst. I wanted to hiss that other one, too—Vishinsky—but he never made me as upset as Molotov did. I was hoping to hear Dulles this morning and make a real U.N. day of it, but my poodle, Bébé, took sick just when I was leaving Kew Gardens, and I had to take her to the vet. She's very high-strung. I don't think this Gromyko could be as rough as Molotov, do you? Sometimes I think he looks like our own Dick Nixon."

"If you want to hear Gromyko, you'd better step lively," we said.

Our new friend took off resolutely, and in a few minutes we sauntered after her. When we reached the visitors' gallery, we found a good-sized crowd of spectators already settled in their seats, although the proceedings were not to get started for half an hour. Helping them while away the time was a pleasant-looking U.N. guide, who, from the front of the gallery, was explaining the setup of the General Assembly. "The General Committee is going to arrange an agenda," she said. "After it has done this, political recommendations will go to the political committee, economic recommendations to the economic committee, and so on. Eighty-one member states will participate, and each is allowed ten representatives—five regulars and five alternates. Not all countries take full representation, but whether a delegation is large or small, it has one vote at the plenary session. When two-thirds of the delegations are in agreement, a recommendation for action is taken. This recommendation doesn't have the force of law, for this is no super-government, but each member nation is expected to carry it out in good faith. You may be interested to know that fifty-seven Foreign Ministers and four Prime Ministers are attending today's meeting. The head of each delegation sits on the aisle, and countries draw lots to see which gets seated nearest the rostrum. This year, that country is Belgium. The earphones on the seat beside you will translate the speech you are going to hear into English, Russian, Spanish, French, and Chinese."

An elderly gentleman sitting next to us immediately put on his earphones. "Don't hear a thing," he announced loudly.

"There won't be anything to hear until the proceedings start," the U.N. guide said patiently.

The elderly character grumpily removed his earphones, and the guide cautioned one and all to whisper while wearing the device. By this time, delegates were straggling onto the main floor of the auditorium, among them Mr. Dulles and Mr. Gromyko, and soon the latter took over the rostrum. We got him on Channel 2 on our earphones, and, while listening, took note of the fact that not many of the delegates were wearing theirs. In the face of this seeming indifference, Mr. Gromyko plodded along grimly in Russian, and, via the earphones, we learned that he was saying that the international situation was tense and subject to sudden eruption; that the United States was acting as an aggressor in the Near and Far East; that the U.S.S.R. was so peace-loving that in three years it had reduced its armed forces by more than two million men and subscribed to a unilateral cessation of atomic-weapons tests; that the United States was taking other nations by the throat; that one single lunatic might set off an atomic war; and that a summit conference was urgent. Having heard Mr. Gromyko proclaim all these propositions before, we decided after half an hour or so that the earphoneless delegates knew what they were doing. We further decided that we had had enough. As we departed, we were joined by several other visitors.

"I know all this is important," said a gray-haired gentleman in brown tweeds, "but somehow it hasn't got the excitement of the Security Council doings, when the boys are really hot under the collar."

"Who needs excitement?" a plump woman inquired.

◆

OVERHEARD on Madison Avenue: "I like the way he nods his head. He really communicates."

Safe

AN English anthropologist, commenting on the passion for cars and high speed in this country, has said that no true American would regard being killed in an automobile accident as anything but a natural death. Maybe there's something in that wry statement, because one of the simplest and best ways of cutting down on such deaths has been largely ignored by American motorists, ourself included. We refer to seat belts. The Ford people have calculated that the general adoption of seat belts in cars and trucks would reduce the number of deaths in motor accidents from about forty thousand annually to about twenty thousand, and the number of serious injuries from a million and a half annually to half a million; putting it in different terms, a firm called Automotive Crash Injury Research, at 316 East Sixty-first Street, has figured that seat belts would reduce the number of injury-producing accidents by sixty per cent. While these and other estimates, backed by horrendous statistics, haven't been taken seriously by most motorists, they've had their effect on officials responsible for other people's lives. A dozen states now require that some or all of the state-owned cars be equipped with seat belts. Governor Harriman last winter signed an administrative order requiring seat belts in all new cars bought by the state government, and it's assumed that several lives have already been saved in consequence.

Not quite two per cent of the new cars sold in this country over the past three years have been furnished with seat belts, and, surprisingly, the indications are that the number of cars so furnished is getting smaller, not bigger. Thousands of seat belts have been sold for installation in older cars, but precise figures on this aspect of the subject are hard to come by. One authority has reckoned that of the sixty million cars on the road today, only a little more than a million have seat belts. This meagre showing dismays safety experts and puzzles automobile manufacturers, who on first offering belts as optional equipment assumed that public demand for them might lead to their becoming standard equipment. Nash was the pioneer seat-belt provider, and therefore the first to be disappointed. In 1949, it offered belts as an integral part of its famous reclining seats; a year later it abandoned them, having found that Nash owners not only were failing to use them but were actively uprooting them. In 1955, Chrysler and Ford offered seat belts as optional equipment, and they were joined the following year by Studebaker, Packard, and General Motors, as well as by Nash, which was willing to be a good sport and try again, but the public remained, and remains, apathetic.

Why? We've just asked that question of John O. Moore, the director of Crash Injury Research, and his answer is that practically all drivers have a perverse conviction that an accident can't happen to *them*. "There's something about getting behind the wheel of a car that makes the average man feel invulnerable," Mr. Moore said. "The fact is, of course, that he ought to be feeling just the opposite. We're not trying to cut down on the necessary risks involved in driving; this is a risk-taking society, and no doubt we're better off for having it that way. What we're trying to do is diminish the often painful results of normal activity—to minimize the damage if something happens to go wrong. When I buckle on a seat belt, what am I doing? I'm admitting that an accident can happen to me. That's a step forward, right there. But if I'm actually in an accident, the degree to which I've protected myself by the simple buckling on of a belt is fantastic. A belt keeps you inside a car during an accident, and we've found that you have one-fifth the chance of getting killed inside a car that you have if you're thrown out."

Moore and his fellow-experts talk of crashes in terms of Gs, a G being a force equal to a person's weight; a hundred-G crash would be one in which your body had to withstand a force of a hundred times its weight. That would be the equivalent of running into a solid wall at thirty-five miles an hour. Even a ten-G crash in a car without belts is apt to be very dangerous. "Among our records is the case of a pregnant woman who was wearing a seat belt and who survived a sixty-G crash without the slightest internal injury to herself or her

AIR FORCE ACADEMY

child," Moore said. "Another remarkable case is that of a man who was in a seventy-five-G crash. His belt broke, but he still suffered no internal injuries. Some people make the objection that a belt worn over the hips can't protect the head. Well, by holding the body in place a belt makes it next to impossible for the head to hit the windshield, where the greatest danger lies. If you wear a belt and have a car with a padded dashboard, it's practically impossible to sustain a serious frontal head injury. You may wonder whether I practice what I preach. Well, I have a wife and seven children, and a station wagon with nine belts."

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There's a bar in Yonkers called Cleary's Casa Villa.

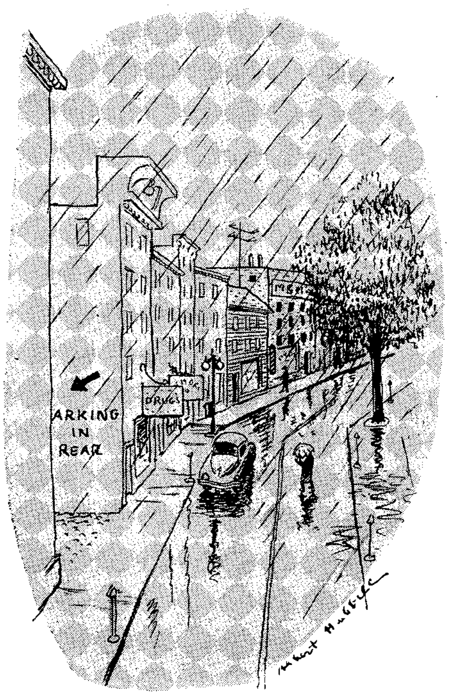
Bandurist

"ON our Committee," Mr. Reginald T. Townsend, vice-president of the American Committee for Liberation, president of the Staten Island Beach Land Improvement Company, and a man we have long admired because his middle name is the same as his last name, writes us, "there is a young Ukrainian-Canadian named Morris Diakowsky, who is a very pleasant and intelligent guy, who has made an avocation of an ancient Ukrainian instrument called the bandura. He has constructed several of these guitarlike instruments, and is very adept at playing them. The matter is so unusual I thought it might make an interesting paragraph for your readers."

Well, the matter *is* unusual; there are fewer bandurists in the United States than there are court-tennis players, and of these Mr. Diakowsky, who has settled down on Long Island, and whom we buttonholed hard on Mr. Townsend's tip, is one of the very few who make their own instruments. "I've made seven," he told us, "either alone in my cellar, in Jamaica, or in partnership with Harry Kasha, an instrumentation engineer with Merck & Co., in *his* cellar, in Rahway. The bandura, which in some countries is called the bandora, the bandurria, or the pandore, is the latest modification of a thousand-year-old stringed instrument of the lute-guitar family that lost its frets two hundred and fifty years ago and added strings over the body. It's the national folk instrument of the Ukraine, where my family came from. It sounds like a cross between a harpsichord and a guitar. The bottom should be hollowed out from a single piece of wood. It costs about a hundred and fifty dollars to make one. I'd like to clarify my interest in this thing. The bandura is a nationalistic instrument, like the bagpipe, with a kind of wildness about it, and it is not actively encouraged in the Soviet Ukraine today. That gave me an additional incentive, since the main purpose of the American Committee for Liberation, for which I'm senior translator, is to liberate the various peoples of the Soviet Union from Communist tyranny, largely through radio broadcasts beamed to the Soviet Union in seventeen languages. I made my first bandura in 1955, after getting some helpful advice from Sinovij Shtokalko, a Ukrainian doctor and bandurist in New York. He put me in touch with Simon Lastovych, a Ukrainian D.P. in Munich, who is an authority on bandura construction. I've published my bandura correspondence with Lastovych in Ukrainian, in an edition of a hundred and two copies, which I've sent to libraries. The bandura has a pleasing sound and is much easier to play than, say, the violin. There aren't more than seventy-five bandurists here, but I feel the bandura may yet find a place for itself in American folk music. I've played 'Home on the Range' on it, and 'The Blue Tail Fly.' There's no reason it shouldn't become as popular as the ukulele. I've played it at Ukrainian gatherings and at American Committee picnics. Mr. Townsend is a great bandura fan. He especially likes 'The Blue Tail Fly.' "

Mr. Diakowsky, who was born in Montreal in 1927, the son of a Ukrainian blacksmith who had become a Canadian farmer, took his M.A. in English literature at McMaster University, in Hamilton, Ontario, and, after a spell as an announcer-producer with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, in Montreal, joined the Committee, which has an office above Lindy's, four years ago. Much of his work is with Radio Liberation, the Committee's communications arm, which broadcasts around the clock around the world through thirteen transmitters and two stations—one in West Germany, the other on Formosa—in Russian, Ukrainian, Byelorussian, Georgian, Armenian, Azerbaijani, Tatar, Uzbek, Kazakh, Turkoman, Ossetic, Adygei-Kabardian, Karachaev-Balkarian, Chechen-Ingush, Avar, Kirghiz, and Kumyk. Others kumyk up. "We give the Soviet audience the uncensored news, ask tough questions of the present regime, and try to encourage a yearning for democracy," Mr. Diakowsky said. "We get quite a few grateful letters from the Soviet Union, and some angry ones. Here's a free-verse one." He handed us a communication, translated from the Byelorussian, that read:

> I wish you a Happy New Year.
> I wish you health, success.
> Drink my health and
> I will drink yours.



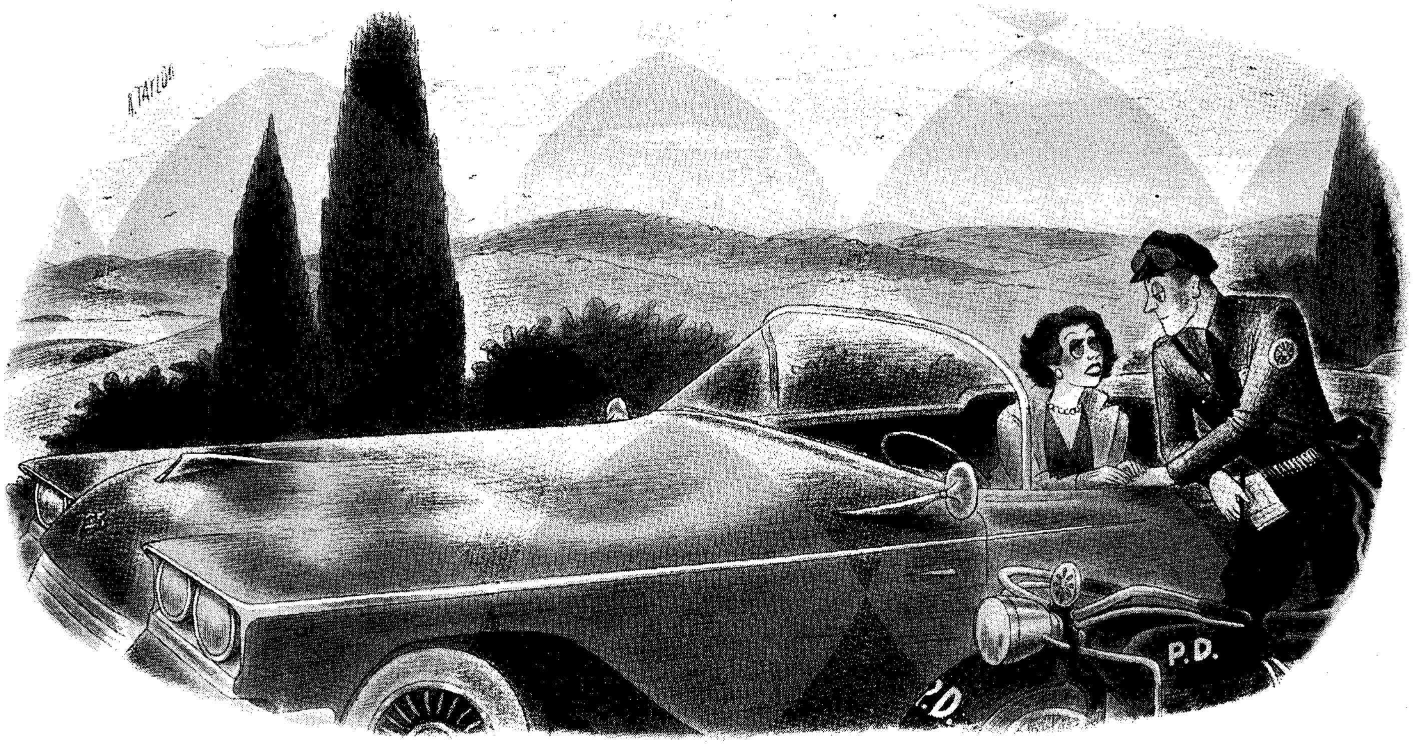
No Fooling

IF it turns out that it was Virginia that led the nation out of the recent recession, the heads of the telephone company in Rural Retreat, a hamlet in Wythe County, will be able to claim some, if not all, of the credit, since two of the bylaws that appear in their telephone directory are as follows:

> SECTION 14. The limit to any conversation shall be five minutes, unless no one desires the use of the line for business at the expiration of that time.
>
> SECTION 15. As this Company is established and operated for business, all social conversation, gossip, music, and foolishness must give way to business matters.

Poet's Party

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, the writer and physician, was seventy-five last week, and we attended his birthday party, which co-celebrated the publication by New Directions of his latest book of poetry, "Paterson, Book Five." The festivities were held in the well-appointed East Seventy-ninth Street apartment of Mr. and Mrs. James Laughlin, Mr. Laughlin being the president of New Directions, and Mrs. Laughlin being the daughter of



"We'll have to find some other way to meet, darling. George is beginning to crab about all these speeding tickets."

• •

Stanley Resor, the board chairman of the J. Walter Thompson Company, whose apartment it used to be. Mrs. Laughlin obligingly took us on a brief tour of the apartment's appointments, which included a number of Lurçats, Klees, Ensors, Grises, Leonids, and Rouaults collected by her mother, following which, in the living room, we mingled easily with a galaxy of Malcolm Cowleys, Irita Van Dorens, Van Wyck Brookses, Ivan Obolenskys, Babette Deutsches, Selden Rodmans, Walter Lords, and Roger W. Strauses, Jr. "Poets no longer die young," a dark, handsome man said to Mr. Cowley. "Look at Bill Williams—vigorous and productive at seventy-five, as T. S. Eliot is at seventy and Robert Frost at eighty-four."

"I had a sixtieth-birthday party last month," Mr. Cowley said. "One of the vigorous guests fell down and injured his leg. Williams and I were both in Paris in 1921."

"Bill has lived in the same house, in Rutherford, New Jersey, for forty-six years," David McDowell, president of the publishing firm of McDowell, Obolensky, said. "His brother Edgar, an architect, has lived in the same house there for seventy-four years; he was born in it. That is unusual. I've lived in the same house there for three years. Not unusual."

Mr. McDowell pointed out Edgar Williams, who recently designed the Donnell branch of the Public Library; he had a Continental mustache and looked well travelled.

"What in the world is Van Wyck Brooks doing here?" a man said to us. "You *never* see him at cocktail parties."

We sought out Mr. Brooks, who said, "I like a lot of Williams' work. I especially enjoyed his 'Life Along the Passaic River.' Where is Marianne Moore? I was told she was going to be here."

Gaining the dining room for some pâté, we fell into conversation with a large, bankerish man, who turned out to be Joseph W. Hambuechen, a former director of the First Boston Corporation. "I've retired," he said. "James Laughlin and I are great personal friends; we're both on the board of Intercultural Publications, an outfit set up with Ford Foundation money. I must be one of the oldest living skiers; I've skied for fifty-two years, mostly in Switzerland and Austria. I'm a stepson of the late James Loeb and a trustee of the Loeb Classical Library, which he founded in 1911, with the encouragement of Salomon Reinach, the French archeologist, and gave to Harvard. Oh, the fight that went on for years among the translators and the editors, between the King's English and Harvard English and Princeton English! The diplomacy that had to be invoked!"

Back in the living room, we met Charles Sheeler, the painter, who is a lifelong friend, and the senior by two months, of the guest of honor. "We are all confined to separate compartments," he said. "I seldom get to cocktail parties. It's like being in a foreign country; you can hardly understand the language."

A lady wearing a dress inscribed with a language we couldn't understand came up to us—Miss Frances Steloff, proprietor of the Gotham Book Mart. "I don't know what it says, either," she said when we asked her to translate the statements on its back. "I got it last summer in Honolulu."

"Chinese," said a man behind her, who was identified for us as Donald Keene, professor of Japanese at Columbia. "It says, in part, 'If you aspire to something, you will not get it.' "

Miss Steloff looked astonished.

In Training

AN upstate friend of ours whose seventeen-year-old son quarterbacks the local high-school football team reports that he dropped over to watch practice one recent afternoon and was surprised to see the squad's forty players, in strict formation, working off their summer softness by energetically wriggling through forty green Hula Hoops, while a lantern-jawed coach barked cadence.

SUE

God forgive me, I could never stand my sister's young men. Even if she had had taste, I should still have resented them. Our house on the outskirts of Cork was small, and there simply wasn't room in it for me and a courting couple. After a day's work in the office, I would get settled with a book by the fire in the front room, and then I would hear the creak of the gate, the steps on the path, the knock, the boisterous voice in the hall—my hall! Sometimes I continued to read, and dared the fellow to come in and interrupt me, but there was never any false modesty about Sue's young men. They always had a warm corner in their hearts for themselves. Occasionally I went off to read in the kitchen, but there, apart from Mother's solicitude about whether I was warm enough and whether I could see with "the old gas"—meaning the gaslight fixture that I was reading by—I was almost certain to be interrupted again by the arrival of one of her old cronies, come to sit and gossip with her in the kitchen. So, most often, when I heard Sue's young man, I went off, cursing, to my own bedroom, where there was no heat and "the old gas" was worse even than in the kitchen. There, lying on my bed with a blanket over my feet, I listened to the cheerful voices of Sue and her young man sitting in comfort downstairs before the fire—my fire! Is it any wonder I grew lepping mad? Sue, of course, said I was sulky and unsociable, and Mother, who had an excuse for everybody, said the Horgans were all like that. I grew up with a considerable respect for the sensitiveness and intelligence of the Horgans.

Sue never had any taste in young men. There was a long string of them, only one of whom I ever liked and she dropped him inside a fortnight. She said he was dull! Mind, I had no very exaggerated notion of *her* charms. I knew she wasn't steady and was always excited or depressed about something, and when she had nothing to be excited or depressed about, she came up with the most extraordinary old pisherogues and superstitions that were supposed to be lucky or unlucky, according to the mood she was in. But she was warmhearted and generous, and she had a very good intelligence whenever the fancy took her to be intelligent. At any rate, she was a cut above the fellows she walked out with, though it wasn't until Harry Ridgeway came on the scene that I began to appreciate what an interesting girl she was.

I had also better be fair and admit that Ridgeway had his points, even though I didn't like him. I always thought him a bit too much of a dandy. He had a pink-and-white complexion like a girl's, and he dressed as carefully as any girl. Usually he wore a well-cut, tight-fitting suit that never had a trace of beer or tobacco ash on it, and a pale, correct-looking tie. And he had the impudence to jeer at my tweeds and my battered old tie and about how I needed a haircut. At a party, he was always in charge of entertaining the dolls, while I sat with a couple of friends, and a half dozen of stout hidden behind the sofa, and hoped to God the dolls would let us alone to talk politics or religion. Ridgeway had no politics, and his religion was like his ties—pale and correct. What I really mean is that he was a lightweight, a lady's man, though with occasional flashes of wit and intelligence, but definitely not the sort with whom you'd like to go to a bar and spend the evening discussing what was wrong with the country.

Still, I was rather puzzled by Sue's behavior, because, though she went out quite a lot with Ridgeway, she continued to go out as well with Sidney Healy, who had now been the resident pest for close on six months. I saw no reason for having two of them about the house, disturbing me.

"Are you going steady with that masher?" I asked her one evening while she was ironing and Mother washing up.

"What masher?" she asked, growing nervous and defensive, though I hadn't even raised my voice.

"How do you expect me to remember all their names? The sickly fellow with the queer ties."

"Harry Ridgeway?" she said in the same tone. "Why would I go steady with him? Sure, he's mad on Judy Holmes."

"Then why the hell doesn't he go to Judy Holmes's house instead of coming here?" I asked. "Who is this Holmes one, anyway?"

"She's the bank manager's daughter from Montenotte."

"Old Holmes's daughter?" I asked in surprise. "But aren't they Protestants?"

"I suppose they are. What about it?"

"Nothing, only he's not going to find it very easy to marry her, is he?"

"I don't know. I suppose he can get a dispensation. They have money enough, anyway. I advised him to propose to her months ago."

"Very handsome of you, I'm sure," I said with a sniff.

"There's nothing handsome about it. She's the right sort of girl for him, and she has a bit of money. The poor devil is crazy to get out of that house of his. His old fellow drinks, and his poor mother is in and out of hospital the whole time."

"I see," I said. "And because Mr. Ridgeway isn't happy at home, he thinks he's entitled to come and make sure that I'm not happy here."

That evening, I didn't move when Ridgeway came in. It's bad enough getting out of a comfortable room for another man, but at least you have the feeling that one of these days things are going to even out. But to let him have it as a free gift—

chair, fire, gaslight, and all—was more than anyone could expect. Ridgeway didn't seem to resent my staying, and except for that silly-looking tie of his and his mincing way of balancing a teacup on his knee, I had nothing to complain of. The man had plenty of conversation, of a kind. Later in the evening, Sue asked him about Judy Holmes, and he didn't seem to resent that, either.

"Oh, Judy's playing at the School of Music concert next week," he said excitedly.

"Go on!" said Sue. "What's she playing?"

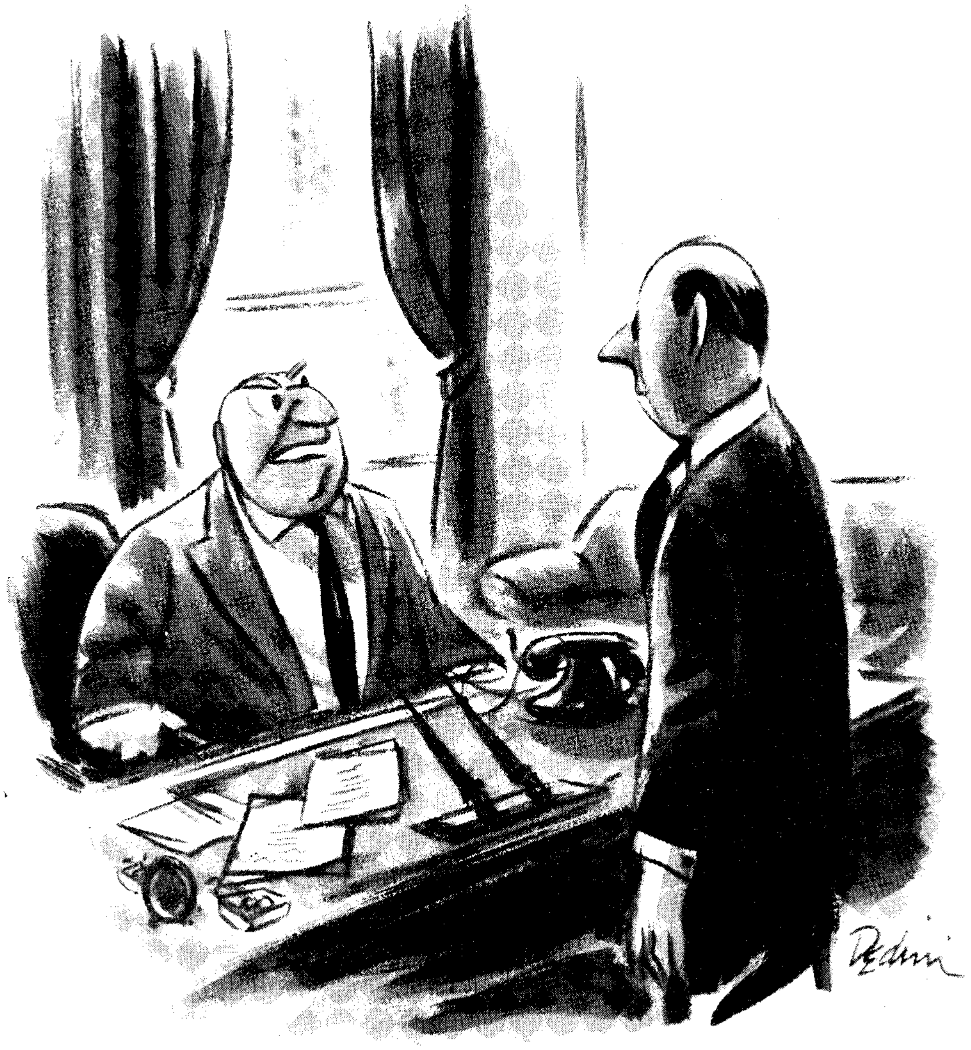
"The Mozart E-Flat, with Humphreys doing the violin part."

"Cripes, I'd love to hear her," said Sue.

"We can go together, if you like. What about you, Jack?"

"No, thanks," I said with a smile. I was fond of music, all right, but I avoided the local amateurs.

However, when Sue returned from the concert, she was full of Judy Holmes, and I knew there must have been something to her playing, for Sue in one of her intelligent phases was quite a good critic. She could have been a good pianist as well, but, being Sue, she never took the trouble to practice. She sat at the piano to illustrate what she was saying, and I filled in the violin part with three fingers while she showed how Judy did it, and when she played a wrong chord she used a dirty word. I laughed. I was always amused at the contrast between Sue's character and the language she used.



"I'll admit that to err is human, Reynolds, but if I forgive you, every Tom, Dick, and Harry will be in here expecting forgiveness."

• •

IN a funny way, hearing about the concert gave me a sort of personal interest in the Holmes girl, and next time I met her in town I raised my cap to her. She smiled back rather coolly, and I wondered if she even knew who I was. She was a tall, thin girl with a long, pale face, and a good figure concealed in a wide coat like a tent. Her hat was a plain felt one, like a schoolgirl's. She was dressed expensively but plainly. After that, whenever I found myself daydreaming, I would think of her as the sort of girl you could take up as you took up politics or religion—a girl of natural seriousness, who could play Mozart as he should be played, and with no nonsense about her. Now when Ridgeway talked about her to Mother and Sue, I found myself listening to him. They were fascinated by everything he told them about the Holmeses, and it wasn't only the money and the bit of style that interested them, though clearly, for them as for Ridgeway, it had the appeal of a fairy tale. But besides this they both had a genuine admiration for the qualities of character the Holmeses displayed: Judy's daily two hours of piano practice, her dutifulness in answering letters and remembering birthdays, her mother's social work, and the strict and narrow piety of an Irish Protestant family. How narrow that could be I was reminded one night when Ridgeway reported that one of Judy's girl friends had used a Biblical phrase by way of a joke and Mrs. Holmes had pointed out that it was blasphemy.

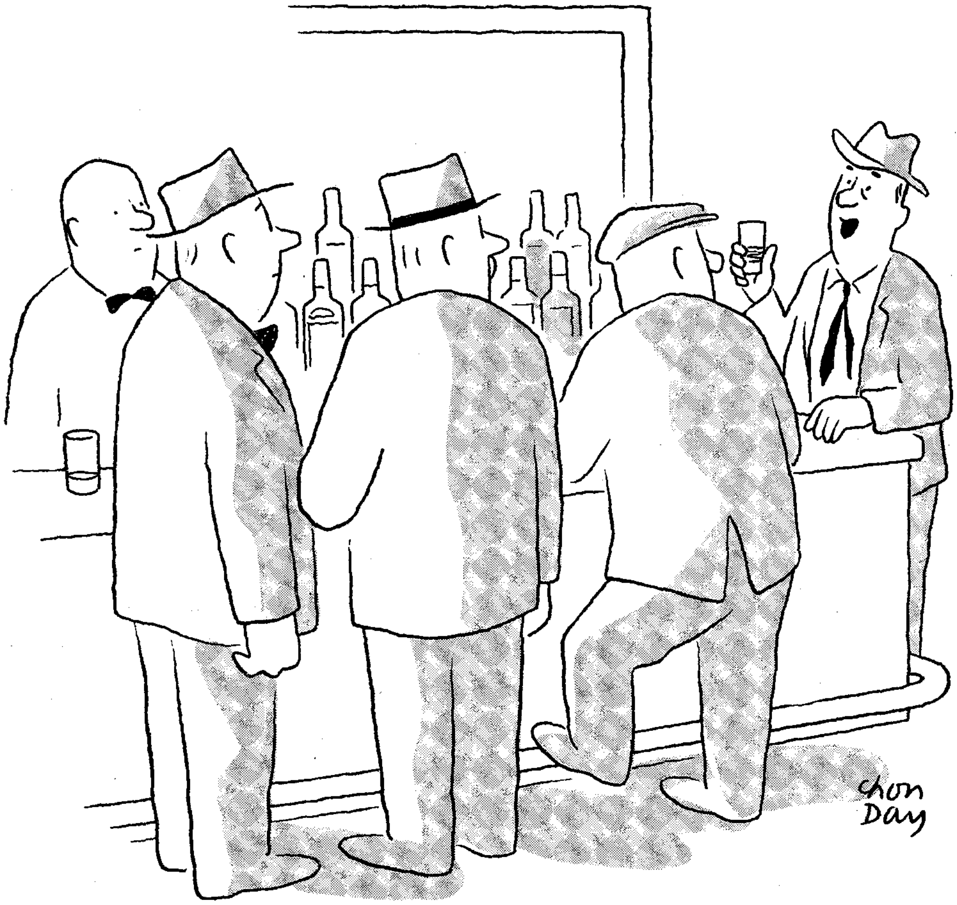
"Sure, when the girl didn't mean it!" protested Mother, who never really minded what people said so long as they smiled at her while they were saying it.

"Ah, they don't look at it that way at all, Mrs. Horgan," Ridgeway said with a frown. "Of course the girl didn't mean it, but still they don't think you should say such things. And I can't help admiring them for it."

I could see that Ridgeway had Mother and Sue admiring them for it as well.

But then an extraordinary thing happened. Ridgeway proposed, but he proposed not to Judy but to Sue. I couldn't understand it. I knew that he wanted to make a home of his own, and it wasn't only that his father drank and his mother was so sickly that she could not keep abreast of the housekeeping. He wanted a background to go with the ties and suits, and he must have been miserably self-conscious about any friends that called to his house. You could see the sort of place he would try and make for himself—a small house in a modern terrace, with a neatly covered suite of furniture, bought on time, a few water colors, and a vase of flowers; and there he would give little musical parties, and tea would be served in rather dainty cups. But Sue's background was just the same as his own, and imagine Sue keeping a house like that for him. She would wreck the damn place in a week.

I could see that the proposal had



"This is the part of the vicious circle I like."

come as a real shock to Sue. She couldn't understand it, either, and as a result she couldn't stop talking of it.

"But you like him," I said. "Why shouldn't you marry him if you want to?"

"Ah, how could I?" she asked doubtfully. "He's not in love with me. Isn't that enough?"

"How sure you are of it!" I said. I wasn't really any fonder of Ridgeway than I had been, but I realized that he would make someone an excellent husband and that Sue was the sort of girl who might very easily marry the wrong man—or no man at all. "Isn't that for him to say?"

"Ah, it's not that," she said, and she still sounded doubtful. "I suppose he felt he had to ask me."

"He needn't have felt that at all," Mother said earnestly, "but it showed very nice feeling. I was always very fond of Harry, and I only wish you could marry him."

"Oh, for God's sake, hold on!" I said, getting angry with them again. "I don't think Sue even knows what she's doing. Nobody ever proposes to a girl just out of nice feeling."

"Harry would," Sue said flatly. "He's too soft for his own good. I daresay he thought people were talking about us."

"Nonsense!" I said shortly. "He knows more about girls than that. Probably he proposed to Judy Holmes and got the cold shoulder."

"I wouldn't say so," Sue said thoughtfully. "I think he'd have told me."

"For a man you won't marry you seem to have a remarkably high opinion of him," I said sarcastically. "I'd wait and see about that."

"Ah, I don't think so," Sue said complacently. "Even if he did propose to her, she'd hardly talk about it."

"She'd be the first woman in history that didn't," said I.

"I wouldn't be too sure about that, either," said Sue. "Harry probably has his own reasons for not proposing to her. I daresay his family wouldn't like his marrying a Protestant."

And suddenly she rang a bell in my head. You see, there were certain things that I seemed always to have known about myself. One was that if I fell in love there would be no walking out with other girls. Another was that if I did fall in love with someone I knew my family and friends would disapprove of—a Jew or a Protestant—I would not allow myself to be influenced by them. Whatever other faults I might have, I knew myself to be a man of seriousness and strength of character. And these, I knew, were precisely the qualities that Ridgeway hadn't got.

"Ah, so that's the reason!" I said, and I daresay triumph showed in my voice, for Sue turned on me.

"And what's wrong with it?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said. "Except that now you're talking sense."

I liked that explanation because it enabled me to go on looking down on Ridgeway. But I still couldn't understand why Sue didn't want to marry him when, quite clearly, she liked him so much. I knew that she wasn't acting like the heroine of a sentimental novel and refusing him for fear of injuring his career. Apart from anything else, Sue had never read enough novels to know that a heroine might be expected to act in this peculiar way, and if you had explained it to her, she would merely have gaped and asked in her commonest tone, "What sort of bloody idiot do you think I am?" No, the girl had got it firmly fixed in her head that Ridgeway didn't care for her, and for that reason would not marry him.

YET they continued to go out together. After his proposal, I felt that Ridgeway was entitled to whatever facilities the house offered, and I left the parlor to them. One night, I was sitting with Mother in the kitchen. Sue and Ridgeway were supposed to be courting in the front room. All at once a most unholy row began. We couldn't hear what they said, but he was talking in a low, bitter voice and Sue was yelling her head off at him. Mother clasped her hands in prayer and made to get up, but I signalled to her to stay where she was.

"The poor child!" Mother moaned. "God direct me!" she added, meaning that she distrusted my direction. The sitting-room door opened and I distinctly heard Ridgeway use a dirty word. Two dirty words! Fortunately, Mother either didn't hear or didn't understand. Then the front door slammed behind him, and Mother, with another glance at the ceiling, from which God could be supposed to be directing her, muttered, "And without even saying good night to me!" It was a real tragedy for Mother, because she loved Harry Ridgeway's little airs of politeness, so different from the roughness of Sue and me. Then Sue came into the kitchen, bawling, and for five minutes it was impossible to get a stim of sense out of her.

"Child!" Mother cried with what she clearly believed to be sternness. "You must tell your brother and me what he said to you." When she referred to me as Sue's brother, she promoted me to a position of authority.

"He asked me to marry him again," sobbed Sue.

Mother, being one of the sympathetic souls of the world, was just on the point of saying "The blackguard! He should be ashamed of himself!" when she realized that it wouldn't be altogether appropriate, so she just wrung her hands and said, "Well! Well! Well!"

"After all, that's nothing to snivel about," I said coldly.

"Who's snivelling?" Sue asked, flaring up, as I had expected her to do. "He said things were desperate in his house. It's not the only bloody house things are desperate in, if you ask me."

"Oh, Sue—" Mother was beginning when I broke in.

"And what did you tell him?"

"The same thing I told him before, of course. So he said he was going straight off to ask Judy Holmes."

"All right," I said. "And isn't that what you wanted?"

"Whether I wanted it or not has nothing to do with it," she said. "How the hell could I marry a fellow like that, that would hate the very sight of me before the honeymoon was over?"

"Oh, Sue, how can you say things like that?" Mother exclaimed indignantly.

"Because it's true, woman. I know Jack thinks he is a bit of a snob. What's wrong with that? Ye're all terrified out of your lives of trying to make yourself out a bit better than ye are. I'd be a snob, too, if only I had something to be a snob about. He hates a girl even to use a dirty word."

"And perfectly right he is!" Mother cried. "What right has any decent girl to use language like that, picked up at street corners?"

"Then what does he want with me? He heard me use it. He told me if I ever used a word like that again he'd slap my face."

"And what did you do?" I asked, knowing perfectly well what Sue would do if I told her that.

"I said it, of course."

"Sue, you didn't!" exclaimed Mother.

"I did," said Sue, and then began to giggle faintly.

"And what did he do?" I asked.

"Oh, he slapped my face, all right," said Sue, her face lighting up. Obviously, the incident had made a favorable impression. "What should he do?"

"He should talk to you seriously, Sue," Mother said passionately. "He should not do a thing like that. I'm surprised at him—such a nice boy! Eleven years I lived with your poor father, God rest him, and never once did he lift a hand to me."

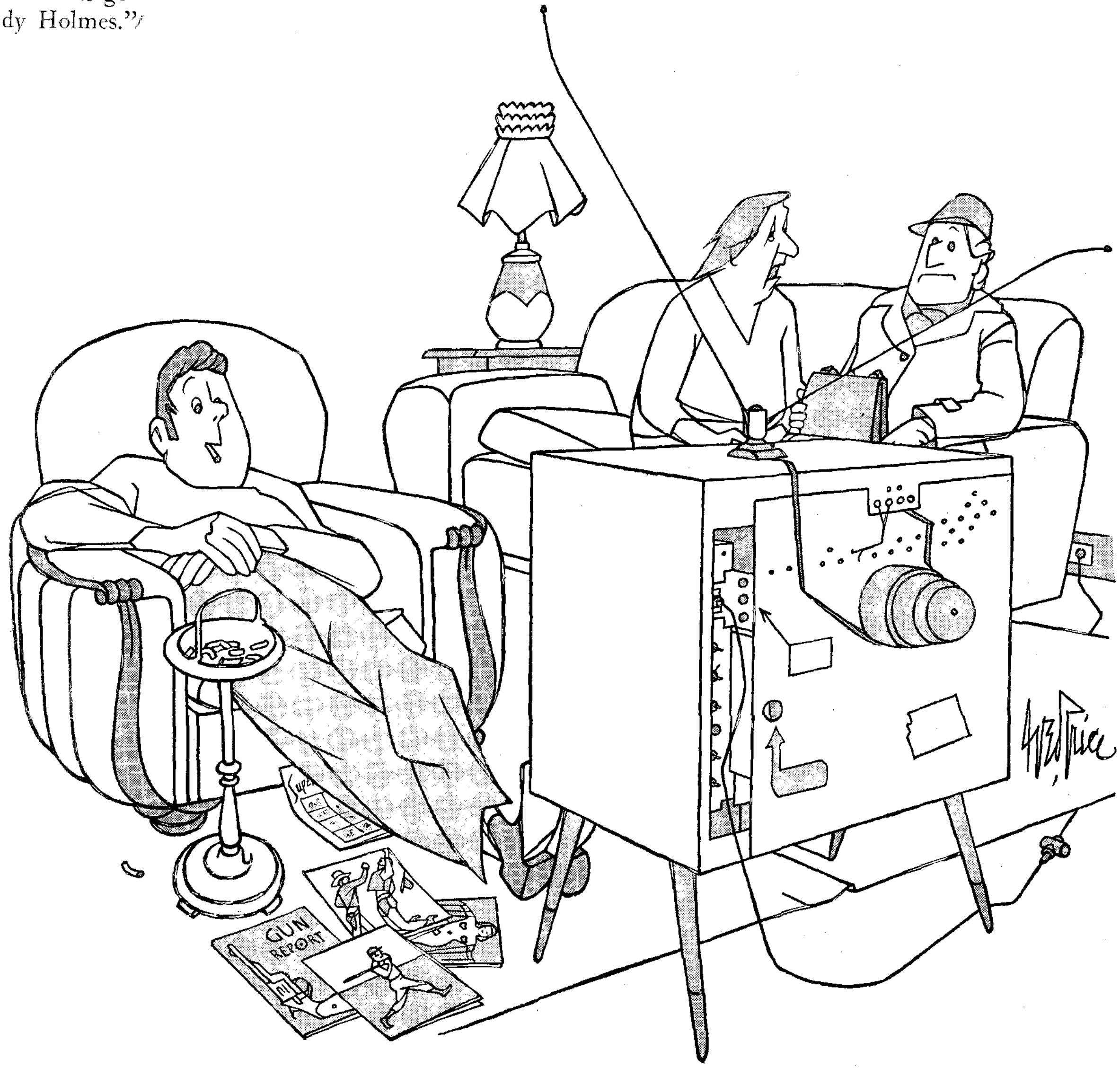
"A pity he didn't lift it to us a bit oftener," said Sue.

"The dear knows, it's hard to know what to do," Mother said, turning away and shaking her head despondently.

"Anyway," I said, realizing what was in Sue's mind, "you know he's not going to ask Judy."

"That's all you know about him," Sue replied, beginning to sob again. "He's probably asking her now. And she's the right girl for him, whatever his family or anyone else thinks."

Then she went up to her room to live it all through again, and bawl a bit more, while Mother sat by the fire and sighed over the contrariness of everything. Of course, she knew that Sue was doing the right thing, but she couldn't help wishing she weren't. As for me, I was beginning to make discoveries about my extraordinary sister. I knew now that she had refused to marry Harry Ridgeway because she genuinely believed he didn't care for her. The poor fool had so often expressed his admiration for Judy and her family that he had even persuaded those two romantic women to admire them as well, and Sue could only think



"Success came too early. When he was ten, he hit three homers in three times up in the Little League, and nothing has seemed worth while since."

of love in terms of admiration. Admiration, that is, of positive virtues she recognized and respected. She was quite certain that she had none of those particular virtues herself, and yet she would keep on hoping that someday some man would discover something positive to admire in her. Perhaps, after all, she wasn't even so extraordinary; perhaps a lot of other women confuse love and admiration in the same way, and never realize that a man may love them as much for their faults as their virtues, and may think with delight of the way they begin to sparkle when everyone else is going home, or forget themselves and swear. At the same time, I knew it was something I should never be able to explain to Sue, and for some reason this made me feel unusually tender to her in the weeks that followed. I even took her to the pictures a couple of times, when she and everyone else knew I hated the pictures.

BUT she had been right about Harry Ridgeway. That night or next day, he had gone straight to Judy Holmes and proposed to her and been accepted. He'd even induced herself and her family to sign along the dotted line in connection with the religion of the children. I had to admit that when it came to the point, Ridgeway, ties and all, was masculine enough.

It might have been better for him if he hadn't been. I met the pair of them one night on Patrick's Bridge. She was, as usual, plainly dressed, while Ridgeway was even more the dandy than before. Between them they made me feel very awkward, with my long hair, my cap, and my rough tweeds, but Ridgeway seemed very pleased to meet me.

"You've heard of Sue's brother Jack," he said to Judy.

"Almost as much as I've heard of Sue," she said with a thin smile. "I suppose he's another charmer?"

"Oh, begod, he is not," Ridgeway said with a loud laugh. "Sourest blackguard you'll find about this town."

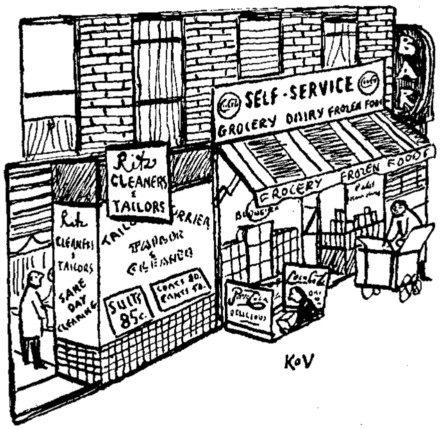
"Ah, he probably only needs a girl to make a lot of him, as you do of Sue," she said archly.

"Come on, Holmes!" he cried. "You never heard the half of Sue."

"No, you didn't get much chance of talking about her, did you, poor fellow?" she said in a mocking drawl. "But you do get these dreadful obsessions with people."

We said good night, and I went on through town. It was only when I was halfway down Patrick Street that it dawned on me that Judy hadn't been exactly pleasant to me. For some reason, I always approach people on the assumption that they intend to be nice to me, and it usually takes time before I realize that they haven't been. I had gone the full length of the street before I thought, My God, that girl is a devil!

As I strolled home that night, I could see as clearly as if I were living through it how dearly Ridgeway was going to pay for his harmless snobbery. I could also see why he might have been afraid of bringing a girl like that into his own family. People of our class are plain and rough, but nobody is so plain and rough that they wouldn't resent her tone, and from this time on Ridgeway would have to depend for his friendships on his wife's family and their friends.



I was so full of my own discovery that while I was telling Mother and Sue, it never once struck me that they might feel differently about it. They listened in silence, and then Sue lit a cigarette and said "God damn her!" and Mother didn't even protest. She was too shaken. "The poor, deluded boy!" she said softly, clasping and unclasping her hands.

Then I saw that both had tears in their eyes, not only for Harry Ridgeway and his aspirations but for their own. It was as if life had betrayed them by being less generous than they themselves were. I kissed them before I went to bed. It was not a custom of mine, but I felt extraordinarily proud of them both.

—FRANK O'CONNOR

MORE FELLOW-CREATURES

THE KIPPER

For half a century, man and nipper,
I've doted on a tasty kipper,
But since I am no Jack the Ripper
I wish the kipper had a zipper.

THE REDCAP

The hunted redcap knows not peace;
His mother was frightened by a valise.
The sight of luggage seems to stun him,
And if you force a bag upon him,
Like a wary doe concealing a fawn,
He hides it till all the cabs have gone.

THE EMMET

The emmet is an ant (archaic),
The ant is just a pest (prosaic).
The modern ant, when trod upon,
Exclaims "I'll be a son-of-a-gun!"
Not so its ancestor, the emmet,
Which perished crying "Zounds!" or "Demmit!"

THE CLAM

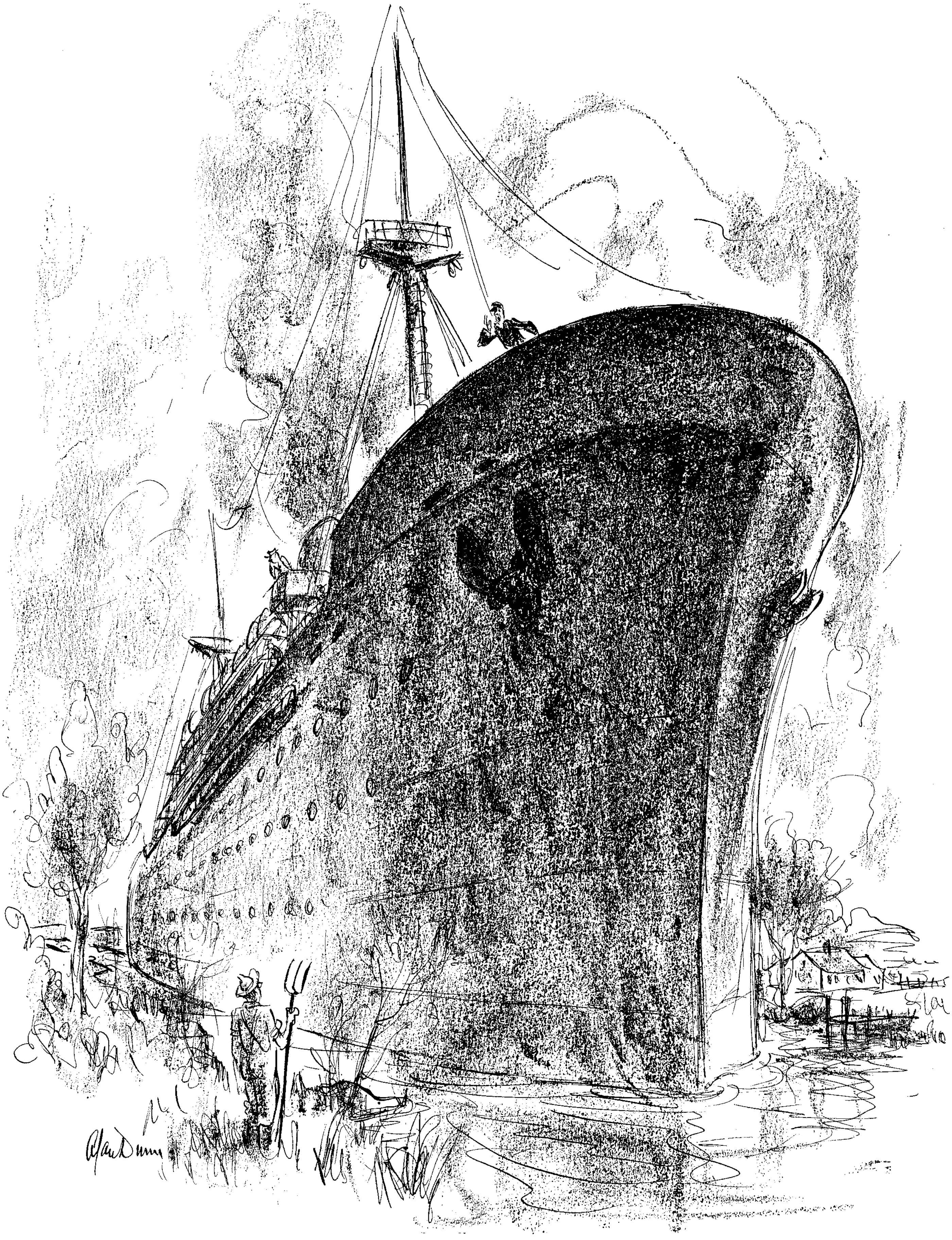
The clam, esteemed by gourmets highly,
Is said to live the life of Riley;
When you are lolling on a piazza
It's what you are as happy as a.

THE SHRIMP

A shrimp who sought his lady shrimp
Could catch no glimpse,
Not even a glimp.
At times, translucence
Is rather a nuisance.

—OGDEN NASH

• •



"Are we right for the St. Lawrence Seaway?"

REASON NOT THE NEED

THE Ludlows moved into their new apartment, on the second floor of the Clover house, when the varnish was barely dry on the floor. Patience College, an enclave of elegance on the outskirts of a New England mill town, was gradually converting the commodious old houses on Faculty Row into apartments to meet the demands of an expanding faculty that had children instead of servants. Jonathan Clover, retired professor of chemistry, had died the year before; his widow had given the tall white-clapboard structure to the college on condition that she be allowed to keep an apartment on the ground floor for the rest of her life, and then had gone to stay for a while with relatives.

The college had rebuilt the house into three apartments, one on each floor and all of them unsatisfactory, but the Ludlows were used to unsatisfactory quarters. They were a family that tended to come out at the seams of their apartments; a perambulator, a tricycle, a vacuum cleaner, and a stack of magazines were likely to obtrude into their hallways, and occasionally two-year-old Mercedes would explode nude from the crowded interior, followed by their dog. The apartments always reflected Harold Ludlow himself, his pants bagging at the knees and his pockets overflowing with ungraded freshman themes and unpaid bills.

At first, the Ludlows had the whole house to themselves. There were two weeks of summer vacation left, and most of the campus was deserted, but they were haunted by two old ladies who kept dropping in to ask when Mrs. Clover would return. There was something unnaturally genteel about them, which made the Ludlows apprehensive about what Mrs. Clover, whom they had never met, would be like. Miss Stomer was a wrenlike creature with a tiny body and a large face, like a puppet's; Miss Coddle, of more normal size, had great, wet eyes and a stricken expression, recalling the face of a sheep. A neighbor explained to the Ludlows that Miss Stomer and Miss Coddle had once roomed in the Clover house and had been present when Mr. Clover died.

"... None sweeter than that girl of mine. Cutest cat in all the forty-nine."

"They'll hang on like leeches," said the neighbor. "Mrs. Clover will come back when her family gets tired of her. They'll turn her over to Jeffrey—he's her oldest son. He can handle her." There was a stern note in the neighbor's voice.

In October, when the Ludlows had been in the house a month, they learned that Mrs. Clover was returning. Jeffrey was the first Clover they saw. One morning, a moving van arrived with Mrs. Clover's furniture, and squads of officials from the college came to see that everything was in order. Then, in the afternoon, a car drew up in front of the house, and Jeffrey Clover, with the help of his wife, maneuvered his mother out of it. She wore a black silk dress and a mourning veil, and she was small and dumpling-shaped. From behind a Venetian blind, the Ludlows watched her lurching between her son and daughter-in-law, like a child learning how to walk. It was amazing to Harold how one with so much good flesh could manage to look so dwindled by grief. Jeffrey treated her with good-natured anger, or bad-natured levity. She clung and tottered and refused to look where she was going, as though she were blind, as well as deaf. The Ludlows had been told she was deaf. Her tired, throaty voice rose to them: "It's no use, Jeffrey, I can't make it. I can't go another inch. Why don't you and Inger just leave me here on the steps? Don't bother to take me any farther. Don't tire yourselves out for me."

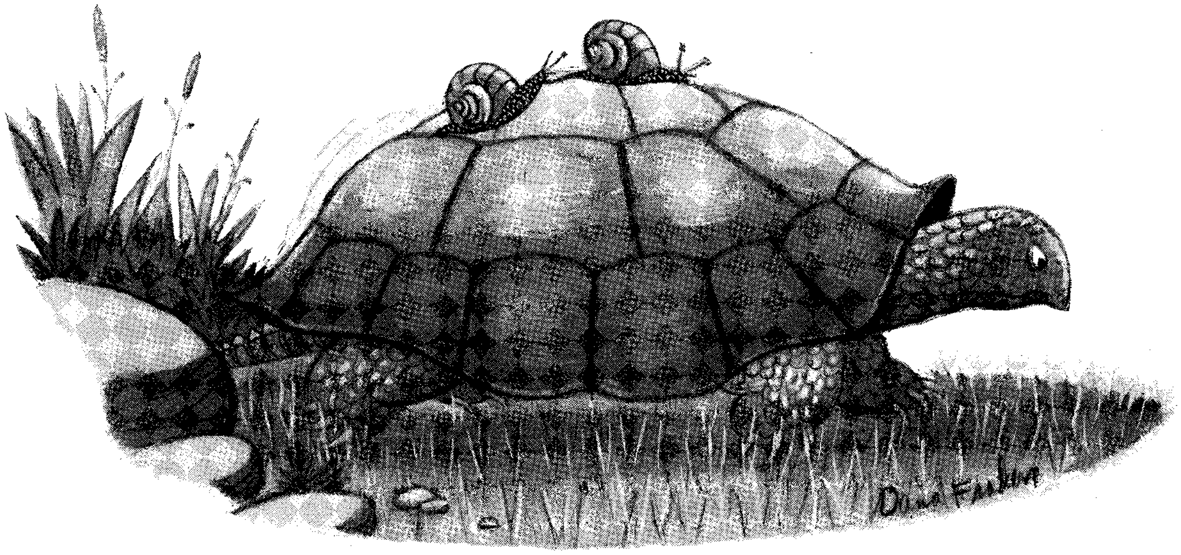
Harold saw Jeffrey tighten his jaw. He had a fine jaw, the kind a corporation executive, which he was, ought to have, and it went well with the rest of him. He was muscular and tan, blond and shrewd-eyed. His wife, slightly faded, and darker than he, looked almost as much the executive's wife as he looked the executive. What they seemed to have in common was an aggressive temperament linked to a short temper. "All right, Inger, you get the door," Jeffrey said. "Now, don't carry on like that, Mother. We're still on the street. The doctor said you were perfectly all right."

"Mother, do try to think about something pleasant," said Inger unpleasantly.

"Yes, Inger's right," said Jeffrey. "Get the door, Inger. U-u-up you go! That's right, Mother."

The door closed on Mrs. Clover's complaint: "I've lost my pocketbook. Have you got my pocketbook, Inger? It had my glasses in it. . . ."

Thus was Mrs. Clover ushered into the final phase of her life—almost carried like a bride across the threshold, though the bridegroom was gone forever. Once inside, she doubtless began to weep at the sight of familiar things, with all their poignant associations, but the Ludlows did not hear what went on at first in the apartment. They were having trouble enough preventing their daughter Edith from jumping rope, and controlling their daughter Mercedes, who kept trying to get out into the hallway, naked.



"Hold your hat! Here we go!"

LATER, Harold Ludlow went downstairs on his way to the basement to get a section of a bookcase he had been painting. The front door of the Clover apartment was open, and he saw that Miss Stomer and Miss Coddle had already arrived and were hovering around the widow, who was weeping. He stopped for a while uncertainly on the landing, wondering whether he should go in, but he remembered that his pants were paint-stained and his shirt dirty. Nobody noticed him.

"It gets rather chilly here, nights," Miss Stomer was saying. "I spoke to a groundsman this morning about having the steam turned on for Mrs. Clover." Her voice ran on a high, precise pitch, like a sewing machine. Her iron-gray hair was cut close about her head—bobbed in the latest fashion, though in her case the fashion had never gone out.

"Now, don't worry about it, Miss Stomer," Jeffrey said, obviously trying to keep his voice even. He had taken off his coat and opened his collar, and he was visibly perspiring; it seemed hardly likely that the room would ever get chilly. "Mother's got an electric blanket. There's nothing to worry about."

"Eh?" cried Mrs. Clover, in the midst of her tears. "What did you say?"

"Electric blanket!" shouted Inger. "You remember, we showed you how to work it."

"Eh? Blanket? Did we lose a blanket? Was it in the car?"

"No. *Electric* blanket!" Inger said. "Where's her hearing aid? Why isn't she wearing it? Oh—she *is*."

"Oh, is *that* what you're talking about?" said Mrs. Clover. "I don't want an electric blanket. I wouldn't know what to do with it. If one of you children want it, why don't you just take it? What's the good of electricity? It never works right. I spent four hundred dollars on my hearing aid and I can't hear a thing."

"I'll be glad to help her with the electric blanket this evening," said Miss Stomer.

"It's all right, Miss Stomer," said Jeffrey. "We're staying here tonight. We'll show her."

Harold descended into the cellar, aware that Miss Stomer had seen him as he crossed the doorway. He wondered whether he would dare try to go upstairs again before she left. He did, and, sure enough, she trapped him.

"Oh, Mr. Ludlow!" she cried. "Excuse me, but I don't think you've met Mrs. Clover and her family, have you?"

Harold quailed, but it was too late, and a moment later he was shaking Jeffrey's hard bronze hand and being presented to a lot of other people, among whom was Jeffrey's sister Cynthia, looking at him with a critical eye. He had heard of Cynthia; she had reputedly made money as a literary agent in New York. She had a decisive handshake, like Jeffrey's, and lines and furrows in her face.

"My father used to teach at the college, too, Ludlow," Jeffrey said. "Head of the Chemistry Department for twenty-five years, you know. We *gave* this house to the college; a lot of people might think it was foolish, because they would have had to *buy* it from us, according to the original lease of the ground—the ground belongs to the college—but we wanted Mother to be able to stay here. I'd like you to meet her. Mother! Mother!"

It was difficult to attract his mother's attention, because she was talking, and when she was talking, it was harder than ever for her to hear. "We went to Maine every summer," she was saying. "That was before those terrible hurricanes. I'm so glad my husband wasn't alive to see what the last hurricane did to the trees."

"Mother! This is Mr. Ludlow," Jeffrey said. "Sorry everything is in such a state of confusion around here, Ludlow. We've just arrived."

"Why don't I come again later?" asked Harold, beginning to back out.

"No, I want her to meet you," said Jeffrey. "It's important for her to have friends around here. Mother! This is Mr. Ludlow."

"Bloodrow?" she asked.

"Ludlow. He lives upstairs."

"Harold Ludlow," said Harold.

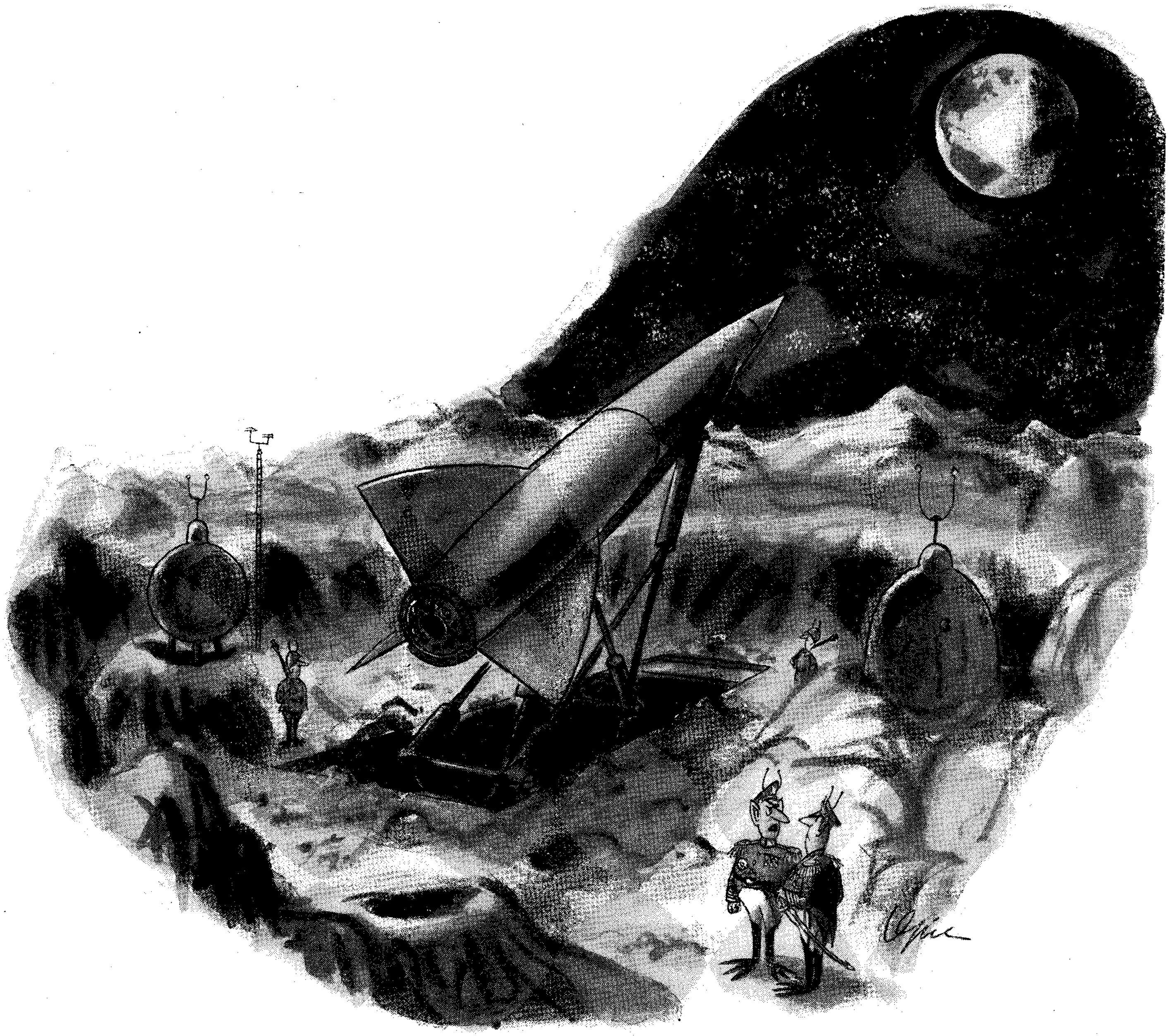
"Didn't we know some Bloodrows one summer in Kennebunkport?" asked Mrs. Clover.

"No, that was Woodrow," said Cynthia. "Mother's deaf, Mr. Ludlow."

"How do you do?" said Mrs. Clover. "Forgive me if I don't get up, but I'm quite sick. My legs have been bothering me. The doctor says it's arches, but I know it's my heart. They don't understand about broken hearts any more. They prefer to talk about arches."

"Now, Mother, Dr. Pease told you your heart was as sound as a dollar," Jeffrey said. "Why don't you fix her some hot milk, Inger, and maybe we can get her into bed."

"My sister died of a broken heart," announced Miss Coddle, in a hollow, miserable voice. Unlike Miss Stomer, Miss Coddle was timorous and ashamed, but she, at least, spoke normally instead of enunciating. She moved slow-



"Whenever they're ready, we're ready!"

• •

ly, as though sleepwalking, or like a rowboat that is shipping water. Everything about her suggested drowning; even the printed flowers on her dress seemed to droop.

"Don't let's be depressing," said Miss Stomer. "I think she wants cheering up. Perhaps we should turn on the television."

Everyone turned to look at the television set, which had been looking at them with its great dead eye, waiting to be turned on and engulf them. It was the one new object in the place, and Jeffrey was evidently proud of it. Though it stood in the darkest corner of a room filled with Mrs. Clover's furniture—good furniture, all of it a bit severe and rather uncomfortable, but expensively covered, and brightened by antimacassars—it reached out into the light, into the world. It was a square blond wooden box, powerful beyond its kind, with a screen two and a half feet wide and a special attachment for a hearing aid. It rested on a hardwood swivel, and, having not a trace of aesthetic feeling in its functional lines or its electronic bowels, it dominated the living room, overwhelming the reproductions of eighteenth-century furniture, bullying the house into submission. "She'll have a life of her own here," said Jeffrey, nodding at the television set.

Meanwhile, Harold's wife, Helen, had appeared at the door, with Edith clinging to her skirt and Mercedes, now clothed, underfoot. Harold moved back to join his family and introduce them, and while he was doing so, Mrs. Clover regarded them all with earnest, sentimental eyes, through a mist of anguish. Harold began to remember that he needed a haircut, and was wondering just how dirty his shirt was, but Mrs. Clover obviously didn't have her mind fixed on such details. She was looking at the new lives that had supplanted the old, and now, as she saw Harold in the role of husband, tears began to well into her eyes again. "I wish you could have met my husband," she said, weeping. "He was such a good man. He did everything for me. He would never let me do anything. He wouldn't even let me vacuum the floor. He spoiled me."

"Now, Mother, don't carry on," said Jeffrey.

"He lived his life, and you still have yours," said Cynthia. "After all, you're only seventy-two. Cheer up." She turned to the others. "I hope she'll start painting again. It would give her something to do."

IN A PERGOLA

I

All summer, in my wintering head,
The taste of discontent has stayed.
An abstinence from what I love
Has slipped upon me like a glove.
My hand has scarcely stirred to reach
For trumpet flower or plum or peach;
Odors go wasted; sense is marred
By an access of disregard.

II

I think of those wild saints who said
They swallowed Heaven in sourest bread.
(Is it to haircloth, after all,
We come when juice and petals pall?)
Yet their painters saw them stand
Espaliered on a flowering land,
Their sleeves ribboned with gold, their eyes
Widened on holy luxuries.

III

Saints, when their stomachs shrivel, may
Keep the unholy cramp at bay
With visionary peach and plum
And honey of delirium.
In conjured atmospheres they swim
While rock and rancid weed grow dim
Till Paradise, toward which they stare,
Breeds like an orchard in the air.

IV

And who more fitted to translate
That longing and enamored state
In symbols of familiar bliss
Than sensualists, whose cocksure eyes
Saw Heaven as Tuscan, and its bloom
Erotic as the bursting plum?
Into their physical world I wade,
Where my own senses might have played.

V

Conceive a Paradise designed
To captivate the rational mind,
Whom all rewards of nectared air
Are insufficient to ensnare.
The saintly intellect, clothed in grace,
Chants theorems through bevelled space,
And, flayed of egocentric sin,
Mind sheds itself, and looks within.

VI

Conceive a state like this, and know
How fortunate we are who go
Unsanctified and malcontent
Beneath a dubious firmament.
The fields of ice are cold and clear
When we retire to diet there;
And human summer on our flesh
Burns true, although it burns to ash.

—Adrienne Rich

• •

"She's a wonderful painter!" cried Miss Stomer. "Those pictures of Maine! They're so real! Why don't you put some of them up on the walls?"

"Not a bad idea," said Jeffrey. "What do you think, Cyn?"

"Sure," said Cynthia. "Some of the better ones aren't too bad."

"He always did the dishes," said Mrs. Clover. "I never had to worry about anything. If there was ever anything worrying him, he kept it to himself. I never knew what cares he had. He was such a good man. And now he's gone, and I've got nothing to live for."

"I don't know why you talk that way about Mother's pictures," said Jeffrey irritably. "Dad always thought she was pretty good."

"Oh, Dad. He thought all painters were great as long as they didn't try to do anything like Picasso." Cynthia stretched her arms and lit a cigarette.

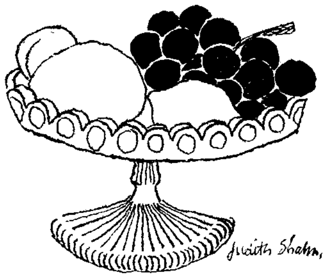
"And now there's no way for me to tell him how much I miss him," said Mrs. Clover, and she burst into heavy sobs.

The Ludlows watched, suffering for her, while everyone else in the room continued to talk about her rather than to her, as though—it seemed to Harold—she were a thing. But *she* wasn't actually talking to *them*, either. She was addressing the universe. It was as if they were all witnessing a movie—a dramatization of the horror of bereavement. The children skipped around, the young adults quarrelled about art, the spinsters wrung their hands in pity, but the work of art itself suffered on gigantically, filling the screen before their eyes, intensely self-absorbed, indifferent to whoever watched, beyond embarrassment, beyond solace.

When the Ludlows started to go, Mrs. Clover held out her hand toward them. "I love children," she said. "I have five grandchildren of my own. I hope your children will come and see me. I always keep some candy. I never eat it myself."

"I'm sure the children will love *you*," said Helen Ludlow.

Mrs. Clover shook her head sadly, and her eyes grew wet again. She seemed to have foreknowledge of how things would be.



Jeffrey followed the Ludlows into the hall and detained Harold a moment. "Do you have a television set?" he asked. His eyes watched Harold narrowly, trying, apparently, to gauge him. Harold guessed that he was not particularly interested in people except when he was determining how much he could ask, or expect, of them.

"No," said Harold. "We thought a hi-fi would be better. We can't afford a television set, and besides it would be bad for the kids. They'd watch it all the time."

"Yes. Well, I got a pretty good one for Mother," Jeffrey said. "You folks feel free to watch it when you want to."

"It's certainly big," said Harold.

"Yes. Well, it's a special set. Has a special circuit in it. It will bring in all the Boston stations. It's the best setup you can get. Perhaps you know, I'm vice-president in charge of distribution for Gibraltar Associates—plastics—and I can get a lot of things through friends. Whenever you're ready to buy a TV, just let me know. I can get you any brand you can name for twenty-five per cent off." He paused to observe the effect of this statement.

"Gosh, that's wonderful!" said Harold, who judged that Jeffrey was expecting some show of admiration.

Jeffrey nodded, and smiled gravely. "Yes. Just let me know."

CYNTHIA left the next morning for New York, but Jeffrey and his wife stayed two days longer. They found a maid who agreed to come in each morning, and Jeffrey told Harold that they were looking for a student, or some other dependable young person, to occupy one of the bedrooms and keep an eye on Mrs. Clover. They finally got a girl who worked in town—attractive, but cold and haughty—and then they left.

Mrs. Clover continued grieving. The girl kept a lot of stockings drying in the bathroom all the time. Mrs. Clover did not like to have her bathroom full of damp nylons, and besides, she told Harold, the girl never talked to her, only shrugged her shoulders angrily when Mrs. Clover complained about pains in her heart. The girl never even sat in the living room with her; she was always going out on dates and coming home hours after midnight.

Mrs. Clover was afraid to be left alone. Once, she called up the Ludlows and asked Harold to come down and nail her bedroom window shut.

"Oh, that won't be necessary," he said. "I have some burglar locks."

He went down and installed them for her. She hovered near him during the process, and soon began to sob softly and pitifully. "My husband always used to do these things," she said, "and now I've got nobody. He was such a good man. You'll never imagine how kind he was to me. He spoiled me."

"Oh, no," said Harold.

"Yes, he did. He spoiled me."

Miss Stomer and Miss Coddle came to see Mrs. Clover nearly every day, but she did not seem to appreciate them. And occasionally the Ludlows would see Mrs. Clover out-of-doors, walking with a cane, at a painfully slow pace. Her face always looked drawn and tear-stained. Most people found her irreconcilable grief a little ridiculous, and one sharp-tongued neighbor said that if she had been this concerned about her husband while he was alive, he might have lived longer.

Another neighbor had Mrs. Clover to tea, and invited some of her old friends and the Ludlows as well. Mrs. Clover, with a cup of tea, which she did not touch, sitting beside her, at once began to describe the horrors of the hurricane of the preceding summer in Maine. All through the tea, she kept breaking into the conversation with further reports from the stricken area. She was apparently under the impression that there was no conversation going on around her; the hearing aid was again not functioning. One of the guests, a professor of Greek, offered to try to fix it for her. He put the button in his ear and tapped the receiver. "This thing's no good, Mrs. Clover!" he shouted. "Where did you get it?"

"Why, a salesman sold it to me. I paid four hundred dollars for it, and it never has worked."

"Maybe the batteries are dead!" the professor bellowed. "Have you any spare batteries with you?"

"My son had a boat," she replied. "The next morning it was gone. He hunted up and down that beach for a week, looking for it."

She looked pathetically immobile, sitting in a white needlepoint chair, wearing a little blue hat with a small veil, her short legs, with their swollen ankles, barely allowing her feet, in their health shoes, to touch the floor.

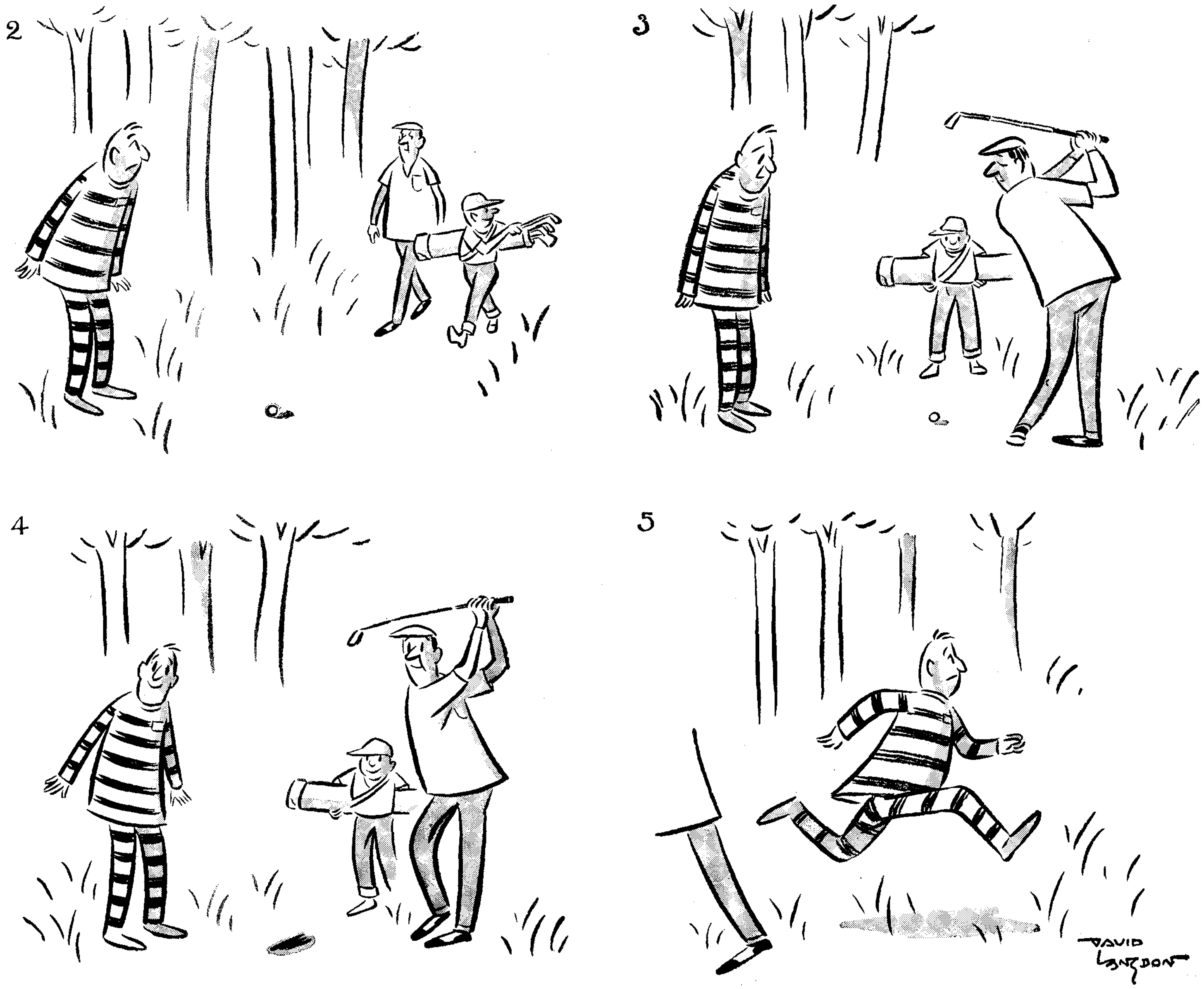
A FEW days after the tea, Mrs. Clover's roomer disappeared, taking all her nylons out of the bathroom, and Mrs. Clover went off for a Christmas visit to one of her children. She left her key with the Ludlows, so that Edith and Mercedes could enjoy her television set. The Ludlows had never had a chance to watch television before, and because Harold was on vacation, they were able to take full advantage of the opportunity. For two weeks, they all camped in Mrs. Clover's living room, bringing down sandwiches and newspapers, Harold or his wife running upstairs for cans of beer during commercials.

They moved lamps around so that there would be less glare on the screen. Their dog lay on the Oriental rugs and sometimes climbed onto the chairs. They tried shutting him out in the hall, but he kept up a steady whining and scratching at the door, gouging the paint, so they finally gave up trying to keep him out. Soon Mrs. Clover's apartment began to look like the Ludlows', with a stack of dirty cups on the tea table, dog hair matted in the rugs and on the cushions, crumbs on the floor, newspapers lying about the room.

Harold insisted that the children be put to bed at eight o'clock, so that he and Helen could watch thereafter without being disturbed. They sat back on the couch together, jeering at the commercials, criticizing the plots of dramas, outguessing the contestants on quiz shows. Harold watched the "Late Show" and the "Late Late Show," while Helen slept on the sofa beside him. At three o'clock in the morning, he would wake her, and they would go upstairs, bleary-eyed, to face the unpleasant realities of life on the second floor. During the two weeks Mrs. Clover was away, Harold saw five Charlie Chan mysteries. He always kept his freshman themes on the sofa beside him, in case he should feel like grading them. He didn't ever feel like it, but in the two weeks he managed to make a thorough study of television, and afterward he always spoke with authority about its strengths and weaknesses.

The day before Mrs. Clover was due back, the Ludlow family cleaned and vacuumed the living room, so that Mrs. Clover's maid wouldn't be too shocked. They hadn't actually broken anything, though there were the scratched door, a torn lampshade, and a chair with a slightly cracked rung. They regretted having to give up the apartment, and thought of how cruel Mrs. Clover's children were to send her back to live by herself.

MRS. CLOVER returned, again between Jeffrey and his wife, again bowed and tottering, having relapsed into her previous condition of misery. "We're getting Mother a companion," Jeffrey told the Ludlows, who had gone down to greet their neighbor. "We



• •

can't allow things to drift like this any longer. Of course, it wasn't as though she was *alone*. She has a lot of friends in town, and we're constantly phoning. But Cynthia's been busy, and my brother Ted hasn't been able to get up here at all."

The children came down the stairs. "Oh, Mama, we were going to watch 'Gunsmoke' tonight!" said Edith. She looked unhappily at the blank face of the television set.

"No, you weren't," said Harold Ludlow sharply. "That would have been way after your bedtime, anyway."

Mrs. Clover asked, "Did the children enjoy the television programs?"

"They were simply delighted with them," said Helen.

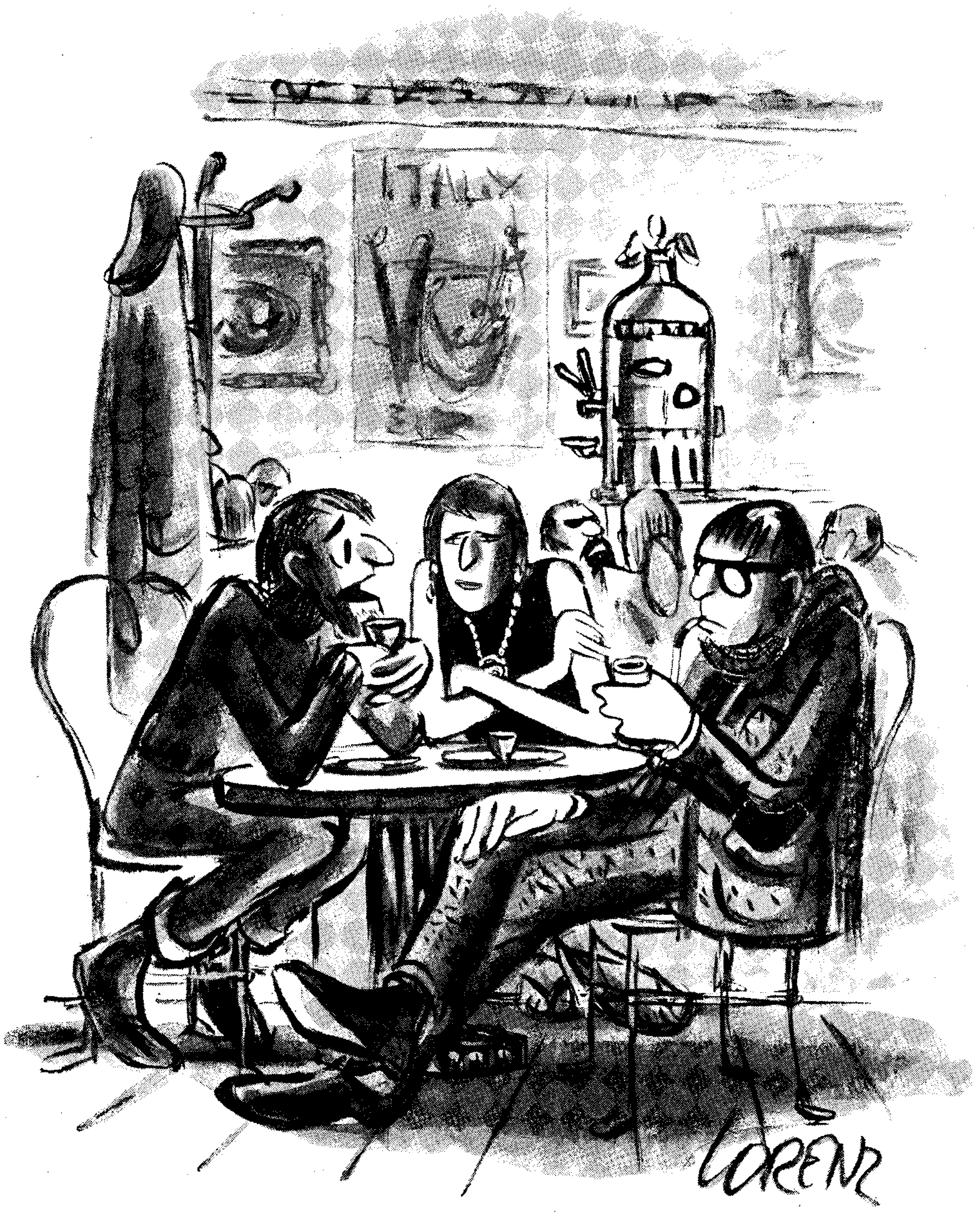
"I don't watch it much, you know," said Mrs. Clover confidentially. "I don't know how to adjust it properly. But Jeffrey likes it when he comes up to visit."

That night, Harold Ludlow turned on his radio, which was connected to his hi-fi, and started to listen to symphonic music, but at ten o'clock Mrs. Clover's electric blanket began buzzing through the loudspeaker every seven seconds, and Harold switched the set off in a rage. He had only eleven long-playing records, and was sick of all of them. His ancient collection of 78s had been ruined by thorn needles in the forties. There was no way, now, of avoiding grading papers. At eleven-fifteen, he looked in the newspaper and was relieved to discover that the "Late Show" was not worth seeing anyway.

The electric blanket became the one thing Harold Ludlow had against Mrs. Clover. If she had to come home and interrupt his study of television, she might at least not interfere with the FM reception from Boston. There was something wrong with the connections in the blanket; friends of his, to whom he reported his troubles, told him that the blanket needed to be overhauled, and new terminals installed. Apparently, Jeffrey's instinct for quality in television receivers had not extended to electric blankets. Harold seethed whenever he thought of the cut-rate merchandise under which Jeffrey's mother slept. "I thought she said she didn't like electrical gadgets," he complained to his wife. "She never turns on the TV, she never wears her hearing aid, but she always uses the electric blanket. Sometimes she forgets to turn it off all day."

Harold was assembling a short-wave kit, so that he could listen to the B.B.C., and the thought of what the electric blanket would do to reception from England was more than he could bear. But it would be impossible to talk to Mrs. Clover about the blanket. It was difficult enough to convey a simple piece of information, such as "Your telephone has been ringing for the last five minutes." How could one explain to her that connections for the electric blanket were causing electric current to arc across gaps, interfering with radio reception? The only thing to do would be to write a letter. He framed one in his mind: "Dear Mrs. Clover: Since you returned after the holidays, there has been a curious buzzing sound on my radio every night after you go to bed. I have concluded that you use an electric blanket the connections of which need repairing. Since I do not own a television set (the price is prohibitive, and it would be bad for my children to watch it all the time), I am forced to rely on radio for much of my relaxation. I'd be glad to take the blanket to a repair shop for you and pay whatever it would cost to make it noiseless. Your neighbor, Harold Ludlow."

That was one of the mild forms of the letter Harold was always planning but never got around to writing. Sometimes, when the buzzing was particularly obnoxious, the letter took on an edge of sarcasm. "Dear Mrs. Clover: Though your hearing aid happily does not interfere with my radio reception, your electric blanket does. I wish you'd start using the former and stop using the latter." As a matter of fact, Harold Ludlow's letters, however strongly put, were always harmless, because he never wrote any of them down; his letters to the *Times* about their misuse of the word "on" in headlines, when they meant "of" or "about," his scathing letters to the college administration, his sardonic replies to letters from creditors, his harshly critical remarks to reviews and quarterlies about the decline in the quality of their poetry—all existed brilliantly in his mind but fortunately were never committed to paper.



"I'll be writing along, beat as you please, when suddenly this irresistible surge of optimism bubbles up inside of me."

Harold saw Mrs. Clover's blanket only once, and then under circumstances that made examination of it impossible. One morning in February, the maid rang his bell and, when he opened the door, called up the stairs, "Mr. Ludlow, would you help me pick up Mrs. Clover?"

"Pick her up?" he cried. He was wearing an undershirt and drinking his morning cup of coffee; he had just been reading an article in the paper headlined "Scientist Advises on Strontium Threat," and the "on" had disturbed his digestion. "Pick her up at the station, you mean?"

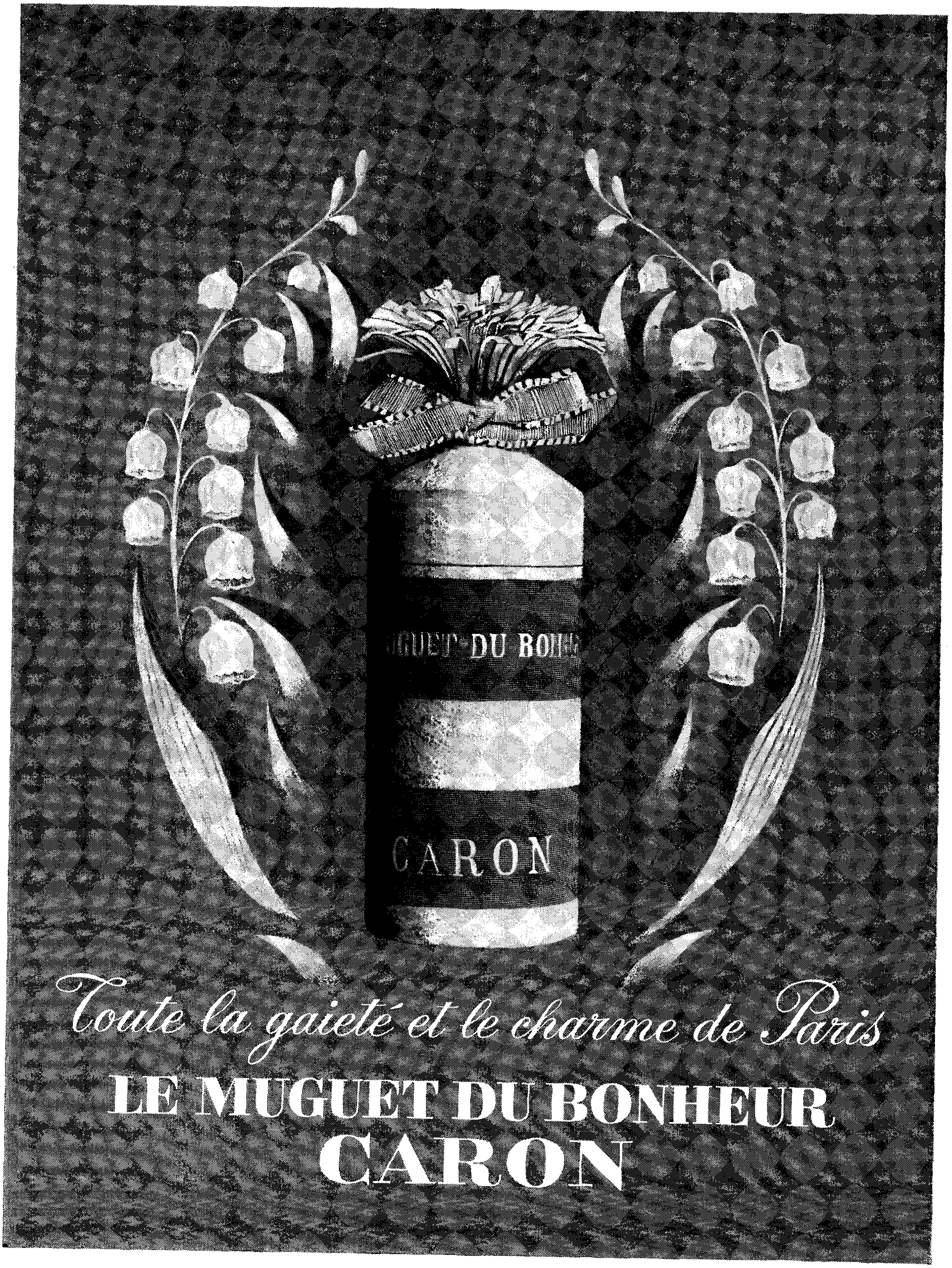
"No. Pick her up from the floor. She's on the floor."

He ran downstairs. Sure enough, she was on the floor, in the small space between her bed and her night table. She lay on her back, the electric blanket partly covering her pink nightgown. His first reaction was "Electrocuted so soon?" but she was quite normal—even crying. He took her by one shoulder and the maid took her by the other, and together they managed to bring her, at last, right side up on the edge of the bed. Her shoulders were soft, like pudding, and her nightgown, scented with perfumes, quivered all over. She was entirely inert while they lifted her, passive as a child. Her plump, ringed fingers rested quite contentedly on Harold's arm. There was nothing petulant, nothing embarrassed in the way her hands accepted her fate. He felt suddenly that the whole episode was only a rehearsal for death—that as she was getting out of bed she had thought, What would it feel like just to drop?

She did not apologize, she did not explain. The maid did the apologizing for her. "I was so sorry to disturb you, Mr. Ludlow. It won't happen again—will it, Mrs. Clover? She was trying to get out of bed by herself. She can get in all right, but she has some trouble getting out."

"Are you all right, Mrs. Clover?" asked Harold, but the hearing aid was on the night table and she did not even turn her eyes toward him.

"My son Jeffrey is in plastics," she said. "They tell me he is very distinguished. He's only forty-one, you know. Whatever he tries, he always does well. Theodore and Cynthia are more like their father. Theodore works for the government, but he's very secure there, and he has a nice family. Cynthia is in publishing. I imagine she likes her work. She's a very healthy-minded girl. They are all healthy-minded children. Theodore seems to be happier now than he used to be, when he was teaching. You


MUGUET DU BONHEUR
CARON
Toute la gaieté et le charme de Paris
LE MUGUET DU BONHEUR
CARON

understand the kind of life a teacher has, Mr. Ludlow. My husband devoted himself to the college and his family. But they tell me I'm not to cry about him any more. A year is enough, they say. I'm supposed to go on, now, like this." She looked around the room, not at Harold or the maid but at the objects on the table and the pictures on the wall. "It was my heart," she said. "It stopped beating for a minute. I've been expecting it for some time. Don't tell the children, just yet. We'll see."

"You'll be all right, Mrs. Clover," said Harold. Saying that was the only way he knew of being helpful. It was his way of comforting hurt children and sick adults, his way of counselling himself against fear and failure.

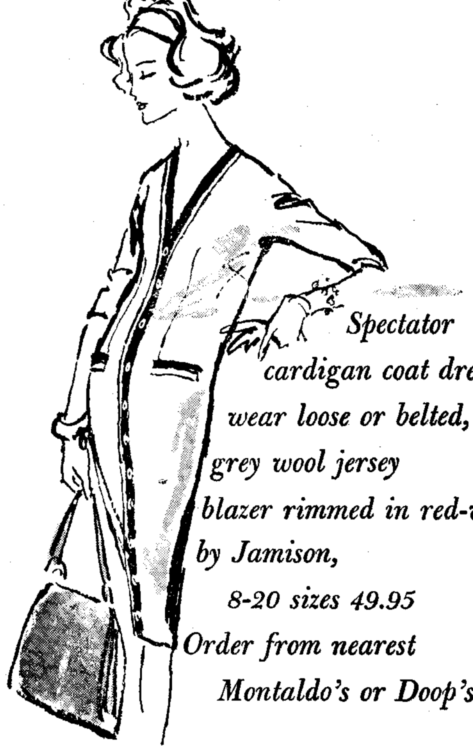
"My husband was such a good man," she said. "There was never anyone like him. They tell me a year is long enough. What do *they* know about it?"

Harold couldn't bear to watch anyone crying. He fought against a desire to throw his arms around a person who was weeping, and against a tendency to start crying himself. When her tears began again, he said impulsively "Oh, no, no!" and he held his hands tightly at his sides. There she sat, dissolving in her own tears, as though flesh were sugar, soluble in grief.

YET if Mrs. Clover had indeed had a heart attack, she seemed much the same as ever in the succeeding weeks. A companion, a Mrs. Pinchot, came to live with her. Mrs. Pinchot, too, was in her seventies and hard of hearing, but her hearing aid worked. She was tall and stout, with regal white hair and an excellent disposition. As soon as she moved in, the Ludlows began to hear the television set, and it usually didn't go off until midnight. Sometimes it was loud, and, on the second floor, they were able to listen to quiz programs with ease.

Mrs. Pinchot understood Mrs. Clover's case immediately. "Oh, I was like that after my husband died, myself," she told Helen Ludlow. "He was a theatrical man. Oh, we knew everybody. Oh, yes, we knew all of them! But you can't just cry. You have to do something besides cry. My son's connected with Broadway. He sends me tickets to all the shows. I go and see them. Of course, they're not like the old ones. But these new musical comedies, I like them better."

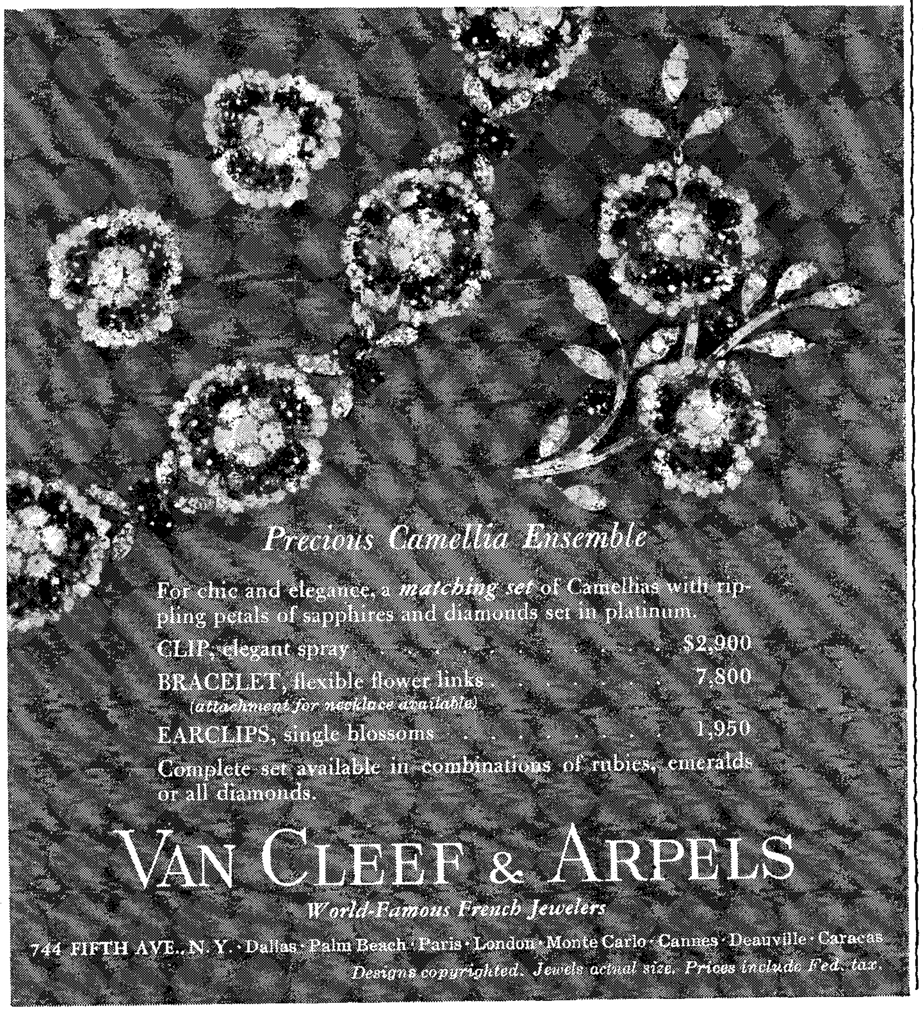
The next time Mrs. Clover fell out of bed, the Ludlows heard it upstairs, for she knocked over the night table. When Harold arrived, Mrs. Pinchot



Spectator
cardigan coat dress,
wear loose or belted,
grey wool jersey
blazer rimmed in red-white
by Jamison,
8-20 sizes 49.95
Order from nearest
Montaldo's or Doop's

Doop's
East Orange, N. J.

MONTALDO'S
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N. C. • Richmond, Va. • St. Louis
Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Hot Springs, Ark. • Columbus, Ohio



Precious Camellia Ensemble

For chic and elegance, a ***matching set*** of Camellias with rippling petals of sapphires and diamonds set in platinum.

CLIP, elegant spray	$2,900
BRACELET, flexible flower links *(attachment for necklace available)*	7,800
EARCLIPS, single blossoms	1,950

Complete set available in combinations of rubies, emeralds or all diamonds.

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
World-Famous French Jewelers
744 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. · Dallas · Palm Beach · Paris · London · Monte Carlo · Cannes · Deauville · Caracas
Designs copyrighted. Jewels actual size. Prices include Fed. tax.

THE WONDERFUL **SOUND** OF

STEREO

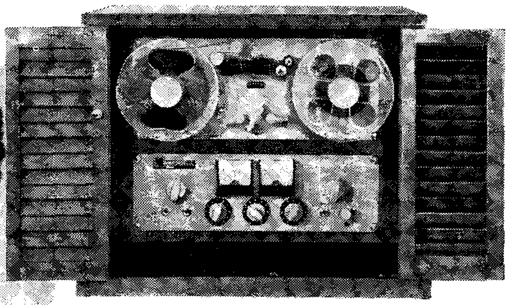
BY Magnecord

Every performance by ELEANOR STEBER, famed lyric soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company is a thing of glorious beauty. So too, is every performance on a MAGNECORDETTE . . . America's first and finest tape recorder, *now* with STEREO . . the sound that brings you continual rebirth of original performance. At your Hi-Fi dealer.

Choice of Walnut, Teak or Blonde Cabinets—
also Portable Luggage Cases.

FEATURES:

Records in stereo and plays back in stereo. Vertical operation for professional quality. Basic single knob control—utter simplicity. First to the consumer, with highest professional standards.



Magnecord STEREO
demonstrated
at these dealers

Partial List

CALIFORNIA	
Los Angeles	Kierulff Sound
Los Angeles	Weingarten Electronic Labs
San Francisco	Hal Cox Co.
COLORADO	
Denver	Denver Sound Specialties
CONNECTICUT	
Hartford	Moses Radio Electronics Co.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	
Washington, D. C.	Shrader Sound Corp.
Washington, D. C.	U.S. Recording Co.
FLORIDA	
Jacksonville	Southeast Audio Co.
Miami	East Coast Radio & TV Co.
Miami	Flagler Radio Co., Inc.
GEORGIA	
Atlanta	Hi-Fidelity S.S.S.
Atlanta	Specialty Dist. Co., Inc.
ILLINOIS	
Chicago	Allied Radio Corp.
Chicago	Newark Electric
KENTUCKY	
Louisville	Golden Ear, Inc.
MAINE	
Portland	Maine Electronic Supply Corp.
MARYLAND	
Baltimore	Hi Fidelity Centre
Glenburne	Thos. Brown Elec.
MASSACHUSETTS	
Boston	De Mambro Radio Supply Co.
Boston	The Radio Shack Corp.
MICHIGAN	
Detroit	Rissi Radio Electronic Supply
MINNESOTA	
Minneapolis	Lew Bonn
MISSOURI	
Kansas City	Radio Lab.
Kansas City	Jenkins Music
Kansas City	Burstein-Applebee
St. Louis	Van Sickle Radio Co.
NEW YORK	
New York City	Harvey Radio Co., Inc.
New York City	Leonard Radio, Inc.
New York City	Sonocraft Corp.
NORTH CAROLINA	
Asheville	Freck Radio & Supply Co., Inc.
Raleigh	Southeastern Radio Sup. Co., Inc.
OHIO	
Cincinnati	Steinberg's, Inc.
Cleveland	Pioneer Electronic Supply
OKLAHOMA	
Tulsa	Sight & Sound
Tulsa	Jenkins Music
Tulsa	Sound Unlimited
PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia	Radio Electric Service Co.
SOUTH CAROLINA	
Charleston	Radio Labs.
Columbia	Dixie Radio Supply Co., Inc.
Columbia	Hi-Fi Sound and Recording Co.
Greenville	Hi-Fi Capitol
RHODE ISLAND	
Providence	Wm. Dandreta
TENNESSEE	
Knoxville	Chemcity Radio & Elec. Co.
TEXAS	
Dallas	Crabtree Wholesale Radio
Houston	Gulf Coast Electronics
San Antonio	Southwest Radio and Sound Equipment Co.
VIRGINIA	
Roanoke	Leonard Electronics Inc.
WASHINGTON	
Seattle	Seattle Radio Supply, Inc.
WISCONSIN	
Milwaukee	Steffen Electroart Co.
VIRGIN ISLANDS	
	Flagler Radio Co., Inc.

If there is no dealer listed near you, Write for completely illustrated brochure.

TO: **Magnecord** N.Y.9
Division of Midwestern Instruments, Inc.
41st and Sheridan, Tulsa, Oklahoma

Please send illustrated details on the new STEREO MAGNECORDETTE to:

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City____________Zone____State________

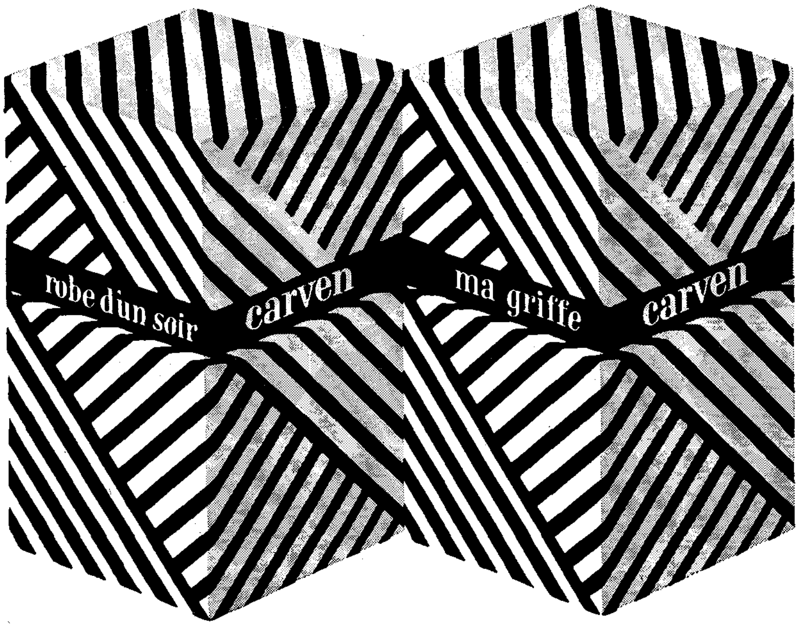
AFTER THE SHOW
Let your
own *EAR* decide!
Really *Hear* Stereo
with MAGNECORD

SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • SACRAMENTO • FRESNO • LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS
PASADENA • SANTA BARBARA • LA JOLLA • SANTA ANA • SEATTLE

I. Magnin & Co. likes the T-strap shaped to a new low line by I. Miller and poised on a new mid-height heel...black silk crepe 28.95

mail orders (add 35¢ for shipping) to Union Square, San Francisco or telephone your nearest I. Magnin store

high fashion in *fragrance*



robe d'un soir • ma griffe

carven-parfums
paris

had hold of Mrs. Clover's arm and was trying to tease her to her feet. "Come on, now, dearie, don't you feel silly lying there like that?" Mrs. Pinchot was saying, smiling and patting her wrist.

She and Harold helped Mrs. Clover up, and all the while Mrs. Pinchot kept talking. "Poor thing, she likes being babied. I know. I felt like that myself. But who wants to be a baby all the time? Don't you think it would be boring?"

"I never thought I'd have to live without him," Mrs. Clover said. "He spoiled me. It wasn't right. He shouldn't have taken such good care of me if he was going to die before I did."

"Yes, well, but here you are, aren't you, dearie?" Mrs. Pinchot shouted. "Now, you remember what we were going to do today? We were going to town and shop!"

"It's my heart," said Mrs. Clover—a little sharply, for she was accustomed to a more receptive audience.

"Well, suppose it is," said Mrs. Pinchot. "Might as well use it as long as you've got it. We'll take a taxi instead of a bus, if you like."

"How is her heart, anyway?" Harold asked quietly.

"Oh, I don't suppose it's too good, but then she's in her seventies and she's been wearing it out with all this crying," Mrs. Pinchot told him. "She's a lot better when she wears her hearing aid. If I could just get her to keep that on, things would be easier around here."

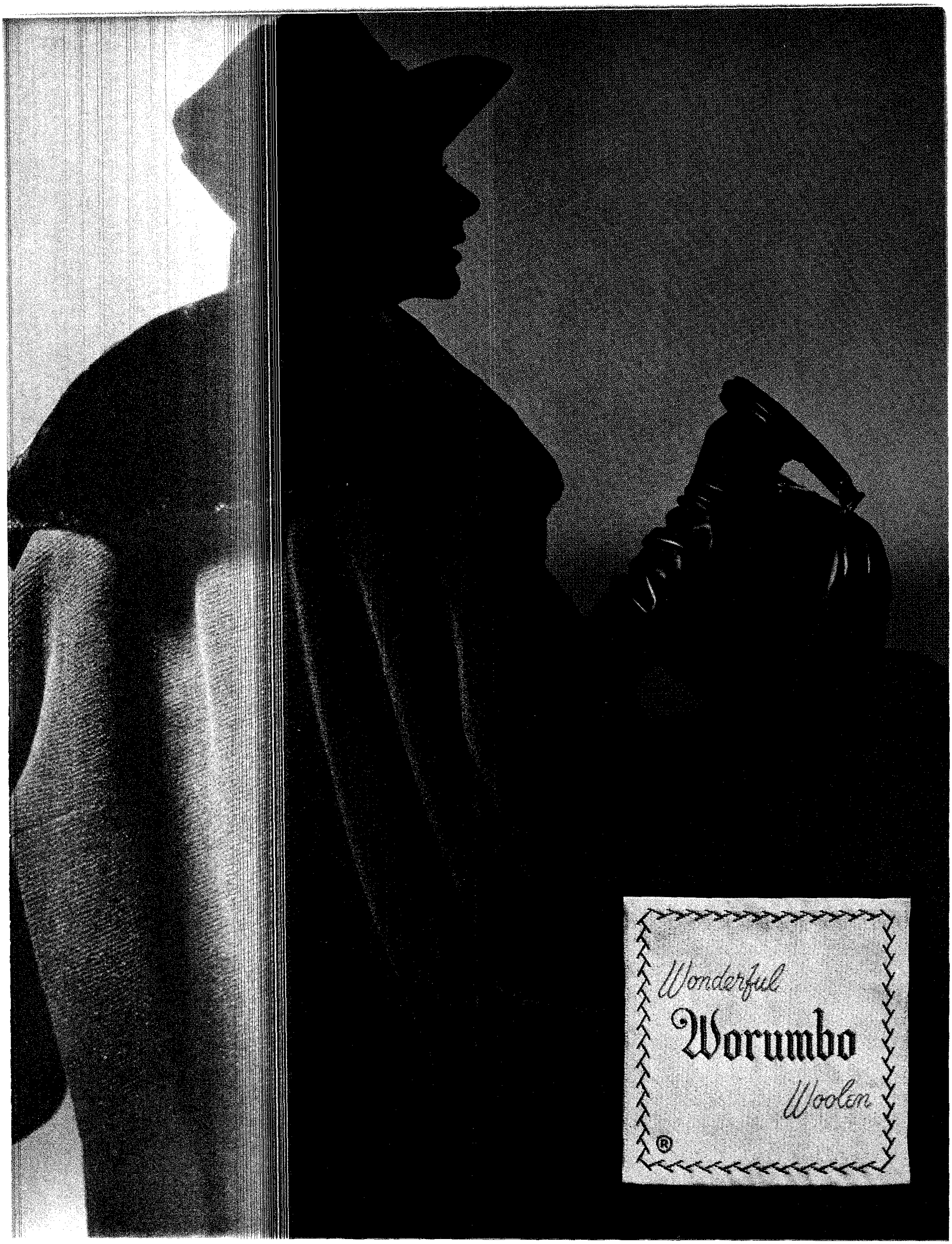
"I didn't think it worked."

"It doesn't, if you keep the batteries unhooked. The trouble is, she doesn't want to hear anything."

For a few weeks, Mrs. Clover refused to let the flow of her tears be staunched by Mrs. Pinchot, and there were signs that she was going to rebel—to complain to her children—but in the end she agreed to wear her hearing aid, to walk out on the street with her cane, even to watch the evening television programs. When the Ludlows, passing the door, peeked in, they could see the two of them sitting there, Mrs. Pinchot laughing heartily at the comedians, Mrs. Clover drooping sleepily but trying bleakly to concentrate.

"Come in, come in!" said Mrs. Pinchot one evening, spotting the Ludlows. They went in. "We're watching Jack Benny. Can I fix you a cup of tea? Mrs. Clover, would you like another cup of tea, too?"

Mrs. Clover shook her head glumly. Mrs. Pinchot, with spirits not in the least dampened, went to the kitchen

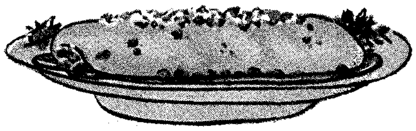

Wonderful
Worumbo
Woolen
®

Wonderful [illegible] a gently textured burst of color. The double-breasted coat with black beaver collar [illegible] Bendel, New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Hixon's, Milwaukee.

J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc. *New York 36, N. Y.*

A well seasoned traveler's guide to Tabasco*

Hong Kong magic makes an omelet unforgettable



After a dinner I'll always remember, my host introduced his chef, a courtly old man who has served his apprenticeship in the kitchens of the last empress. When I complimented him on his Foo Yoong Shea Daahn—a sorcerer's masterpiece—he replied with simple dignity, "Gracious sir, I cannot claim this honor. Your own native Tabasco gave my little omelet its magic touch." And here's his recipe.

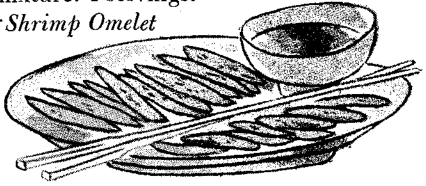
FOO YOONG SHEA DAAHN†

4 slices bacon, chopped
¼ cup chopped green pepper
2 tablesp. cut green onion
12 mushrooms, sliced
1 cup cleaned raw shrimp
½ teasp. Tabasco
½ teasp. salt
1½ teasp. curry powder
6 eggs, beaten

Partially cook bacon; add next 4 ingredients and half of Tabasco. Cover and cook over medium heat 5 minutes.

While shrimp are cooking, add remaining Tabasco, salt and curry to beaten eggs. Prepare omelet. Fold omelet over shrimp mixture. 4 servings.

†*Shrimp Omelet*



The feast that evening was preceded by cocktails and Sun La Chu Chien, subtle hors d'oeuvres flavored with the mysterious East . . . and Tabasco, too.

SUN LA CHU CHIEN‡

Stir together in a saucepan 1 teaspoon cornstarch, ¼ teaspoon ginger and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add ½ cup orange juice concentrate, ¼ cup sherry, 1 tablespoon honey and ¼ teaspoon Tabasco. Blend thoroughly and cook until thickened, about 5 minutes. A delightful dip for strips of roast pork, served as an appetizer. About ¾ cup.

‡*Sweet Sour Orange Sauce*

Your food needn't be exotic for Tabasco magic to work. Try:

- 3 drops on your breakfast eggs.
- 4 drops in a glass of tomato juice.
- ½ teasp. in a pint of mayonnaise.

Miniature bottle for use in these recipes: Send 10c to Tabasco, Dept. NY-9, Avery Island, Louisiana, to cover handling.

*Registered Trademark for McIlhenny Co. Pepper Sauce

McILHENNY CO.
TABASCO
NEW IBERIA LA.

Tabasco* liquid pepper seasoning that makes eating an adventure and returned with cups and a steaming teapot. Everywhere were evidences of her occupancy. On the chair where she had been sitting lay a bag with some sewing in it, and her hat was on the mantel. The furniture had been rearranged; the more comfortable chairs had been pulled out from the walls and edged toward a semicircle facing the television set. Mrs. Clover's grief was more secret now. It appeared in furtive little lines around her mouth; it was no longer in the center of things but in the corners. She even managed to smile a little at Mrs. Ludlow, but she avoided looking at Harold.

"Why don't the children come down and see me any more?" she croaked. "I like to have them. You tell them to come and see me any time."

"My son gave me some tickets to see 'Bells Are Ringing,' " said Mrs. Pinchot. "I've been trying to get Mrs. Clover to go see it, but she says she doesn't like musicals. Do you people ever get down to New York? I think I could get you a couple of tickets from my son."

"My goodness," said Helen Ludlow. "You mustn't do that."

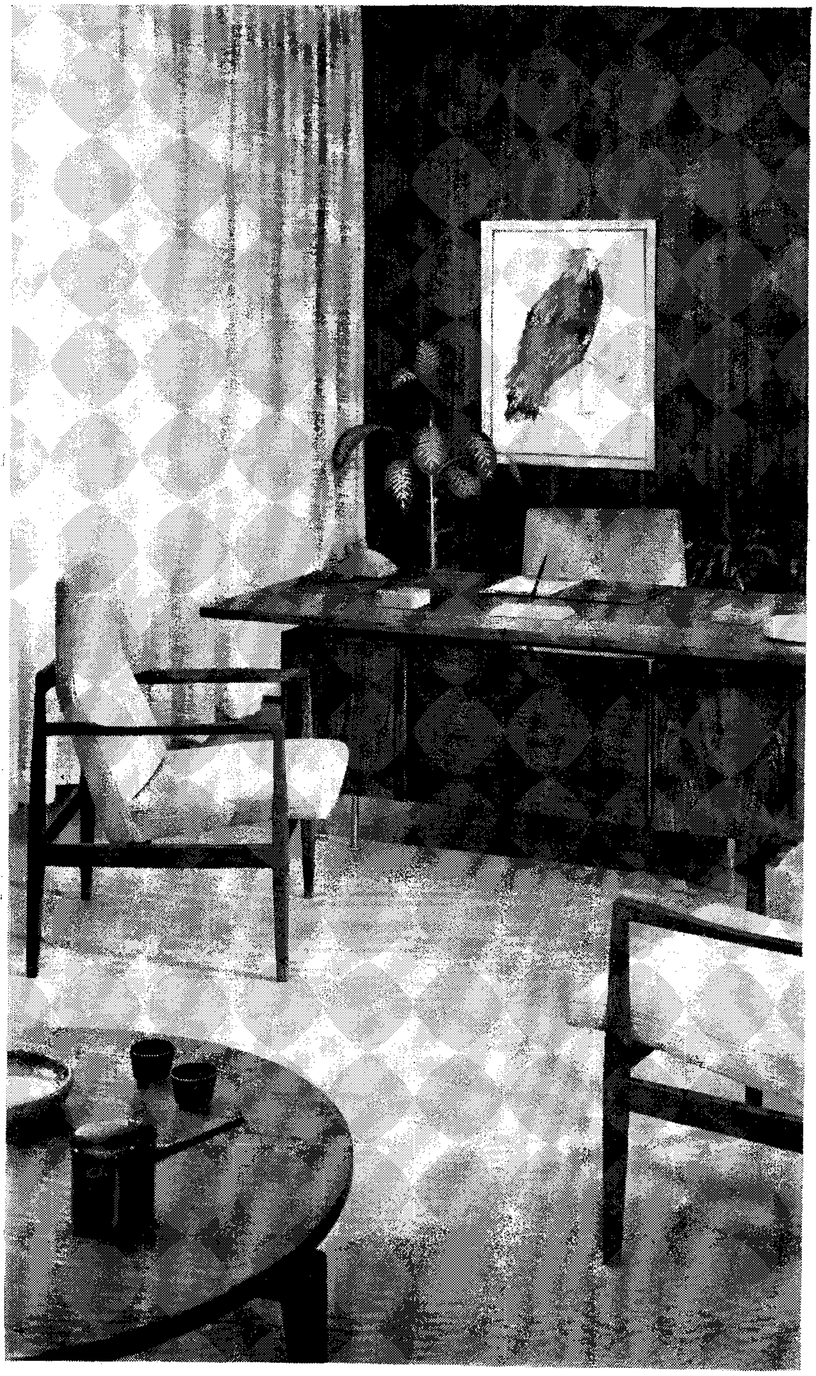
Mrs. Clover had turned back to watching, with some bewilderment, the complexities of the comedy on the television screen. Now her eyes strayed around the room, and her hands grew restless. She clasped her wrists, and light flashed on her diamond ring. She looked down at it, and her wrists seemed to grow tense for a moment. Then she laid her hands in her lap, and they stayed there quietly.

EARLY in May, Mrs. Clover had another fall—not out of bed but in the middle of the street, stopping traffic for half a block. She had just left a taxi on the far side, and was crossing to her house, carrying three packages, when suddenly she fell. Whether she had tripped on a shoelace of her health shoes or her leg muscles had forgotten to work or she had once again simply had an impulse to fall—or whether, as she claimed, her heart had stopped beating for a moment—no one ever decided. At least, she won her point for the time being, and was put to bed. The Ludlows saw the doctor hurrying up the walk, and Mrs. Pinchot did not turn the television set on at the usual time.

The next morning, Miss Stomer and Miss Coddle arrived at the front door and were let in. A few minutes later, Miss Stomer telephoned the Ludlows to ask whether Mr. Ludlow knew how to work the peculiar locks on the windows;

Risom

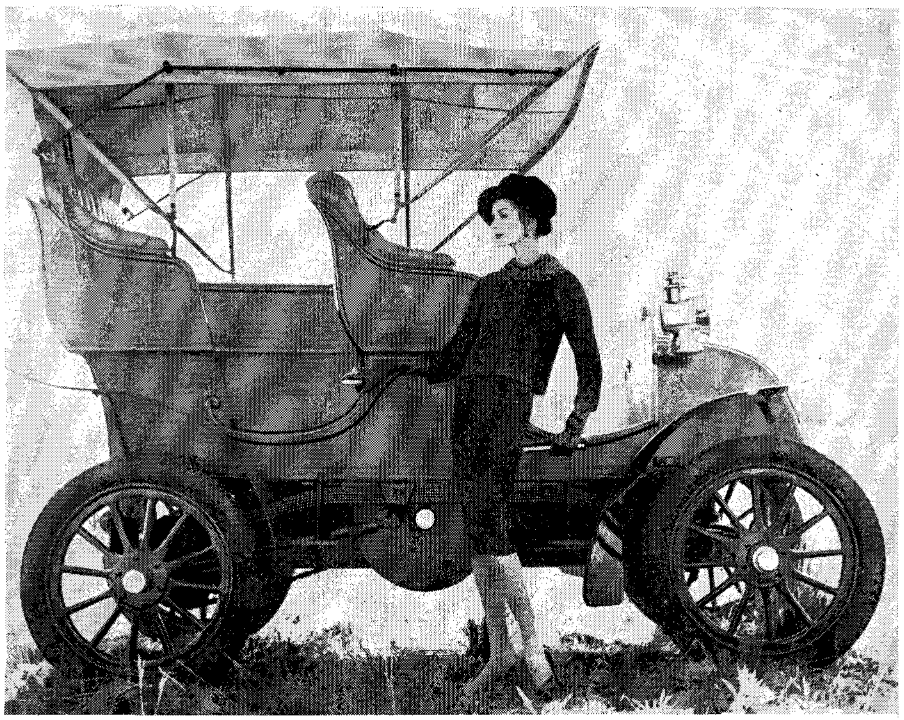
the answer is Risom



Contemporary furniture for today's distinctive executive interiors. Visit our nearest showroom or write for information to DEPT. N 35.

JENS RISOM DESIGN INC., 49 EAST 53 STREET, NEW YORK 22. Chicago, Dallas, Atlanta, Los Angeles, Toronto. Through dealers and decorators.

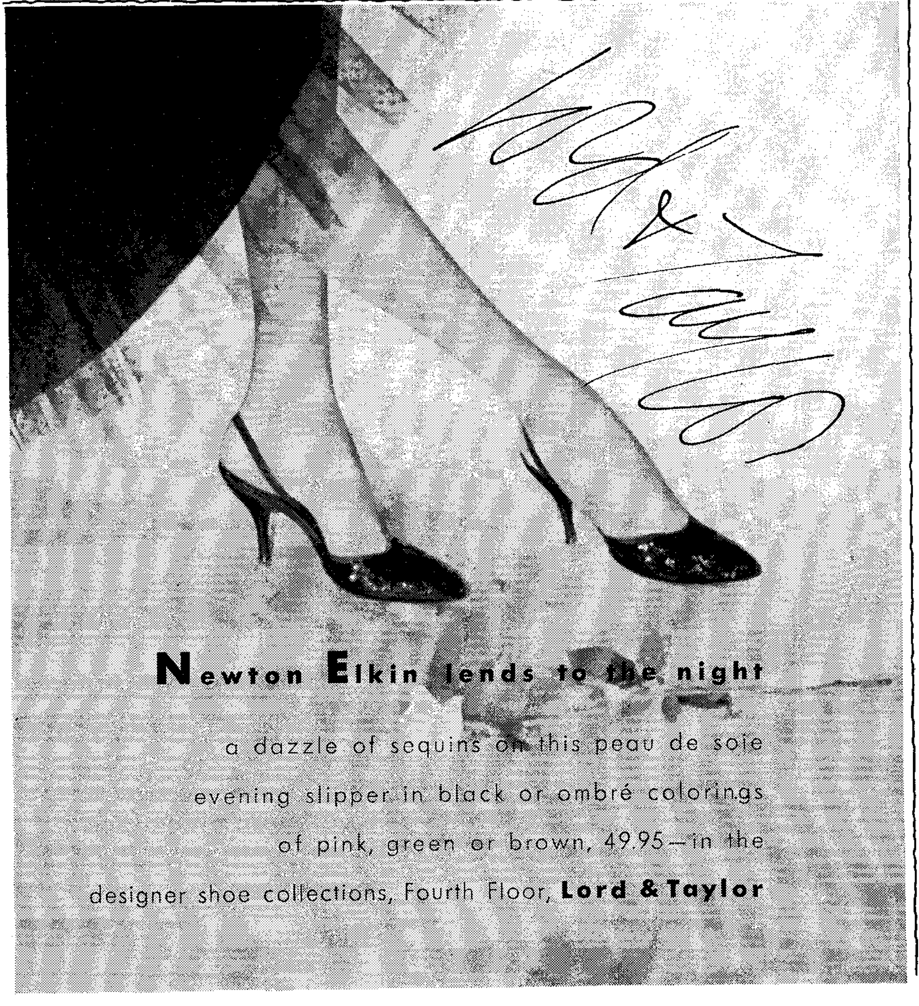
THE NEW C 130 HIGH-BACK ARMCHAIRS WITH DOUBLE PEDESTAL GROUP "8" DESK



ABE SCHRADER: AUTHORITY ON CARS AND WOMEN

Authoritative Fortsmann black broadcloth suit, shaped with Siri, brown and black chiffon print blouse. Sizes 8 to 20, about $80. Designed by Belle & Will Saunders. Abe Schrader Corp., 530 Seventh Avenue, New York 18. • B. Altman & Co., New York, N.Y. Gus Mayer, all stores • Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago, Illinois • Best's Apparel, Seattle, Washington

* Oh, the car? That's a 1904 Knox Surrey.



Lord & Taylor

Newton Elkin lends to the night

a dazzle of sequins on this peau de soie evening slipper in black or ombré colorings of pink, green or brown, 49.95—in the designer shoe collections, Fourth Floor, Lord & Taylor

she thought Mrs. Clover might need a little fresh air. Harold put on a tie and went downstairs just as Jeffrey, his wife, and their young son drew up outside in their new Pontiac. Harold waited for Jeffrey, who came hurrying up the walk and gripped his hand hard. "Appreciate your standing by like this, Ludlow," he said.

They entered together, Harold explaining that he was on his way to open the window locks in Mrs. Clover's room. Jeffrey seemed irritated at seeing the spinsters, but he managed to control his voice when he asked, "Where's Mother?" There was a good deal of noise at the bedroom door, what with Miss Stomer and Miss Coddle commiserating with Mrs. Clover, and Mrs. Pinchot pooh-poohing the whole thing. "Oh, the poor dear's all right," Mrs. Pinchot said. "She overdid it a little, but she's feeling better now."

"May I see her?" Jeffrey asked. He hurried past the ladies and went into the bedroom. A moment later, he came to the door and nodded to Harold, indicating that he might come in and open the locks. Harold went into Mrs. Clover's room, followed by Miss Coddle, Miss Stomer, and Mrs. Pinchot. There Mrs. Clover lay, breathing heavily, her eyes closed, her skin waxy. Jeffrey went to her and took her hand, and she opened her eyes. "I've bought a sweater for Nicholas," she whispered. "It's there on that chair. A truck splashed the package, but the damp didn't get through. Did you bring him with you? Perhaps he'd like to try it on."

"He's here," said Jeffrey. "Can you tell me what happened, Mother?"

Her lips began to tremble. "I think it was my arches."

"What did the doctor say?"

"I didn't ask him." Tears began to stream down her cheeks.

Jeffrey stared at Harold, who was trying to make a jammed burglar lock work. "Who put those things on?" he asked. "We lived here for thirty years without them."

"Your mother was afraid one night, and I happened to have them around," said Harold.

"Thanks, Ludlow, I appreciate it," Jeffrey said, "but there was no reason for her to be afraid, with all you people in the building." He took the sweater and went out of the room.

Miss Coddle now began describing the death of her great-aunt. "I have to be careful," she said. "I have the same problem she had. Heart rather high on the left side and given to fatty deposits."

"Can't we be more cheerful?" asked

Miss Stomer. "Personally, I come from a rather short-lived family."

"Pish-posh," said Mrs. Pinchot. "Around here, we always bury the doctor twenty years before the patient." She turned to Mrs. Clover. "Now, here's your grandson in his new sweater. Doesn't he look nice?"

"He certainly does," said Miss Stomer. "Doesn't he look the image of your dear husband, Mrs. Clover?"

Mrs. Clover did not hear Miss Stomer's question. She began to appear a little stronger. "Where's Jeffrey?" she asked. "Has anybody told him about my attack? I hope he knows I'm all right. I don't want him to worry."

"You poor thing, how terrible it must have been, and how *dangerous*, on that awful street, with all the traffic," said Miss Stomer.

Mrs. Clover nodded contentedly. "It was terrible," she agreed. "I always used to tell my husband, 'If the college doesn't do something about those trucks, somebody's going to be killed someday.' Little did I think, in those happy days, that I was talking about myself."

"If *I* can get a word in . . ." Jeffrey called from the doorway.

"Oh, there you are!" said Mrs. Clover. "Did you hear about my attack? I fell down right in the middle of Swallow Avenue."

Jeffrey attempted to be jovial. "Why do these things always happen to you? Where was Mrs. Pinchot?"

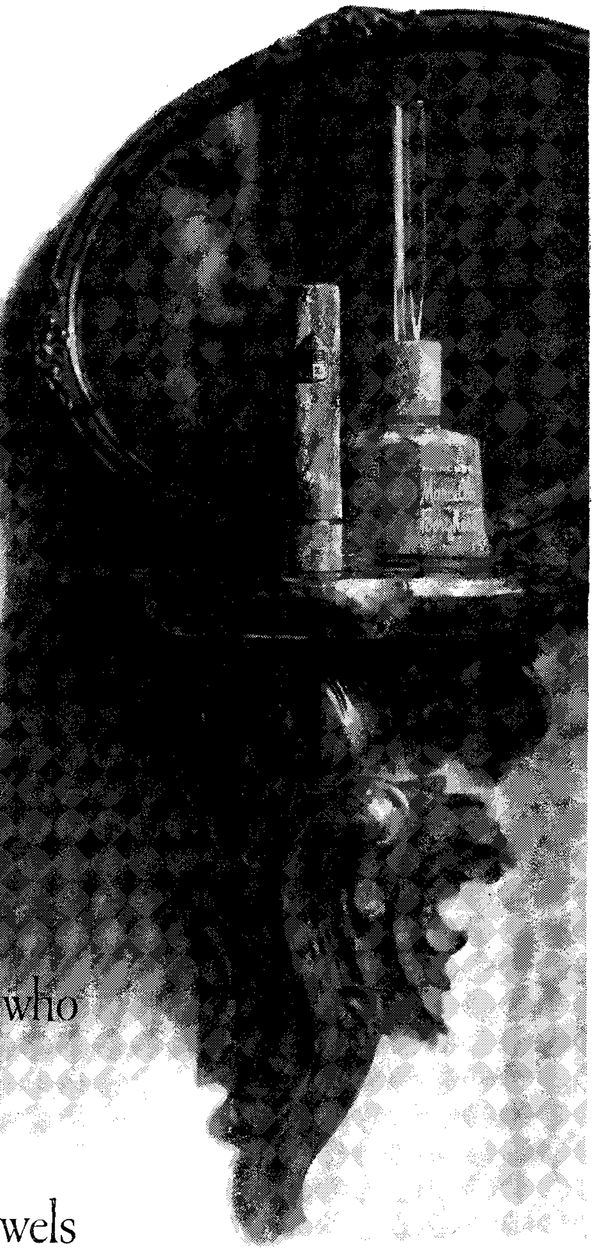
"I was in Hartford," Mrs. Pinchot said. "I told her to stay home till I got back." She laughed. "Try to get her to go out when you're around! The minute you go somewhere, though, she's off gadding. She's a regular gadabout, but I'm glad she did it. It's a good sign. She's got nobody. She might as well learn to get along by herself."

"She has her children!" cried Miss Stomer. "And her dear grandchildren. They treasure her."

"Oh, they do treasure her!" Miss Coddle echoed.

"And, of course, she has *you*," said Mrs. Pinchot.

BY June, Mrs. Clover had recovered from her fall in the street, but ever afterward she seemed older and feebler. She walked bent over her cane, and her face looked less plump, her chin sharper, her eye crankier. One day, Harold Ludlow met her in the hall. Her hearing-aid wire was flopping on her net collar, and she was poking in her handbag for her key. She smiled wistfully and asked how the children were. Then,



*PLUS TAX

For the woman who selects her cosmetics like precious jewels

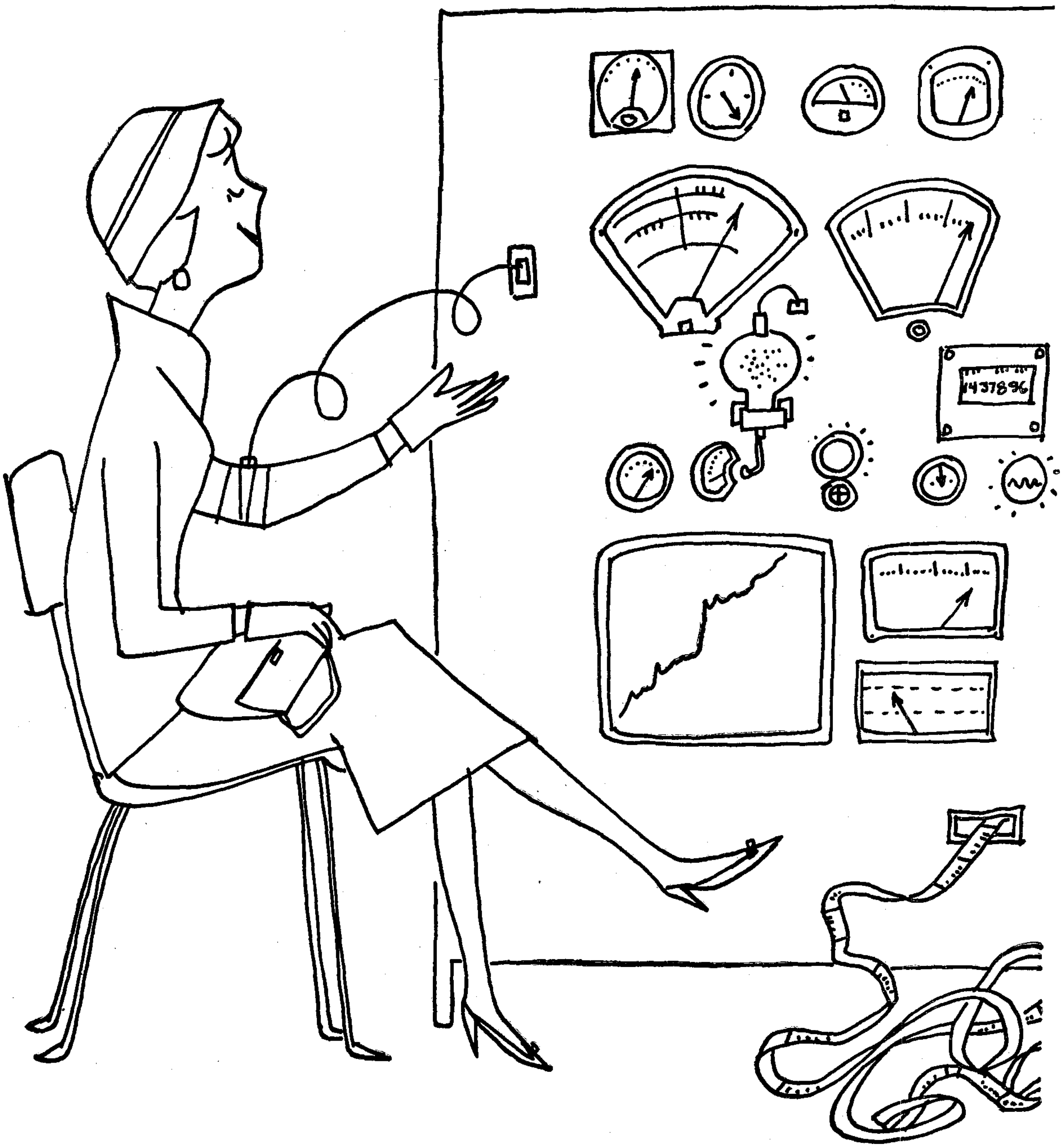
LIP BRILLANTE: the glistening, ultra-creamy moisturizing lipstick, as soothing as a beauty treatment. Contour-shaped in a slender royal-crested case. $3.50*

NAIL CRISTALLO: uniquely proportioned ingredients make it longer-lasting, smoother flowing, more luminous. In the Italian-design flacon. $1.75*

AND THE COLORS: Continental fashion colors with the glowing depths of Italian jewels.

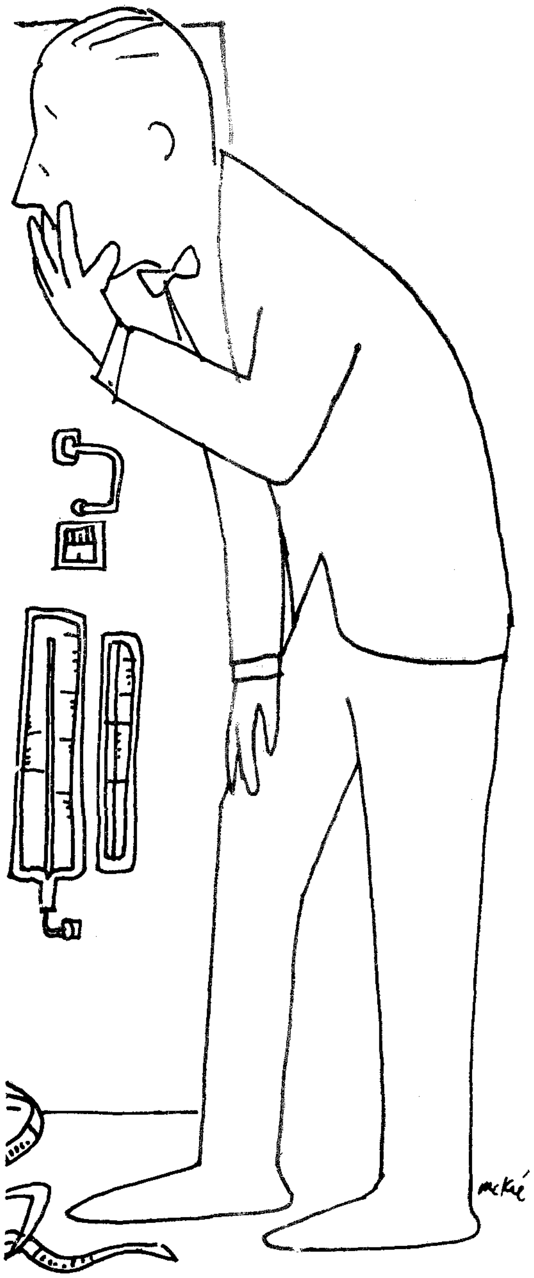
PRINCESS Marcella Borghese

BONWIT TELLER, NEW YORK; I. MAGNIN, ALL STORES; NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS

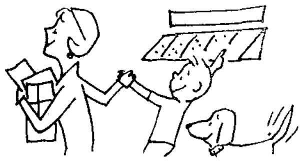


What men ought to know about womanpower

Womanpower is what Ladies' Home Journal calls that wonderful feminine influence that's been dazzling and mystifying the male sex since Adam. Because it exists everywhere, it's hard to pin down. In fact, womanpower is really a lot of different powers—as witness the examples at right:



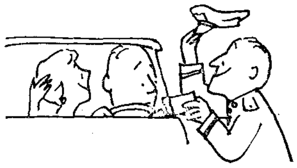
WOMANPOWER IS:



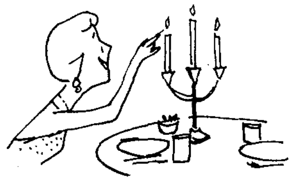
1. VETO POWER. Who puts her foot down gently — and daily — when Junior wants jelly beans for supper?

2. SALES POWER. She spots a bright idea in her favorite magazine, and suddenly the whole town's sold on it!

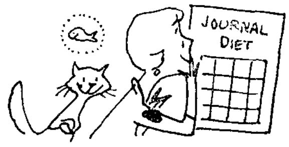
3. POWER BEHIND THE THRONE. Her petitions to Your Majesty on Exchequer matters get top priority, don't they?



4. POWER OF ATTORNEY. If she hadn't been along, would he have tipped his hat when he handed you the ticket?

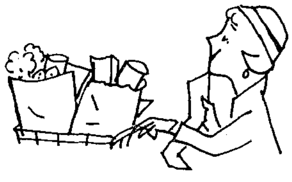


5. CANDLEPOWER. She loves Mr. Edison's invention, but she's still old-fashioned when it comes to dressing up a table.



6. WILL POWER. Can *you* stick to a nine-day diet for more than four hours at a stretch?

7. POWER OF THE PRESS. When you need it, your dinner jacket appears — with that trace of its previous dinner removed!



8. PURCHASING POWER. Isn't it the power of her purse that's put fresh smiles on the faces of America's businessmen?

Advertisers know what womanpower is.

They know that today a woman's influence is more decisive than ever. And they know that Ladies' Home Journal does more than just reach the world's largest audience of women. Ideas in the Journal move this audience swiftly . . . effectively . . . powerfully.

To get this Journalpower, advertisers invest more money in Ladies' Home Journal than in any other women's magazine.

Never underestimate
the power of a woman!

Ladies' Home JOURNAL
A CURTIS PUBLICATION
No. 1 magazine for women

De Pinna

Our newly-enlarged MEN'S HAT DEPARTMENT

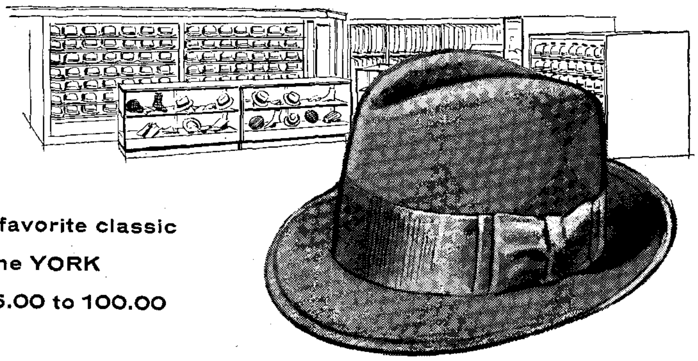
featuring complete selections of

Churchill Hats

exclusively at De Pinna in New York

No finer product has come from the hatter's bench—

None will fit you better!



Shown, favorite classic

The YORK

From 15.00 to 100.00

UPPER FIFTH AVENUE at 52nd STREET, NEW YORK
In Florida—MIAMI BEACH *and* FORT LAUDERDALE

UNDERSTATEMENT
OF THE YEAR

Clothes of this character have delighted generations of men who value comfort and good taste. Understated lines, unpadded construction make them feel (and look) wonderful! Suits about 72.50 and more.

Traditionals®

AT MULLEN & BLUETT, SO. CALIF. GREENTREE'S, RICHMOND, VA. · THE HUB, MADISON, WIS.
WEBB'S, UTICA, N.Y. • FOR STORE NEAR YOU, WRITE DEPT. NY-18, BOX 570, ROCHESTER 2, N.Y.

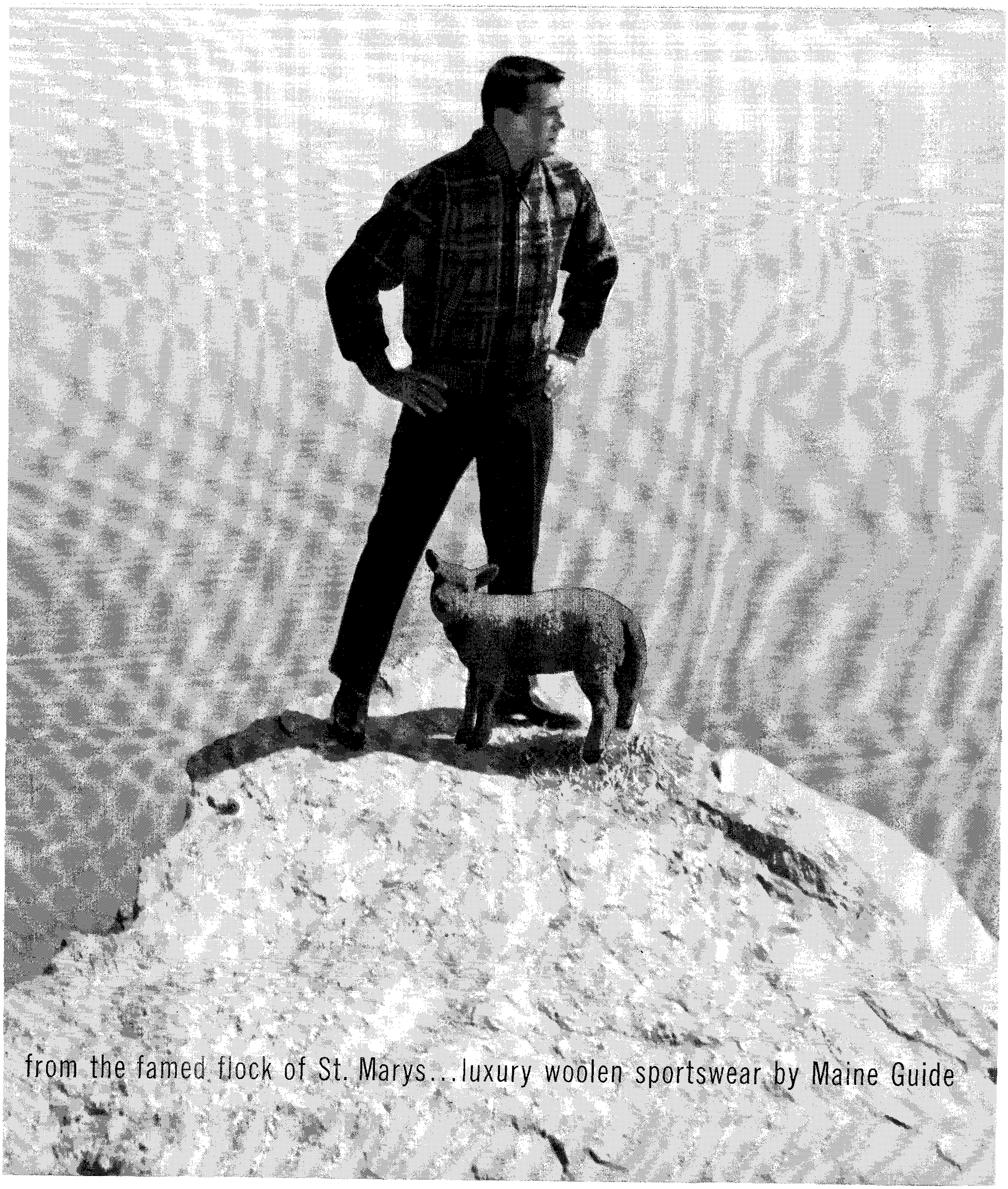
without waiting for a reply, she went on, "You know, I had a heart attack in the street. One minute I was up and the next minute I was down. You never saw anything like it. The doctor says the heart's a tricky business. He thinks *he* knows. I could have told him, last summer. Grief does it."

And whenever they met after that, she would elaborate on these themes. She would sit near the open door of her apartment, and when she saw Harold going by, she would totter out into the hall to talk to him. The weaker she grew, the happier she seemed to be. "My arches are a little better today," she said one day, "but I don't breathe right any more. My husband had the same trouble, you know. It was a symptom, but nobody paid much attention to it. He worked so hard, right to the end. Just so I wouldn't have to lift a finger." Her face began to quiver. "But, you know, my son is awfully good to me. That expensive television set— I don't look at it much, but he wanted me to have it. Just to make me happy. And I can visit any of the children any time I want to. I'm going to be visiting my son Theodore weekend after next. He's in Washington, you know, but he's very secure. Sometime I want you to meet his wife and children. They're very affectionate people."

Then the tears began to catch in her eyelids, and the sobs in her throat, and she wrinkled up into herself. Her weeping no longer went outward to embrace all mankind. She had learned that most people would not accept her grief as theirs. But once she had seen Harold's eyes fill with tears when hers did. That had made him her brother, if not her husband. He had become the man of the house. She used a special tone when she spoke to him, the tone of respect for one's equal. "Tell me, Mr. Ludlow," she said the following Sunday evening, "does it not seem to you that when a person dies—" She stopped; she didn't know how to finish the sentence.

He tried, though it was not satisfactory. "When a person dies, everybody dies."

"Yes," she said. "I heard the minister say that once. My son Theodore sometimes takes me to church. He explains these things to me. My husband used to do that, and now I can't do without it. I try, but I'm not well. There are a lot of things wrong that even the doctor doesn't know about. I think my husband suspected this. He used to say, 'I'll do the dishes this evening, Judith.' I want *you* to know, Mr. Ludlow, what a good man he was." Tears began to flow free-

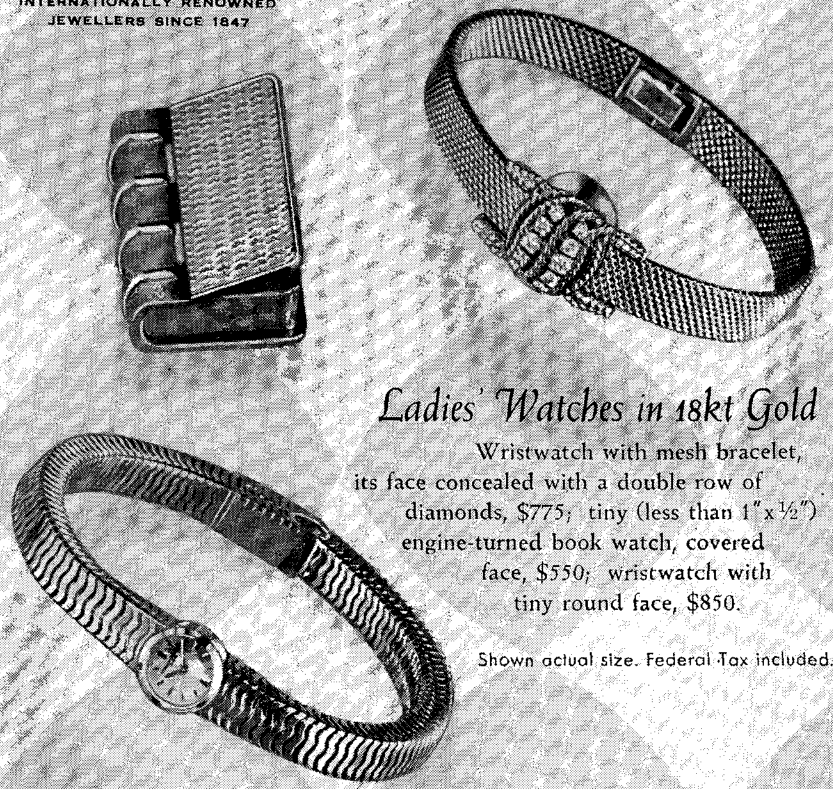

from the famed flock of St. Marys... luxury woolen sportswear by Maine Guide

Maine Guide by Congress takes a warm view, a grand view, of wintry climes and outdoor times in matchless woolens from the famed flock of St. Marys. This boldly plaided jacket in deep, springy wool shrugs off weather with lightweight ease, clings to its rich colors forever. In fall-flavored plaids and solid colors. About 25.95. Macy's, N.Y.; Jordan Marsh Co., Boston; Kennedy's, Inc., Boston; Hengerer's, Buffalo; The Higbee Company, Cleveland; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Shepard's, Providence; Remick's, Quincy; Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester.

St. Marys®

ST. MARYS WOOLENS ARE NOW AVAILABLE IN A WARDROBE OF FINE FASHIONS FOR ALL THE FAMILY... AND ST. MARYS FAMED BLANKETS ARE WONDERFUL TO GIVE, OR TO OWN!

Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847



Ladies' Watches in 18kt Gold

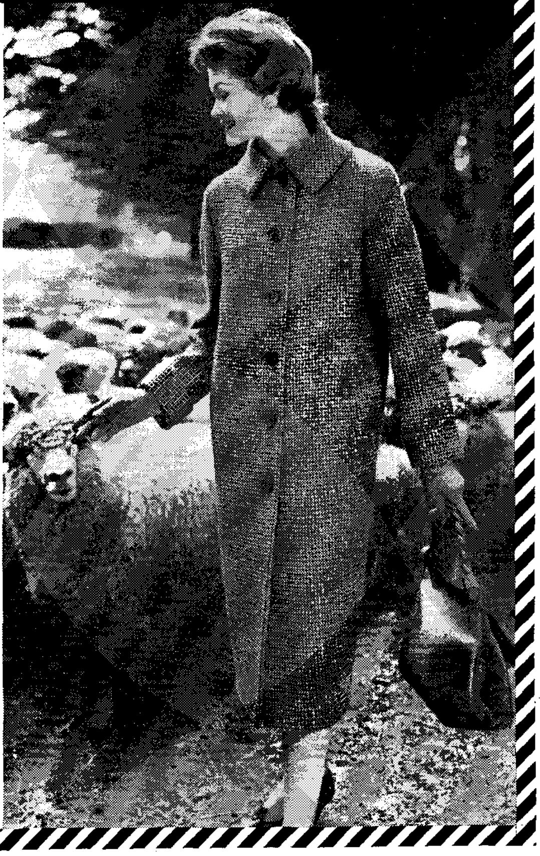
Wristwatch with mesh bracelet, its face concealed with a double row of diamonds, $775; tiny (less than 1"x½") engine-turned book watch, covered face, $550; wristwatch with tiny round face, $850.

Shown actual size. Federal Tax included.

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. PLaza 3-0111

RODEX
MADE IN ENGLAND

the best of British fabric and fashion



Country charm
with a city flair
marks this
new Rodex classic
coat in heavy, hand
woven Irish tweed.
From $110.

at fine stores
throughout the world

W. O. PEAKE, LTD.
452 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

ly down her cheeks; her grief was moving outward, just a little, and Harold felt his customary panic.

"Oh, no, please, Mrs. Clover . . . "

Mercifully, Mrs. Pinchot appeared. "Here, here, we mustn't give way like this, must we?"

Mrs. Pinchot was very tall; Harold had never realized it before, but she was nearly as tall as he, and her great white coiffure rested on her uncreased forehead like a crown. She was a very strong woman, considering her years. She put her arm around Mrs. Clover. "Ed Sullivan is about to come on TV," she said. "Let's go look at it, and you'll be fine in five minutes."

"I suppose you're right," Mrs. Clover said. "It's time we *were* all in bed."

Mrs. Pinchot clucked. "Now, see here, you haven't got your hearing aid working. I didn't say *bed*. It's early, and I said *Ed*—Ed Sullivan. Don't you remember? We watch him every Sunday."

"Oh, that television," said Mrs. Clover. "My son Jeffrey gave it to me, bless his heart. I understand it's a very special model. He gets all kinds of favors as a result of his position."

SHE seemed to have forgotten that she was talking to Harold. She walked vaguely back into the apartment, and Harold never spoke to her again. He saw her occasionally in the course of that week, but when she went to visit her son Theodore, she did not come back. During late summer, it was twice rumored that Mrs. Clover had died. The first rumor was false. ("She probably started that one herself," said one of the neighbors.) But the second rumor was true.

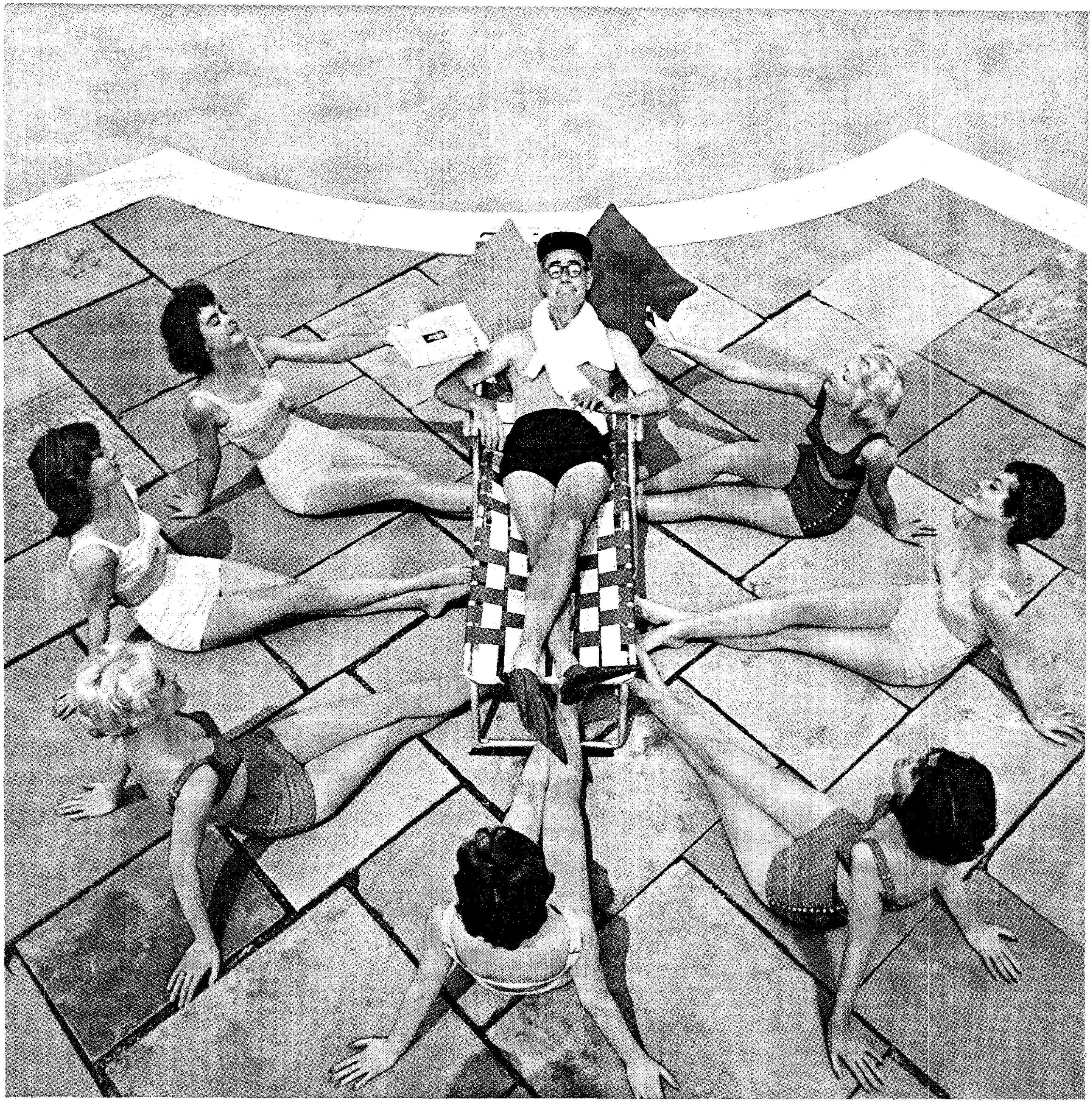
Speculation about who would get Mrs. Clover's apartment began along Faculty Row. There was a severe housing shortage at the college, and apartments were awarded on the basis of length of service rather than of need. The Ludlows had only four years, but they felt that the house was their house, and they knew Mrs. Clover's apartment intimately. In spite of its dark living room, it was much nicer than the one on the second floor. They were bitter when they heard that within twenty-four hours of the confirmed news of Mrs. Clover's death three people, each with more than eight years seniority, had applied at the housing office for the apartment. "It's disgusting," said Harold. He proudly refrained from applying.

Weeks went by, and nothing happened. The fall semester was begin-

IN YOUR WONDERFUL WORLD . . . **Lady Manhattan® shirts**

Lanella®—the lightweight 50% wool/50% cotton woven in Switzerland that's completely washable. Flawlessly tailored by Lady Manhattan®; it will not shrink out of fit—you can wash it and wear it virtually forever! Sizes 10 to 18. Solid shades about $13; patterns, about $15; prices slightly higher in the West. Lady Manhattan, a division of The Manhattan Shirt Company, 1407 Broadway, New York City 18, N. Y.

MARSHALL FIELD CHICAGO & SUBURBAN STORES; **THE BON MARCHE** SEATTLE; **G. FOX** HARTFORD; **MAY D & F** DENVER; **MILLER & RHOADS** RICHMOND



How does Jonesy rate all this?

Jonesy would doubtless dispute it – but the real secret of his charm is that he is the first man in the neighborhood with a swimming pool in his back yard. All the publicity about swimming pools in magazines, booklets and folders convinced him he should have a pool of his own . . . another striking example of the fact that nothing is so powerful in communicating ideas as the *printed page*.

OXFORD PAPERS

HELP BUILD
SALES

OXFORD PAPER COMPANY

230 Park Avenue, New York 17 ★ 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1

PRINTING PAPERS FOR BOOKS, MAGAZINES, COMMERCIAL PRINTING, BUSINESS FORMS AND PACKAGING ning. Nobody came to move Mrs. Clover's furniture. Mrs. Pinchot, who had left when Mrs. Clover left, didn't even come back for her things. Harold, having lost all hope of watching Mrs. Clover's television set, succumbed to the temptation he had been battling, and bought a portable set with a fourteen-inch screen, but it didn't have a very good aerial, and reception wasn't nearly as good as it was on Mrs. Clover's set. He often looked at the giant aerial rising forty feet above the roof and wondered whether the Clovers would be willing to sell it to him, to avoid having to move it.

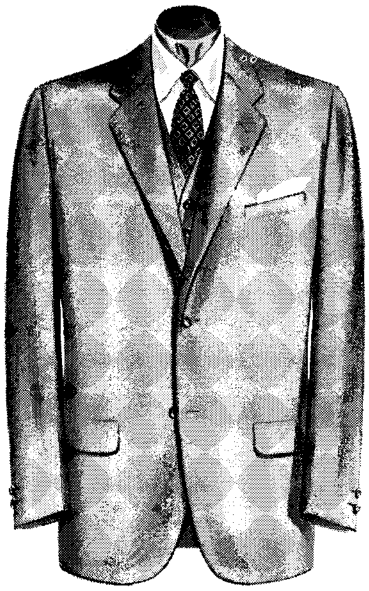
After several urgent letters from the housing office, the Clovers finally appeared for the last time. They came in two cars, with an orange U-Haul trailer hitched on each. Jeffrey and Cynthia were in one car; their brother Ted was in the other. The Ludlows had never seen Ted before. He was taller and lankier than Jeffrey, with bushy eyebrows and a distant, melancholy look. Ted was the one their mother had liked best, though she had always been a little suspicious of his job with the government. He was no such success as Jeffrey; she had been proudest of Jeffrey. Cynthia looked drawn and edgy; she was smoking a lot, and walked around with one hand on a hip. Jeffrey was angry. When he got out of his car, he slammed the door with a great thomp. The Ludlows could hear him clumping around on the floor beneath.

The day after the Clovers came, Harold helped them load the trailers. Ted kept smiling uneasily while Jeffrey continued a tirade against the college and its housing office. "You ought to see the letter we got from them, Ludlow," Jeffrey said. "The cheapest thing I've ever seen. Why we *gave* them this house—worth twenty thousand dollars, at least—just so that Mother would have a place to stay, and she didn't even use it for two years. Then they have the nerve to order us out of our own house by the first of next week, or they'll bring legal action!" He slapped the palm of one hand against a packing crate viciously.

"They're all alike," said Cynthia. She lit another cigarette. "Well, we still have all those books to sort."

"I wish there was something I could do to get even with them," said Jeffrey. "I'd like them to know how we feel. Why, do you know my father *built* this house? Of course, he was supposed to sell it to the college, and all that, but they didn't have to do it like *this*."

"What about the pictures?" asked



ESTABLISHED 1818

this Fall enjoy the advantages of
BROOKS BROTHERS OWN MAKE SUITS
outstanding quality, styling, value

Men who appreciate good clothing find shopping at Brooks Brothers a most satisfying experience. The handsome materials in our own make suits are loomed in the finest English and Scottish mills, and many of the designs are exclusive with us. The workmanship of our expert tailors means careful attention to every detail. And the distinctive styling is your assurance of being well dressed.

Also, as merchants-and-makers-in-one, we pass on to you worthwhile savings, making these suits outstanding values in men's ready-made clothing.

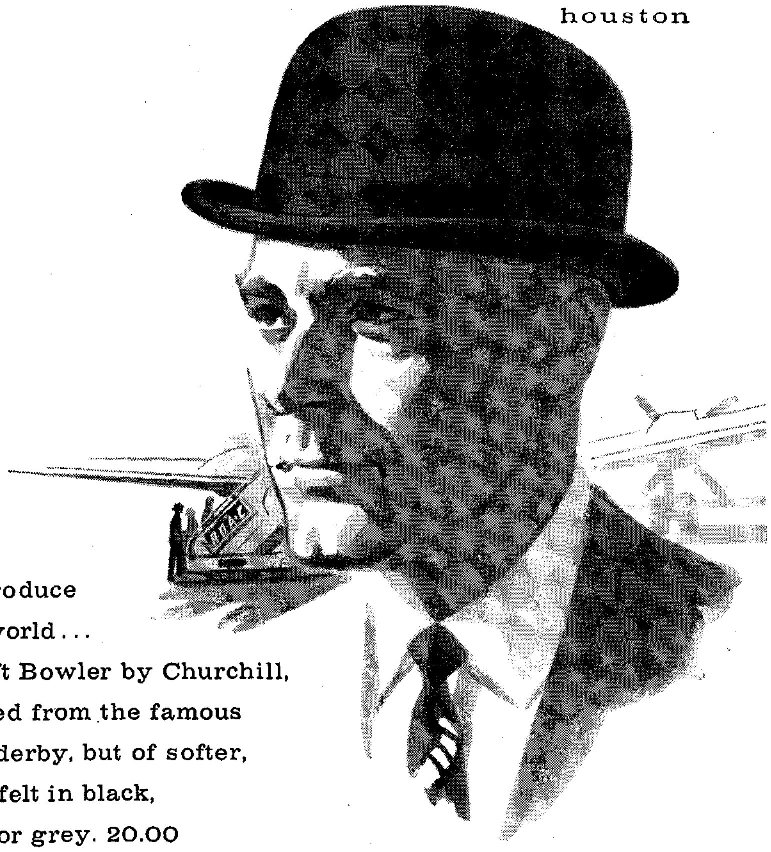
Our Own Make 3-piece Suits, from $105

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

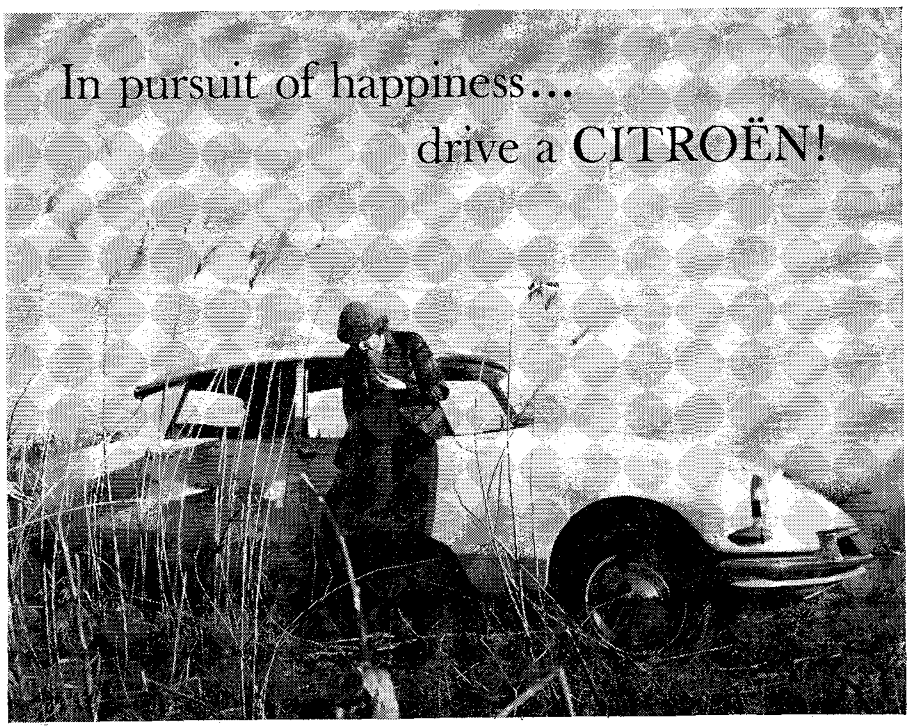
346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

Neiman-Marcus
dallas
houston



We introduce
to the world...
The Soft Bowler by Churchill,
borrowed from the famous
British derby, but of softer,
pliable felt in black,
brown, or grey. 20.00

Mail orders to Dallas Add 45c for mailing



The fun of the trip is in the ride...with a CITROEN! Here is the cloud-soft comfort of AIR-OIL SUSPENSION, with the exclusive POWER-LIFT that lets you adjust the riding level of the car to suit the road. Here is the PERSONAL CONTROL of the Sports Car...the tenacious roadability of FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE. In a CITROEN, the functional car with advanced French engineering, you always enjoy safe, economical, restful motoring. Drive a CITROEN in pursuit of happiness...it is your assurance of EXTRA-ENJOYMENT on the road!

Write for literature and technical data, or visit the Citroen Dealer nearest you.
Parts and Service available throughout the United States and Canada

CITROËN CARS CORPORATION
300 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y. • 8423 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.

Ted. "I'd like some of the pictures."

"Sure," said Jeffrey.

"Help yourself," said Cynthia. "I'd like one or two."

"Yes, I guess I'll keep a couple myself," said Jeffrey. "You two can have all the rest. You know, Mother was quite a good painter, Ludlow. Have you ever looked at her paintings?"

"I've seen them," said Harold. "I really like them."

A few of them were hanging on the walnut panelling of her living room, but most of them she had hidden around corners or in back passageways, where they were like holes cut in the dark, through which one saw into summer. They were mainly New England landscapes—districts where she had spent vacations. She had painted only in the summer, and all the pictures were of simple white or yellow houses against a setting of hills or seacoast. A strange white light filled all of them. It was impossible to believe that that suffering, bereaved woman had painted such lyrical white light.

The Clovers and Harold began moving pieces of furniture out to the trailers, but whenever her children touched anything of hers, they became sad and silent. Ted looked vague and bewildered; he seemed a little like his mother—more sensitive than the rest. Cynthia and Jeffrey would glower, and occasionally Jeffrey would explode about the letter from the college. Finally, they quit trying. They all sat down—Harold with them—in the confusion of the living room and had a drink.

"It was awful," said Jeffrey. "Every time I look around here, I think of how awful it was. You know, Ludlow, she grieved herself to death. She and Dad were inseparable, and after he died, she didn't want to live any more."

"She died of a broken heart," said Ted.

"She really did," said Cynthia.

Gloom seized them, and Jeffrey frowned more fiercely than ever, to avoid tears. Cynthia looked bleakly at the burning end of her cigarette. She drank faster than the rest of them. In no time, half the bottle of whiskey was gone.

"We've got to think how we're going to do the rest of this," said Jeffrey. "Ted's taking the TV set. Right?"

"Well, we've never had one in the house," said Ted, "but maybe the kids would like it."

"Sure they'd like it. It's great. You realize what a powerful set this is? It's got a special circuit for bringing in weak

LONDON FOG'S Thunder Proof coat made with "Taslan" textured "Dacron" and cotton with an attractively styled lining of 80% "Orlon"*** acrylic fiber, 20% cotton. About $50 at fine stores everywhere.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT NICE ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA

COME RAIN OR COME SHINE

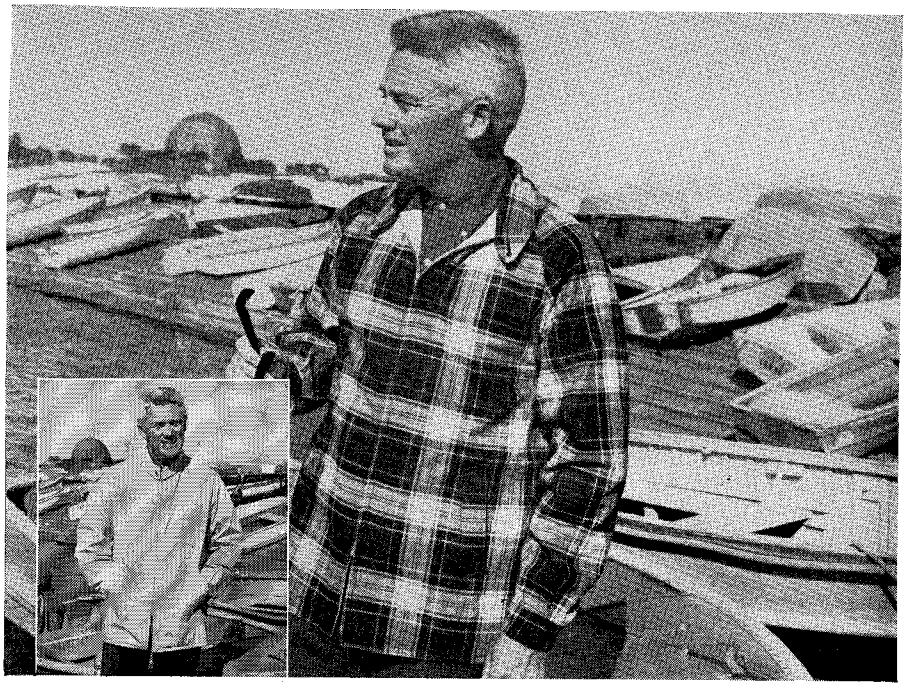
This versatile coat of 80% "Dacron" and 20% cotton keeps you well groomed in any weather

Wear it any place and be completely confident of its smart, neat appearance and wonderful performance. This coat made with "Dacron"* polyester fiber can be machine-washed, machine-dried and worn with little, if any, touch-up pressing needed. And it keeps its just-pressed look . . . fresh appearance . . . wearing after wearing. "Taslan"** textured "Dacron" makes possible a new distinctive look and touch you're sure to like. See this versatile coat today.

DACRON
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Better Things for Better Living
. . . *through Chemistry*

*"DACRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. **"TASLAN" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK DESIGNATING TEXTURED YARNS MADE IN ACCORDANCE WITH QUALITY STANDARDS SET BY DU PONT. ***"ORLON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, DOES NOT MAKE THE FABRIC OR COAT SHOWN HERE.



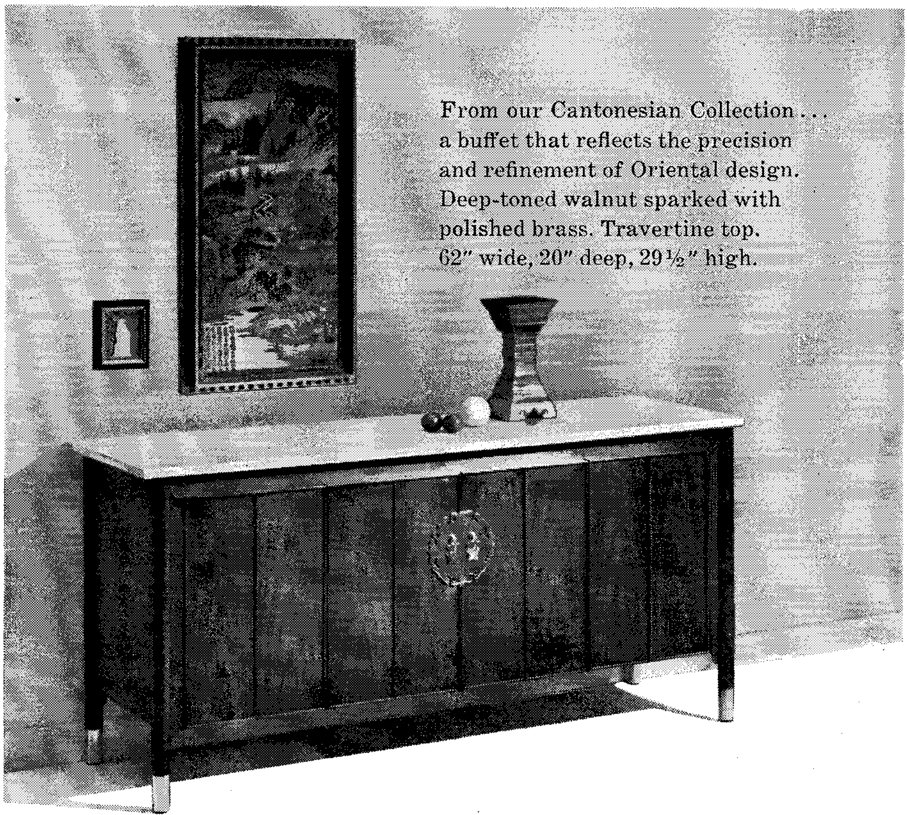
The Zero King Viyella® Reversible Jacket

YOU CAN TELL IT'S A ZERO KING . . .
by the way it looks . . . feels . . . and fits . . .

The luxurious comfort of Viyella®, England's famous combination of lamb's wool and finest cotton, is yours exclusively in men's outerwear in the Zero King *Viyella Reversible.* Flip it inside-out and you have a naturally water-repellent Self Sealing SuPima® jacket. No matter which way you wear it, the lightweight, washable *Viyella Reversible* is perfect for year 'round outdoor activities . . . about $35.00

ZERO KING
. . . the mark of a complete wardrobe

B. W. HARRIS MANUFACTURING CO., PARK SQUARE, ST. PAUL
BOSTON, *R. H. Stearns;* CINCINNATI, *Burkhardt's;* NEW ORLEANS, *Porter's;* ST. LOUIS, *Boyd's.*



From our Cantonesian Collection . . .
a buffet that reflects the precision
and refinement of Oriental design.
Deep-toned walnut sparked with
polished brass. Travertine top.
62" wide, 20" deep, 29½" high.

✱ *Mail fifty cents for Booklet to Heritage Furniture, Inc., Dept. NY-9, High Point, N. C.*

HERITAGE
DESIGN ✱ CRAFTSMANSHIP

signals. I thought it would make Mother happy, but she never did pay much attention to it."

Harold's heart began to thump in his throat. He had moved crates, packed dishes, drunk whiskey with them, waiting for the right moment. "What about the antenna?" he asked casually. "If you don't feel like moving it, I'd like to buy it from you."

The three of them stared at him. "You mean you *want* it?" asked Jeffrey. "I'll *give* it to you. I've been worrying about the antenna. If we left it here, the college would claim it, and I don't want them to have it. I'd go up there and take it down myself before I'd let them have it. Here—I'll sell it to you for one cent. Have to make it legal." He found a piece of paper and wrote, "Sold to Harold Ludlow for the sum of $0.01, one television antenna mounted on roof." "There," he said. "If I know this college, they'll be trying to claim the aerial is theirs, so you hang on to that."

Harold found a penny and gave it to Jeffrey. As Jeffrey slipped the penny into his pocket, he smiled, for the first time that day. "Now I feel better," he said. "Let's go."

THEY went back to loading the trailers. The only difficult piece to move was the television set. It took all three of the men, with Cynthia supervising. Once that was done, the house gave up the rest of its dead easily. About noon, Mrs. Pinchot arrived to pick up her things; she had got a place to stay a block away. She was wearing the light colors that she preferred; even her coat was of light-gray wool. "When you're in New York, come and see us," said Jeffrey, trying hard to be gracious.

"Why, of course. Did you think I wouldn't?" she said. "I just wish there was something I could do. I know how you feel." She smiled at them tenderly.

"She was a wonderful woman," said Jeffrey.

"Oh, the poor thing!" said Mrs. Pinchot. "It was so hard for her. I never knew anyone to suffer so. You were very kind to her. You gave her everything she could have wanted. You mustn't feel bad."

Jeffrey bowed his head. "Well, we tried," he said.

Helen Ludlow came out of the house to talk to Mrs. Pinchot, and the rest of them went on working. In the midst of their gloomy silence, Mrs. Pinchot's light, pleasant voice fell gently, punctuated by throaty laughter, as she described the house she was living in now,

"Guaranty really gets to know one's banking needs"

An important part of Guaranty's service philosophy is understanding fully the individual requirements of each account, whether corporate or individual.

To translate this aim into practical reality, Guaranty's operating structure is unique. Guaranty offices are not "branches" in the usual sense. Each is staffed by officers with full powers to make decisions on important matters. These officers, through many years of continuous association with their accounts, give customers the benefit of long experience and personal attention to their individual banking needs.

Our customers tell us they appreciate the feeling of confidence and continuity these policies bring about, in business and personal banking services and trust relationships.

Whatever your needs may be along these lines, a Guaranty officer will be glad to help you. Three midtown offices to serve you.

GUARANTY
TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK
Capital Funds in excess of $400,000,000
FIFTH AVENUE AT 44th ST.
MADISON AVENUE AT 60th ST.
40 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
Main Office: 140 Broadway
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

MERRY CHRISTMAS
THE LUNNING COLLECTION

Original Christmas cards.
A variety of designs...
religious or whimsical,
traditional or modern...
in a wide price range.
Write for our new
illustrated catalog.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK

John Cobb's ingenious one piece ski suit is lined with warm nylon fleece. Made of light, weather-defying Galey & Lord two-ply cotton in lustrous olive bronze.

Galey & Lord
1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.
A MEMBER OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N.Y.

and told Helen what her son had said to her over the telephone the night before. At last, Mrs. Pinchot waved goodbye to all of them and walked away, her head held high. It seemed a rather abrupt departure, but soon the reason for it was apparent. Miss Stomer and Miss Coddle were crossing the street. Miss Stomer's face was gravely composed and expressionless; Miss Coddle's eyes were red-rimmed, and her cheeks were bunched with sympathy.

This time, Miss Coddle proved to be the more articulate one. She was learned in the language of bereavement; it seemed as if she had spent her life giving and receiving condolences, and healing phrases came readily to her. "It's the saddest thing to lose a mother," she said, "but she suffered so that I'm glad for her sake, not for yours, that she has passed on."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Stomer. "It's better."

"She wanted to be with her husband," said Miss Coddle. "I know that nothing will replace her in your hearts, but time will heal your grief."

The three orphans brightened a little at these soothing words. "Thank you," said Jeffrey. "Thank you. Mother often spoke of you two. You were very kind to her. And I want to thank you for all you've done for her. I know there's no way of repaying you for what you have done, but thank you."

"She died of a broken heart," said Miss Coddle.

"You're right," said Cynthia. "Isn't it awful? They were so happy together that she just couldn't go on without him."

"You don't find people like that any more," said Miss Stomer. "So gallant and so idealistic."

"Yes," said Jeffrey. "She was a remarkable woman."

Ted looked dazed, as though he had been struck a blow. He leaned against the trailer and stared at his feet, and slowly his cheeks turned crimson. "We've always known it, haven't we?" he demanded. He looked a little angry, a little belligerent. "She was different from most people."

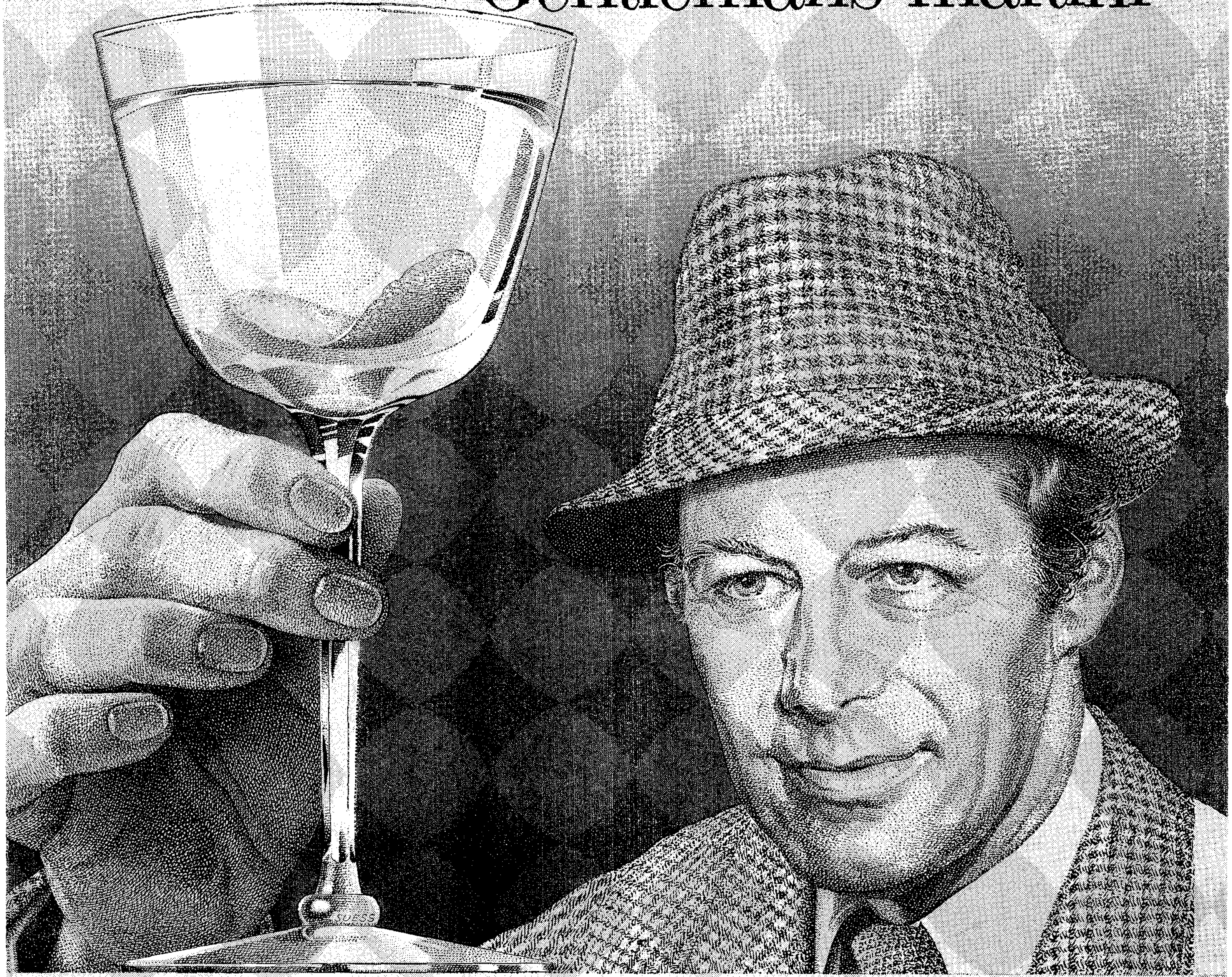
"Really, it's true," said Cynthia. "She was determined to die."

They looked at each other solemnly, as the awareness came home to them that they had indeed witnessed something special—the birth of a legend. They felt pride in it, pride in their family, pride in themselves.

Miss Coddle withheld her farewell as long as she could, then walked reluctantly and heavily away, as though she

Rex Harrison reports from London on the

*Gentleman's martini



A PERFECTIONIST in the brilliant roles he has played on stage and screen, Rex Harrison naturally demands perfection in every phase of life—including a Martini.

Reporting from London on this subject, Mr. Harrison says: "A Martini is like a play. It can be terribly good or terribly poor. In London, as in other sophisticated centers, the preference today is for the gentleman's Martini, meaning a Martini that establishes a harmonious rapport with the audience.

"While the proportions of gin and vermouth for a gentleman's Martini may vary according to individual taste, experts are in general accord that the gin must be Booth's House of Lords. And Booth's House of Lords straight, on the rocks, is also a gentleman's drink. I suspect the Booth's people are as fantastically meticulous about making their gin as I am in developing a role—which is as it should be.

"Booth's House of Lords gin is sold in every civilized country, and in some countries not so civilized—which means you can enjoy the gentleman's Martini wherever you go."

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON

**Necessarily made with*

BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS GIN

imported from England

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
GIN DISTILLERS • BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.

Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. • Sole Distributors for the U. S. A. • DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

What is a Sports Jacket?

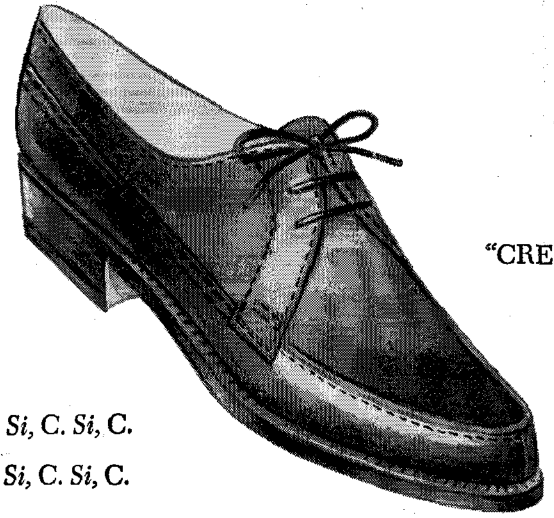
Some twenty years ago a man in a boldly patterned jacket was asked "Are you off to the races?" As pioneers of fashion we carried them then. Today Rogers Peet is headquarters for the classic, the casual and the current. Our Fall collection of fine imported tweeds, shetlands, cashmeres and cheviots is unmatched. From $60.

Rogers Peet company
NEW YORK BOSTON

In New York: 600 Fifth Avenue *at* 48th Street
479 Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street
258 Broadway *at* Warren Street
In Boston: 104 Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

BALLY

SHOES THAT CREATE INTERNATIONAL TRENDS


"CRESTA"
Si, C. Si, C.
Si, C. Si, C.

Yes for City; Yes for Country; Yes for Custom-Character; Yes for Comfort. Famous Wing shoemaking plus supple Swiss Calf equal any man's travel desire. Colt leather quarter lining. Black or brown. Bally shoes start at 27.50.

At ROGERS PEET *new york & boston*/BARRIE *new haven*/SHILLITO *cincinnati*/ COES & YOUNG *boston*/DAYTON'S *minneapolis*/G. FOX *hartford*/KAUFMANN'S *pittsburgh*/WM. HENGERER CO. *buffalo*. For shops in other cities, please write to BALLY, INC., 444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

were walking away from life. Miss Stomer went off briskly to tea at the Alumni Club. Finally, the trailers were loaded and the ropes knotted.

"Aren't we going to sweep the place?" asked Cynthia.

"I don't feel like it," said Jeffrey. "Let the college do it." Then he remembered his mother and father; it was a matter of honor. "No," he said, jutting out his jaw. "It's going to be spotless."

Harold went back into the house with the three of them. They swept and dusted, then sat on the floor and had a last drink. "Well, it was a good house," said Cynthia cheerfully, waving her cigarette. "What are we feeling so lousy about? She had a good life."

"That's right," said Jeffrey, eager to feel that way about it.

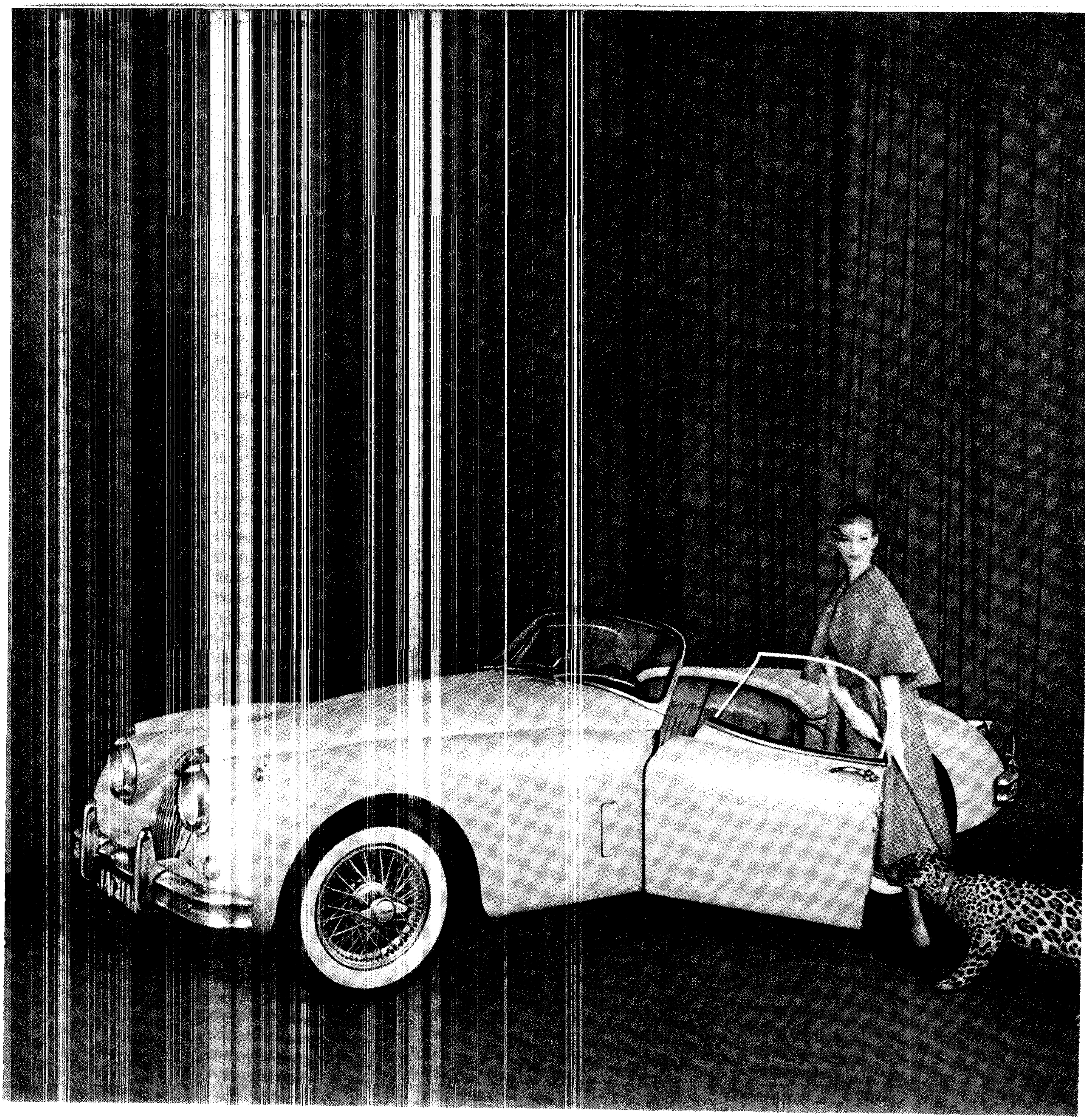
Ted said nothing. He began to turn over the stack of paintings he had been carrying, and looked at them thoughtfully, one by one.

Harold looked at them, too. The house in the center of each picture shone very clear in the delicate light that surrounded it—a work of simple geometry, neat and square, and yet luminous. How had she achieved the sense of brightness and clearness? What was there about her life that might suggest this fine peace, this clarity that transformed simple things into things of beauty? Was her power to paint light joined to her power to suffer? Perhaps so. Were they not perhaps the same thing? That small and apparently withered soul had had the capacity to feel the power of the universe, which bathes us in its light and kills us in its darkness. And when the light fades, why not weep? Why hide? Why not expect that all people will participate in tears? Is not the one who shows us light the worthiest commentator upon darkness?

Jeffrey said, "We'd like you to have one of Mother's pictures, Ludlow, if you'd care to. Something you can remember her by. You people were very kind to her, and she loved your children."

"Thank you," said Harold. "I'd like to have one."

They gave him a painting of some flowers in a vase, enclosed in a heavy wooden frame. Jeffrey shook Harold's hand, and then walked out to the car without looking back; he had accomplished a job in the most efficient way possible. Ted carried his load of pictures out and laid them carefully on the front seat of his own car. Then they all drove off, waving. The two cars turned the corner, the orange trailers bobbing



DAN RUBIN

Only 7,500 Americans can get a new Jaguar this year . . .

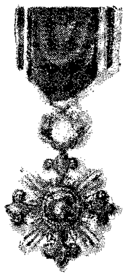
You just can't mass produce a superb car like the new Jaguar XK150 Roadster. Witness the painstaking workmanship, the clean, smooth-flowing lines, the sports car simplicity. This newest Jaguar is the proud inheritor of Jaguar's racing traditions. Yet roominess, luxury and ease of handling make it the road car sans pareil.

In case you need an excuse to buy a Jaguar:

New features – *New* 4-wheel disc brakes, *New* one-piece wind screen, roll-up windows, convertible top. But the XK150 and XK150S retain all the Jaguar qualities connoisseurs cherish.

Performance – The famous Jaguar engine provides quiet surging power for starts and safe passing. The Jaguar suspension system prevents roll, pitching, wavering.

Resale Value – You get unbelievably high trade-in because Jaguar, the finest car of its class in the world, stands up for thousands of miles beyond expected "normal" standards.

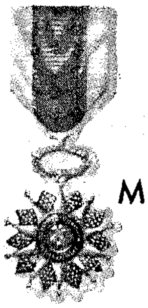


WHEN YOU SERVE

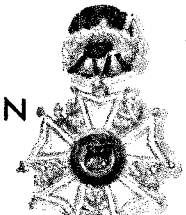
METAXA
GRANDPRIX
METAXA
BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. KING PAUL I OF THE HELLENES
METAXA
GREEK SPECIALTY LIQUEUR
PRODUCT OF GREECE
92° PROOF
DISTILLED SPIRITS IN THIS PRODUCT ARE GRAPE BRANDY
BOTTLED BY S.&E.&A. METAXA PIRAEUS
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & Co., INC. NEW YORK, N. Y.

METAXA

GREEK SPECIALTY LIQUEUR—

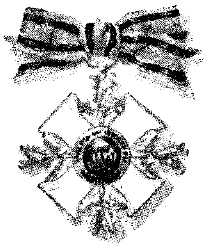


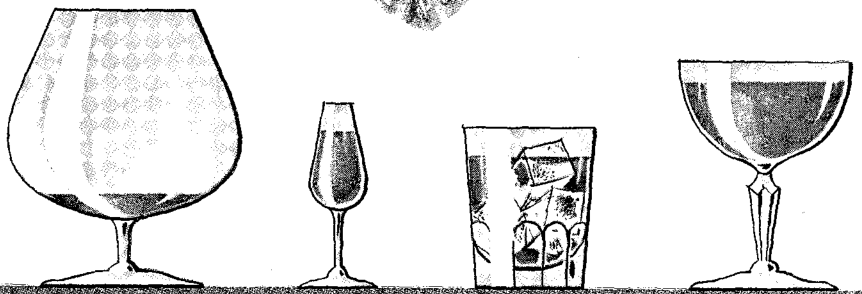
MORE THAN **100** INTERNATIONAL AWARDS



ENHANCE YOUR JUDGEMENT AS AN

UNUSUALLY INTERESTING HOST





As a BRANDY • LIQUEUR • ON THE ROCKS • COCKTAIL

—for a Brilliant Change

Enjoyed **THE WORLD OVER**

92 PROOF—SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. NEW YORK-NEW YORK

easily under the weight of furniture. The street grew quiet.

HAROLD went back into the vacant apartment and pushed the television lead-in wire through its hole in the floor until it dropped into the basement. Next he climbed the porch roof, hauled the loose wire up the side of the house until its end emerged from the basement window, and ran it under the screen of his living-room window, and then he went in and attached it to the fourteen-inch portable set. The Ludlows gathered around the set, but the picture was only a little better than usual, and not at all like Mrs. Clover's. Radio reception, on the other hand, was now vastly improved. Never again did the sound of Mrs. Clover's electric blanket punctuate Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with buzzing noises every seven seconds. It was as though the heart of the electronic Mrs. Clover—that part of her that was composed of television set, hearing aid, and electric blanket—had stopped beating. Harold would spend evenings listening to music, and admiring the high-fidelity he had fashioned, but he would be conscious of a certain tension, a certain expectancy. He was waiting for the painful buzz, the harsh reminder of Mrs. Clover's life and death, to cut through the flow of the music. Music did not seem quite as beautiful as it had seemed when noise was interrupting it. Nor did life, without Mrs. Clover to define it by suffering.

The Ludlows were glad to have her painting of the vase of flowers, though it wasn't as good as the paintings of Maine. The flowers looked a little blurred, as if she had been looking at them through tears. The background was a muddy gray, and the identities of the flowers were ambiguous. Like Mrs. Clover herself at the end of her life, they were a little confused, a little indistinct. The Ludlows propped the picture against a wall, but they never did get around to hanging it, because it came out of its frame. —WALTER STONE

•

> A third step would be to bolster Iceland's faltering economy by help-market for her fish in an obvious economy westward, both by providing Iceland with a subsidized market for her fish in an obvious move to break up the NATO alliance. NATO could well afford an investment in reorienting Iceland's economy westward, both by providing new markets for her fish and by creating other exchanges.
> —*Editorial in the Boston Herald.*

Or, on the other hand, it could easily forget the whole thing.

Are you enjoying this extra income?

Perhaps the most agreeable feature of an income from good common stock is that it might continue for your lifetime – and beyond.

There are more than 300 stocks on the New York Stock Exchange that have paid dividends every year from a generation to more than four generations. We've put their records in a very helpful booklet, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS." The coupon brings it to you free.

Perhaps the second most agreeable feature is that while you work to draw an income from one business, your extra money can be bringing you extra income from other businesses. You're part-owner of these other businesses because you've acquired some of their common stock.

And here's a piece of handy information: through our Monthly Investment Plan you can acquire stock of some of the most famous companies in the world, listed on the New York Stock Exchange, for as little as $40 every three months up to $1000 a month.

Have a care, though. Select your stock thoughtfully. A company may not make a profit, may not pay a dividend, may lose ground to competition. So get facts, always. Never depend on tips or rumors. And for investment use money left over after living expenses are paid and emergencies provided for.

If you choose carefully and your company grows, the value of your investment can also grow. So can dividends. This may help your income keep pace with any rise in prices. And, of course, stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange are more readily convertible into cash than most other investments.

You'll want good advice when choosing a stock. So drop in to get acquainted with a registered representative or partner in a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. He'll be happy to see you. He'll help you get facts, help you buy or sell. Ask him about bonds and preferred stock, too. And from time to time ask him to review your holdings with you. Make sure, of course, that his firm is a Member of the New York Stock Exchange.

But at this moment, send the coupon for your free copy of "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS." Why depend on your job for your only income?

Own your share of American business

Members New York Stock Exchange

For offices of Members nearest you, look under New York Stock Exchange in the stock broker section of your classified telephone directory.

Send for free booklet. Mail to your local Member Firm of the Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. E-78, P. O. Box 252, New York 5, N. Y.
Please send me, free, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS, *a basic guide for common stock investment.*"

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

____

*Broker, if any*____________________

THE THEATRE

A WELL-ROUNDED PEST

THE hero of "Howie," the first new play of the season, which opened and closed at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre last week, is a kind of omniscient delinquent—a young man who knows everything, does nothing useful, and pleases practically nobody. He kibitzes bridge games, poaches on other people's unfinished Double-Crostics, and second-guesses string quartets. He lives with his wife's family, at his father-in-law's expense. He is, in short, a pest and a dead beat. It's true that there are mitigating circumstances. He is a disturbed pest, a pest from a broken home. Moreover, he knows that he is disliked, and the knowledge sometimes makes him sad, or so he would have you believe. I mention these latter points because I think they may show that Phoebe Ephron, the author of "Howie," intended her play to be something a little more solid and real, at least here and there, than sheer farce or screwball comedy. If that was her plan, she was staunchly supported in it by Albert Salmi, who played the title role, the role of the self-conscious nuisance. Mr. Salmi worked at his part with such calm strength and sobriety that he did, at times, give the character a degree of human roundness. The trouble is, his relatively powerful performance was out of key with the tone and plot of the play in general, and with the other performances. I'm in no position to argue that kibitzers don't have human feelings, or that pests are not the products of unhappy homes. I will say that Mrs. Ephron failed to persuade me, even with Mr. Salmi's gallant assistance, that Howie is anything but the complete and incredible social scourge that everyone who knows him, except his wife, considers him to be. Also, I suspect that the author's inclination to write farce was stronger, in this case, than her inclination to draw character. She tipped her hand by making Howie a son-in-law, and an unemployed son-in-law at that—a classically farcical gambit. When she lands him on a televised quiz show, in the key scene of the second act, it becomes unmistakably clear that human nature was not her first concern. It's part of the special quality of quiz shows that they are peopled not by human beings but by grotesques.

Mrs. Ephron is reported to be a screenwriter by trade. It seems logical to assume that a screenwriter who writes a play for Broadway does so for the sake of saying something that cannot be said in Hollywood. So much for logic. There is nothing in "Howie," as far as I can see, that could not have been said safely and comfortably in a Hollywood screenplay. It is a workmanlike piece, too thin for its length but always neat and occasionally funny. Its funniest scene is the quiz-show scene. No matter how tired or suspicious of quizzes the public has become, there is no getting away from the fact that these shows—especially the big ones, with vast prizes, soundproof booths, aphrodisiacal acolytes, and professionally illiterate masters of ceremonies—are intrinsically comic. Mrs. Ephron was sensible enough to display a quiz show in its natural state, subtracting nothing but not adding much, either, except for a problem in ethics of a rare type that has not yet arisen in real network life. Her Howie is, of course, in point of equipment, a born quiz contestant. In spite of her scattered efforts in other scenes to account for him in other ways, that is obviously what she meant him to be, and why she invented him. Once the quiz scene is over, there is nothing to do with him but dispose of him as quickly as possible—which Mrs. Ephron does with the help of a god from the machinery in the form of an F.B.I. man.

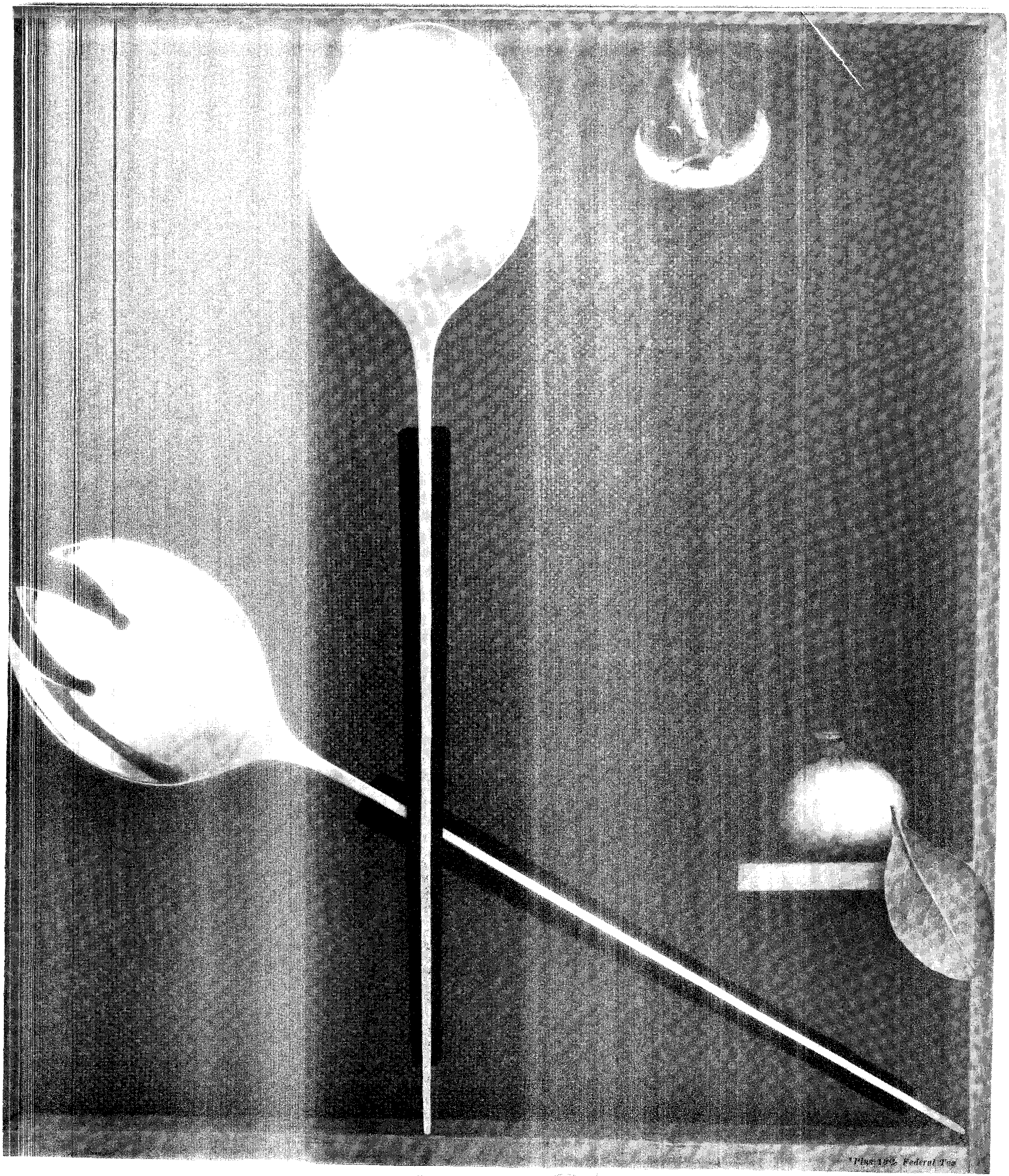
As I've said, Mr. Salmi was the only member of the cast of "Howie" who took his part with any amount of seriousness. The play did not encourage that kind of thing in the other performers, and they didn't offer it. Leon Ames and Peggy Conklin, who are practiced *farceurs*, played Howie's father-in-law and mother-in-law with a perfunctory skill that was all the roles asked of them. Patricia Smith was amusing as the prodigy's loyal wife. John Fiedler, as a defeated quiz contestant, looked and acted, but did not think, like Teddy Nadler, and Gene Saks made a representative quizmaster. The part of the government agent who ends the story by finding a place in life for Howie was played by Conard Fowkes. In this connection, it sometimes seems to me that F.B.I. men solve more plots for playwrights nowadays than eavesdropping children or rich Australian uncles ever did in the old days. —JOHN LARDNER

EDITORS' NOTE: John Lardner, *The New Yorker's* television critic, will cover the Broadway theatre for us until mid-November. At that time, Kenneth Tynan, drama critic of the London *Observer*, will take a leave of absence to write our Broadway reviews as guest critic. Beginning in this issue, Donald Malcolm covers Off Broadway.

OFF BROADWAY

Country Life

STUDENTS of the contemporary American novel have reason to mourn the passing of "Chaparral" from the stage of the Sheridan Square Playhouse, where it languished after a mere fourteen performances. For its author and director, Mr. Valgene Massey, art-



Sterling by

celsa

Serving [illegible] in Sterling Silver and Black Zytel $46.* Spoon $23.* Fork $23.*
Celsa Corporation of America, 1 East 57th Street, New York 22, N.Y.
Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; White Plains; Springfield, N.J.; Beverly Hills ... or write for store nearest you.

fully compressed into the span of three acts a really encyclopedic survey of current fiction. To identify all the writers he tapped for his play would require a formidable effort of scholarship, certainly, but any student who wished to make the attempt would have found it easy to obtain, at any bus depot, inexpensive copies of the books he needed. He might have begun by selecting five or six novels whose cover pictures—slack jaws, bare feet, sagging porches—carry, in bold overprint, the word "earthy." These would have given him his first bearings on the Steel family, whose misfortunes are the stuff of which "Chaparral" was made. Then he might have added a few novels that boldly scrutinize contemporary incest. Finally, after rounding out his list with a few confessions of fallen women and female alcoholics, he would have been ready for an evening at the Sheridan Square Playhouse, where bits and pieces of all these works were thrown, without ceremony, at the heads of the audience.

The plot of "Chaparral" goes something like this. The Steel family, whose once extensive holdings have dwindled to a single worthless plot of land, work harder at being *nouveaux pauvres* than luckier people would at being *nouveaux riches*. The widowed mother of the clan, dubbed Mamoo by the author, struggles to uphold her own wayward vision of the family honor, but this takes some doing, inasmuch as one of her daughters is a hopeless dipsomaniac, the other regularly leases herself out to rich oilmen, and her son combines the most prominent weaknesses of both girls, along with several other idiosyncrasies. One of these quirks comes to light when Katie, the oilmen's playmate and the family's only source of income, returns home for a visit and discovers that her brother—improbably identified in my program as Bubba John—has been making off with the food money and throwing it away on the family's desolate acreage. Her remonstrances provoke a quarrel of incredible duration, in which the customary references to a man's feeling for the soil play a large part. At last, Katie puts an end to the discussion by selling the land, whereupon Bubba John, to the consternation of his eavesdropping mother, reveals another crotchet he has been holding in reserve. He harbors an illicit passion for his sister.

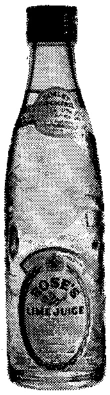
Let us shift gracefully into the past tense, the better to discuss the performance in detail. On hearing of her son's alarming attachment, Mamoo stared tragically at Bubba John, then fetched the family revolver and carefully shot me. Bubba John fell to his knees and,

FALL FORECAST—
RAIN: LIKELY
RAINCOAT: ITALIAN

Our new "IFI" import arrived loaded with continental details—the unmistakable cut, excellent workmanship, and superb-quality cotton. Iridescent charcoal grey, tan, russet, navy, or brown, in a full range of sizes, 65.00. Mail and phone orders filled.

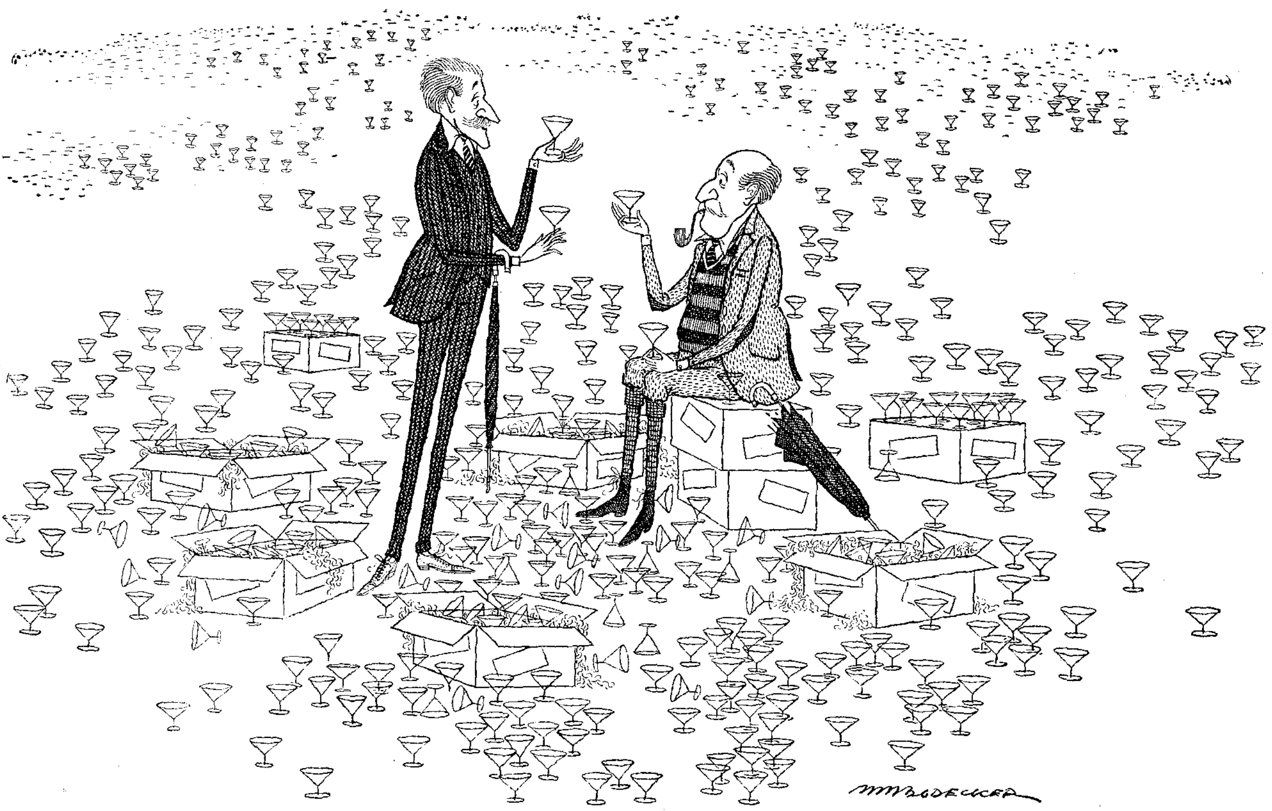
THE MEN'S SHOPS
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
Rockefeller Center • White Plains • Springfield, N. J. • Chicago • Detroit • Beverly Hills

AUTUMN'S MOST CHILLING EXPERIENCE!



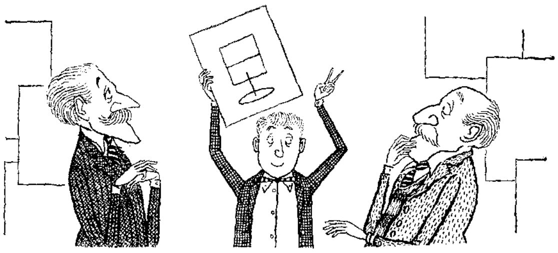
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND

GIMLET ON THE ROCKS MADE WITH ROSE'S LIME JUICE
Mix three parts gin or vodka with one part Rose's West Indies Lime Juice. Serve on the rocks. Remember—only Rose's makes a real gimlet!



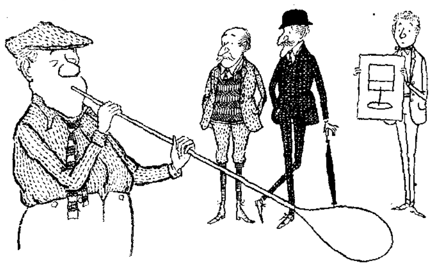
The Search for the Square Martini Glass

We are the distillers of Lamplighter, a rather costly English Gin. Until recently, our lives were quiet and uncomplicated. Then, much against the wishes of our fellow countrymen, we decided to ship our product to America. And so our troubles began.



The Advice of our Advertising Agency

Our first step was to engage the services of an American advertising agency. "Yours is an unmistakably superior product," they said. "As dry as you can buy. But to sell it in America, you need a symbol . . . something that people will remember. How about a square martini glass?"



The Search Begins

The brilliance of this suggestion was immediately apparent to us. It seemed like a simple matter to go out and order ten thousand square martini glasses. The trouble was, how the devil do you drink Lamplighter from a square glass? "Aha!" said a famous American glassmaker. "We must round the inside edges!" But alas, the inside edges were not roundable. We met with the same problem wherever we turned.

Back to Britain

Surely British glassmakers would come to our aid. After penetrating their initial resentment over Britain's best gin being shipped to America, we convinced them to have a go at it. We experienced a moment of minor panic when they, too, failed to execute.

We Request your Patience

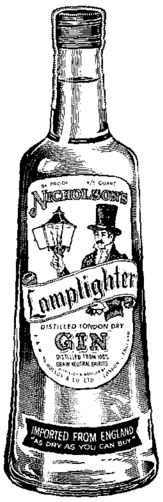
So far, we have been to the glassmakers in Venice, Munich, Copenhagen and Paris. But all is not lost. There is still South America. We ask your forbearance. At the earliest possible date, we promise to have the Lamplighter square martini glass at hand.

the makers of

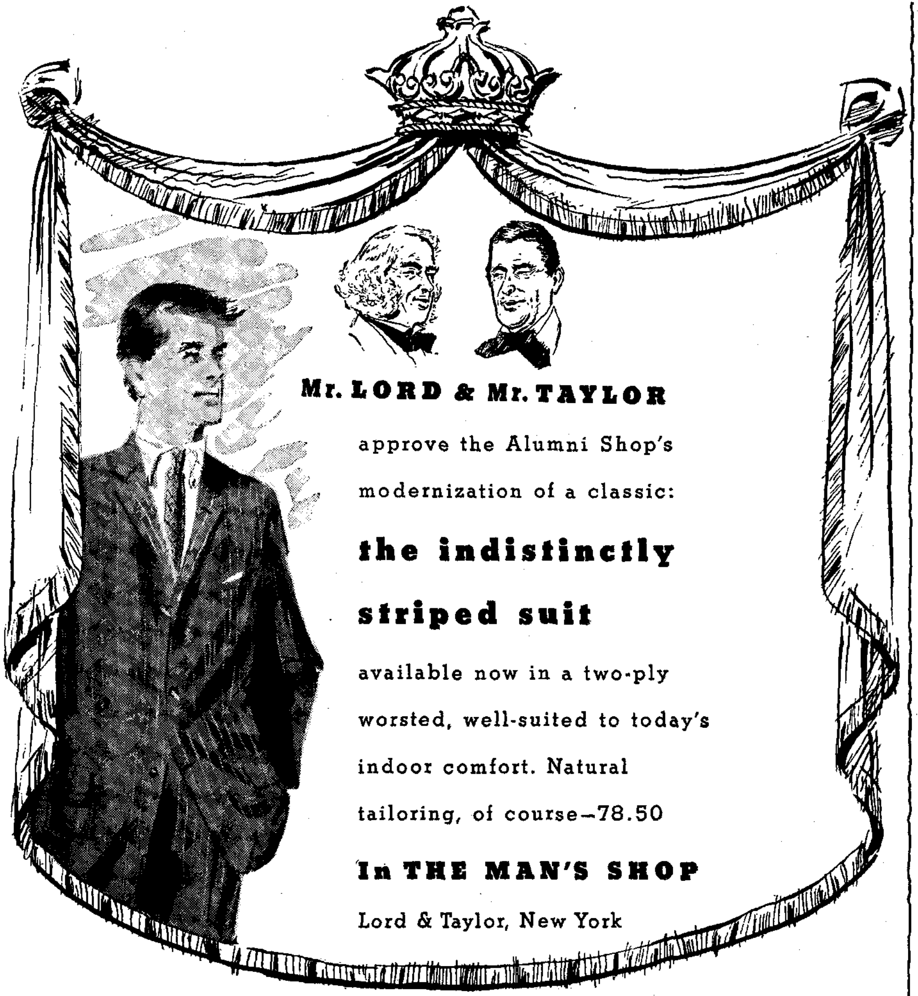
LAMPLIGHTER GIN

the costlier English Gin Americans now have firmly in hand—as dry as you can buy

LONDON DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM GRAIN, 94 PROOF.
IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N.Y., N.Y.



© McK. & R. '58


Mr. LORD & Mr. TAYLOR

approve the Alumni Shop's modernization of a classic:

the indistinctly striped suit

available now in a two-ply worsted, well-suited to today's indoor comfort. Natural tailoring, of course—78.50

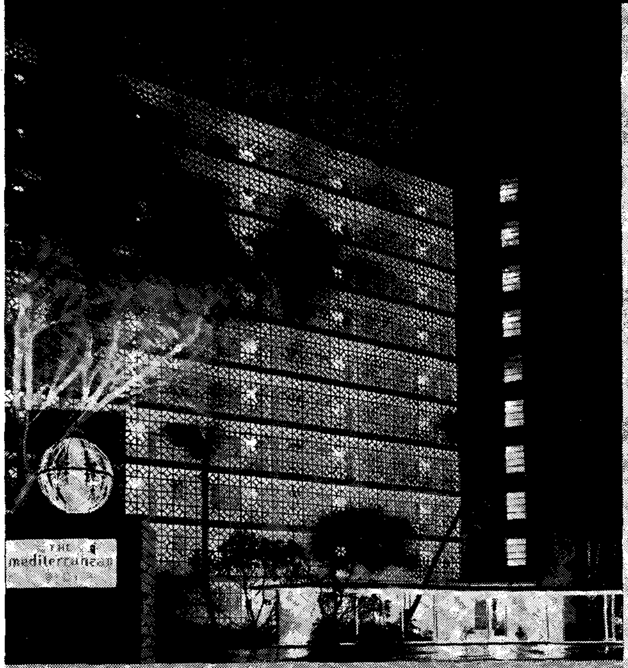
In THE MAN'S SHOP

Lord & Taylor, New York

BAY HARBOR • FLORIDA

year-'round luxury plus cooperative ownership advantages in Miami Beach's most exclusive apartment-home

Spacious 2-bedroom 2-bath apartment homes with ocean-view terraces • individual control air-conditioning and heating • all-electric kitchen • private pool, cabanas, boat dock, putting green, tropical gardens • many other features • attractively priced, nominal maintenance, tax deductions • a few apartments available for rent, option to buy • send for interesting informative brochure, direct or your own broker


the mediterranean

COOPERATIVE APARTMENT-HOMES

9101 East Bay Harbor Drive, Bay Harbor Islands,
Miami Beach, Florida.
M. F. Ladis, VP Sales. UNion 6-6848

Visit Model Apartment

in pitiful accents, announced that he wasn't quite dead yet, which was not surprising, since the mimetic bullet had missed him by a good ten feet on its way to my brisket. Mamoo obliged by firing again, this time potting a middle-aged spectator some distance to my right, whose astonished leap could hardly have been more violent if the bullet had been real. Accepting the intention for the deed, Bubba John generously fell dead. Aside from the matter of marksmanship, the scene was a dramatic one. Unfortunately, the hour was much too late to start the play.

The actors connected with this enterprise all did credit to themselves. Mr. Rip Torn, who seems to have odd luck with names, played the part of Bubba John, and played it very intelligently, except when he was afflicted with speeches whose emotional content no man could fathom; at such times he would begin with a murmur and conclude with a roar, on the theory, apparently, that he was sure to capture the appropriate tone *en passant.* In the part of Katie, Miss Janet Ward was highly effective, and so, to a slightly lesser degree, was Miss Ann Hamilton, as the drunken sister. And Miss Ruth White was really splendid as Mamoo, when she didn't have a pistol in her hands.

ANYONE who is bent on seeing life from every side will doubtless be happy to know that there is a musical version of "The Egg and I," with an all-Negro cast, on the stage of the Jan Hus Auditorium, in Yorkville. The adventurer must be warned, however, that the music is uninspired and the lyrics are without especial merit. He should also be warned that the acting and the choreography are undistinguished, and that the humor is low and coarse. Now it only remains to add that I rather enjoyed the performance. It is hard to account for so embarrassing a discrepancy between judgment and response. The only discernible virtue of the production is the innocent enthusiasm with which the members of the cast undertake their appalling duties, and it is their revelry, I imagine, that numbs the critical faculties and throws a peculiar charm over the evening. The players deliver each dreadful line with such gusto, and take pratfalls with such demoralizing zest, that the onlooker, who can see nothing to laugh at in this huggermugger, is overwhelmingly tempted at last to abandon discernment in order to share the fun. And it must be said that if the spectator succeeds in reducing himself to a state of benevolent vacuity, he will

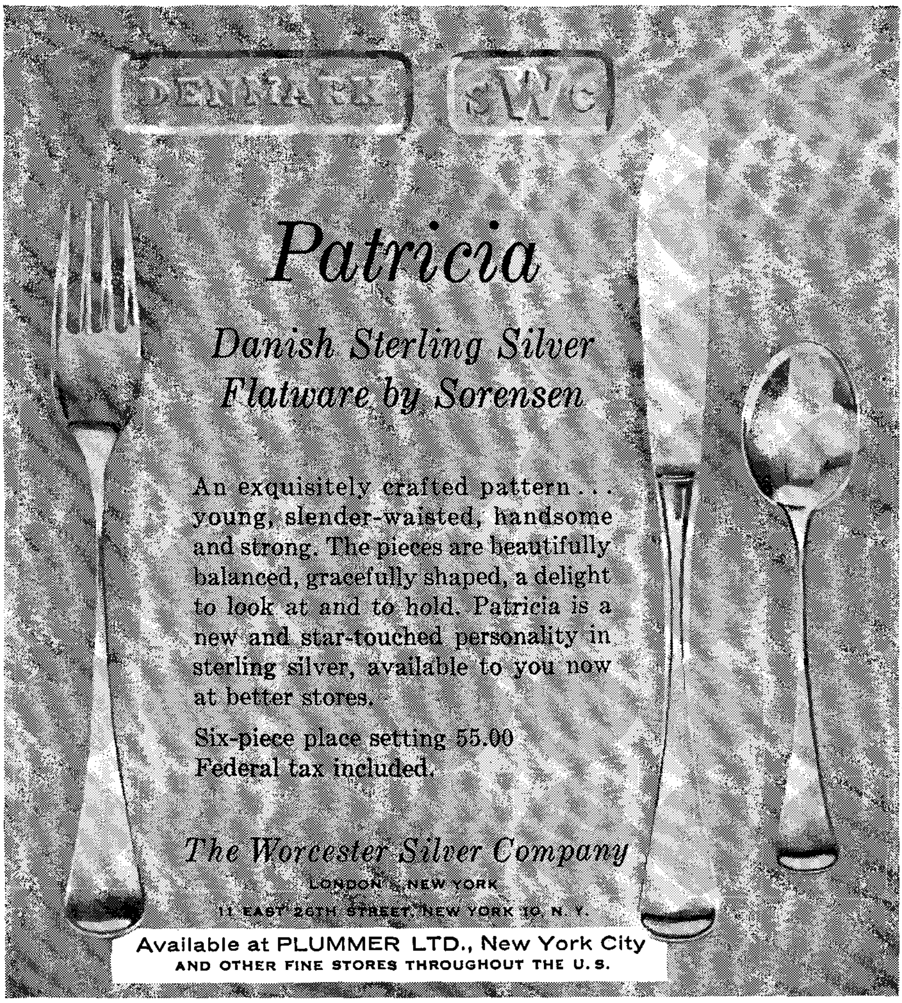
SPECIAL
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
Julius WILE
PETER
DAWSON
SPECIAL
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED
Peter Dawson
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND

The scotch with the secret you can taste… **Peter Dawson**®

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

FOR THREE PETER DAWSON JIGGER GLASSES WRITE TO JULIUS WILE, TETERBORO, N. J. ENCLOSE 25¢ TO COVER SHIPPING.

LET THIS SEAL BE YOUR GUIDE TO QUALITY • JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y., BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF



Patricia

Danish Sterling Silver
Flatware by Sorensen

An exquisitely crafted pattern . . . young, slender-waisted, handsome and strong. The pieces are beautifully balanced, gracefully shaped, a delight to look at and to hold. Patricia is a new and star-touched personality in sterling silver, available to you now at better stores.

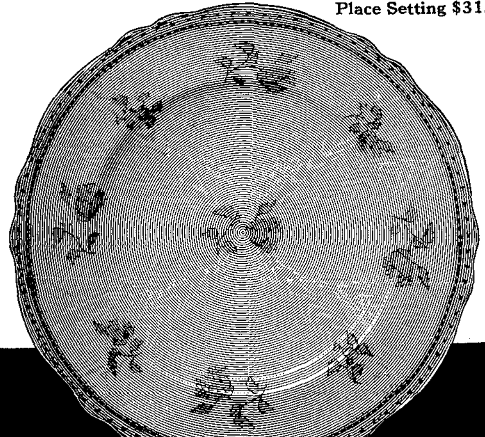
Six-piece place setting 55.00
Federal tax included.

The Worcester Silver Company
LONDON · NEW YORK
11 EAST 26TH STREET, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Available at PLUMMER LTD., New York City
AND OTHER FINE STORES THROUGHOUT THE U. S.

Don't wait to *inherit* Spode

DARLINGTON
(Bone China)
Place Setting $31.30



Spode
THE FINE ENGLISH
DINNERWARE

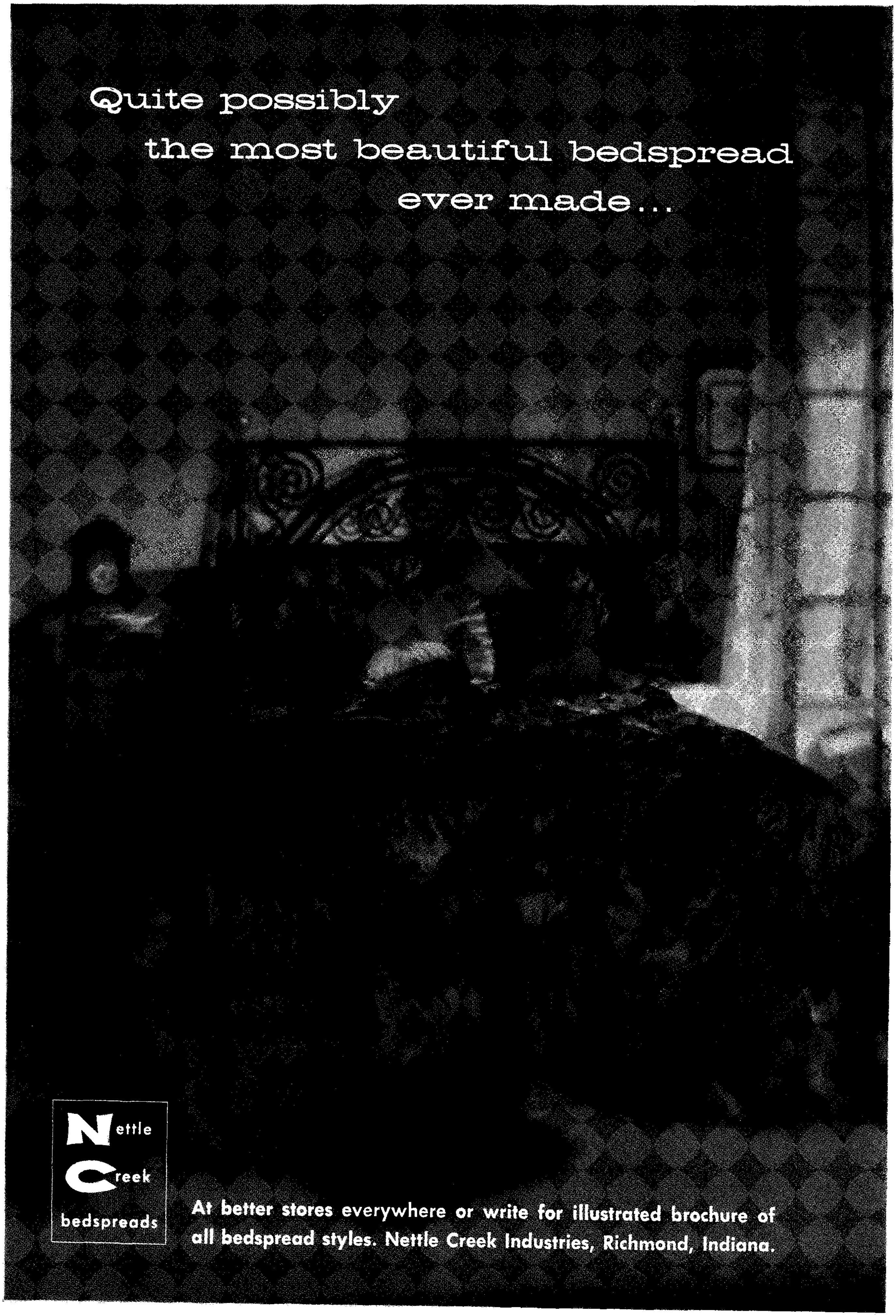
Don't deny yourself the civilizing pleasure of owning and using Spode now. This fine English dinnerware is exceptionally sturdy, relatively inexpensive and, of course, too beautiful to do without. See Spode at nearby stores or send for Booklet 71 to help you select the pattern best suited to your taste and needs.

wholesale distributors: COPELAND & THOMPSON, INC. 206 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

find many things to enjoy in "The Egg and I." The plot not being one of those things, there is probably no point in going into it. It may be worth noting, though, that, for reasons wholly obscure to me, the adapter, Mr. Hal Pockriss, found it necessary to mince his story into no fewer than twenty scenes, some of which were so brief that on opening night the electrician apparently did not think it worth his while to illuminate them. The director, Mr. Ed Cambridge, might profit by this sensible, if tacit, criticism and simply eliminate a number of the shorter and less festive scenes altogether.

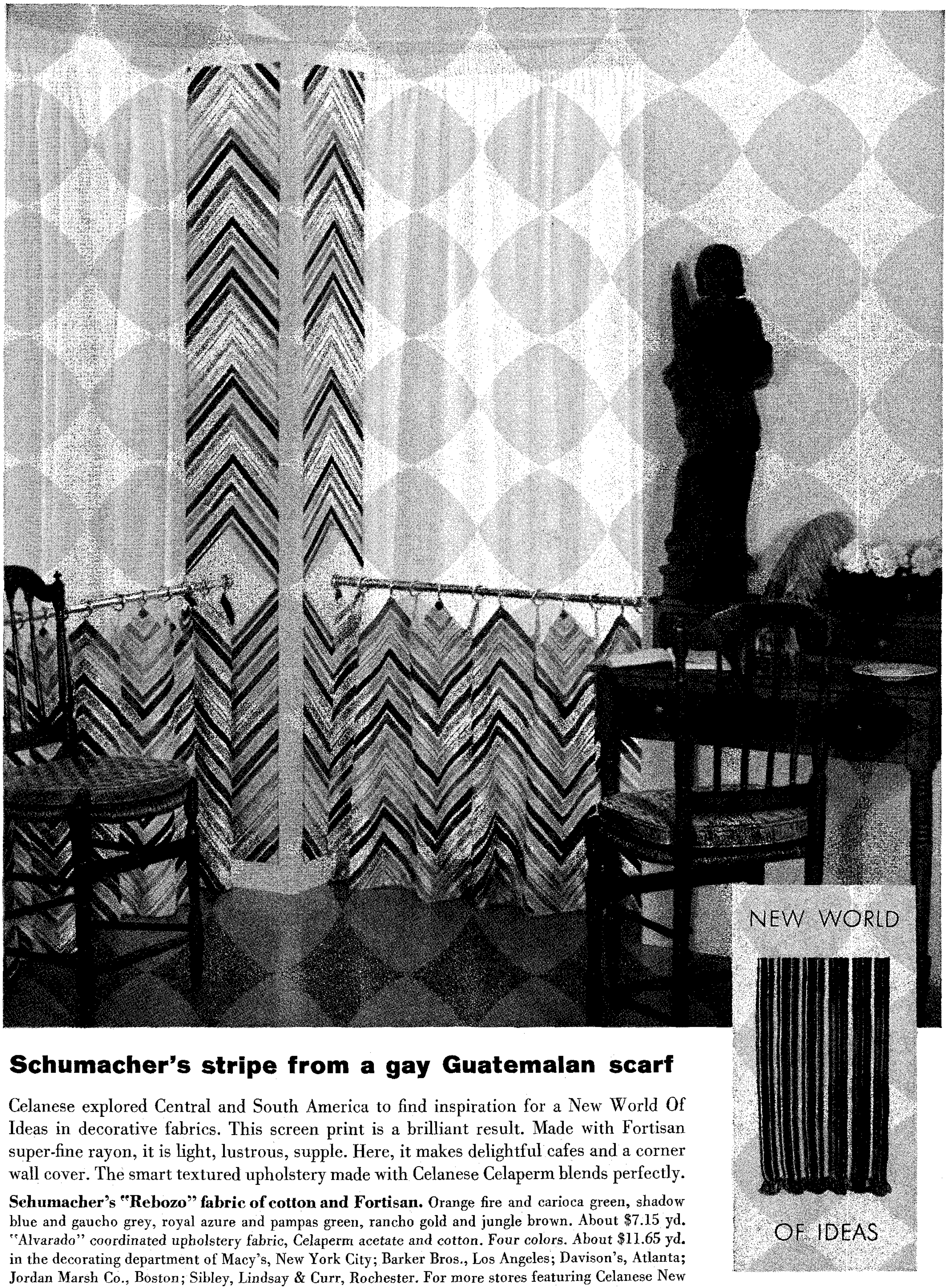
I thought the show's young lovers, Miss Carol Joy and Mr. Harold Scott, sang very agreeably—particularly in their duet "The Equal of Kings"—and congratulations are in order for Miss Isabell Sanford, who elbowed her way through the part of Ma Kettle with a vigor that was something to behold. Special felicitations must also be extended to the Misses Venia Witherspoon, Helena Walker, and Dorothi Fox, who did a turn as three singularly repulsive chorines from a tent show, and so destroyed the last shreds of my resistance to "The Egg and I." As these trulls lined out the rather obvious lyrics of "We're Lovely Girls," I'm afraid I could not wholly conceal my amusement from my neighbors. In fact, I shamelessly helped incite an encore, at the risk of setting musical comedy back several hundred years.

FATE determined that I arrive late at the Cricket Theatre for the opening of Mr. Ben Levinson's three-act play "The Young Provincials." I appeared, actually, at the time noted on my ticket, but an usher informed me that the performance had begun about three-quarters of an hour earlier, "so the critics could see it." With that, he handed me a program and a small ancillary scrap of paper saying, "NOTE!!! Scene One of Act Two is Scene Two of Act One," a statement that, together with my tardiness, effectively prevented me from ever finding out just what segment of the play I was watching. And all this time there were people on the stage, milling about and saying things like "I know what your problem is. You hate yourself" and "The most painful thing in a woman's life is to watch a man going back to his roots" and "I don't know whether I love you, I only know you help me attain a clean-ness." There was nothing to suggest that the lines I missed were markedly different from the lines I heard. —DONALD MALCOLM


Quite possibly
the most beautiful bedspread
ever made...
Nettle
Creek
bedspreads

At better stores everywhere or write for illustrated brochure of all bedspread styles. Nettle Creek Industries, Richmond, Indiana.

De Evia



Schumacher's stripe from a gay Guatemalan scarf

Celanese explored Central and South America to find inspiration for a New World Of Ideas in decorative fabrics. This screen print is a brilliant result. Made with Fortisan super-fine rayon, it is light, lustrous, supple. Here, it makes delightful cafes and a corner wall cover. The smart textured upholstery made with Celanese Celaperm blends perfectly.

Schumacher's "Rebozo" fabric of cotton and Fortisan. Orange fire and carioca green, shadow blue and gaucho grey, royal azure and pampas green, rancho gold and jungle brown. About $7.15 yd. *"Alvarado" coordinated upholstery fabric, Celaperm acetate and cotton. Four colors. About $11.65 yd.* in the decorating department of Macy's, New York City; Barker Bros., Los Angeles; Davison's, Atlanta; Jordan Marsh Co., Boston; Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester. For more stores featuring Celanese New World Of Ideas collection, see opposite page. Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

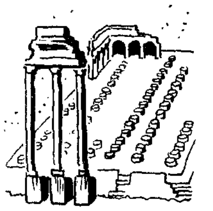
Celanese® Celaperm® Fortisan®

Fortisan . . . a Celanese contemporary fiber

LETTER FROM ROME

SEPTEMBER 17

ROME is in an unusual state compared to itself over the recent struggling postwar years and compared to other capital cities and their countries right now. Here there is no worrying echo of a recession, as in the United States (in fact, Italy's present prosperity has the fresh sound of a small boom); no race riots, as in London; no draining Algerian war or terrorists, as in France (Italy, luckily enough, long ago lost her dark-skinned colonies and its mirages of empire); and no educational impasse, as in Little Rock (since simple illiteracy has been Italy's only school problem, and now, with a school-expansion program, she is about to welcome a lot of new young scholars). And, above all, there is none of the dreadful uncertainty that exists in Paris, which is wondering whether the monumental de Gaulle can mark France's passage into its next, and fifth, republic—or, indeed, whether there will be another republic at all. Romans say that during the week preceding their latest national election, on May 25th and 26th, the alarming news of the French Army's Algiers insurrection and the consequent tension in French affairs was given the top space in the Italian press, while their own election-campaign news took second place. They say that the calling in of General de Gaulle frightened the Italian voters, remembering dictatorship under a very different man, and that the accompanying collapse of France's multiple-party system further alarmed them, since Italy has a similar plague of too many fractious minorities. In any case, they voted for the fringe parties far less than was expected, thus giving Italy its present more democratic political clarification—at least one good result of France's recent disasters.



In the new government's Parliament, which opened yesterday after a summer recess, the three most démodé little parties, which, logically, took the sharpest losses in the May election, are on what is now called the unrespectable far Right—the Movimento Sociale Italiano, or neo-Fascists, "who live on Mussolini's grave," as the phrase goes, and the two split monarchist parties that still aim at bringing back to the throne the exiled royal House of Savoy. In pro-royalist Naples, one of the monarchist parties was led in May by the autocratic millionaire shipowner Achille Lauro, who strengthened his local campaign speeches by employing an out-of-work actor, dressing him in royal red, and having him periodically shout in the streets "*Viva il Re!*"—who today lives in Portugal. A more significant smallish party, representing the so-called respectable Right, is the Liberal Party, a relatively recent revival of the old 1870 Partito Liberale of the Risorgimento, which first fought in Italy for separation of church and state. One faction of the present party is strictly anticlerical, being called "*mangiapreti*," or "priest-eaters"—an ever-increasing political sentiment among many upper-bourgeois Catholics, especially in Rome, impatient with the Vatican's age-long controls. Above all, these Liberals, who are economically conservative, believe in free enterprise, as against *statalismo*. This refers to a peculiarly Italian phenomenon that was started by the government after the First World War to salvage some industrial bankruptcies, was continued under Mussolini, and was developed to such an astonishing degree by the Christian Democrat Alcide de Gasperi that today a third, or maybe a half—nobody seems to know the exact figure—of Italy's largest industries and monopolies are owned and administered by the Italian state. Not surprisingly, the Liberals were backed in the May campaign, reportedly to the extent of five or six million dollars, by the Confindustria—Italy's richest private industrialists' confederation, or lobby, similar to our National Association of Manufacturers, which hoped to seat forty Liberal deputies, felt sure of seating twenty-five, seated exactly sixteen, and has consequently felt robbed.

Of the split Socialist parties, unfortunately, the troublesome Pietro Nenni's pro-Communist Socialists won heavily over Giuseppe Saragat's anti-Communist Social Democrats. As for the Communists themselves, they lost three of their former seats (perhaps owing to the loosening grip of their leader, Palmiro Togliatti, reported to be ill), but with a hundred and forty deputies they are still in control of twenty-three per cent of Parliament, and are still Italy's next-to-biggest party. A hundred and fifty-five seats went to a mélange of the six remaining major parties, thus leaving the Christian Democrats as the highly insecure winners, their slim portion being two hundred and seventy-three depu-

Headquarters stores for

Celanese

NEW WORLD OF IDEAS

home decorative fabrics

Merchandise on opposite page not in all stores, but representative collections are available

Albany, N. Y.	W. M. Whitney & Co.
Asheville, N. C.	Ivey's
Atlanta, Ga.	Davison's
Aurora, Ill.	St. Clair's Interiors
Austin, Texas	Paul's
Baton Rouge, La.	D. H. Holmes Co. Ltd.
Benton Harbor, Mich.	Pascal's
Beverly, Ill.	John M. Smyth
Binghamton, N. Y.	Fowler, Dick & Walker
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Canton, Ohio	Thurin's
Charleston, S. C.	James F. Condon Co.
Charlotte, N. C.	J. B. Ivey Co.
Chicago, Ill.	John M. Smyth
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. & S. Pogue Co.
Clarksburg, W. Va.	Smith Furnishing Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	Wm. Taylor Son & Co.
Columbia, S. C.	James L. Tapp Co.
Columbus, Ind.	Banner-Whitehall
Columbus, Ohio	F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Crawfordsville, Ind.	Hall's Emporium
Danville, Va.	Thalhimer's
Daytona Beach, Fla.	Ivey's of Daytona
Decatur, Ill.	Fay Fabrics
Denver, Colo.	Denver Dry Goods Co.
Des Moines, Iowa	Davidson's
Duluth, Minn.	Friemuths Dept. Store
El Paso, Texas	American Furniture Co.
Elmhurst, Ill.	John M. Smyth
Evanston, Ill.	John M. Smyth
Evansville, Ind.	R. & G. Furniture Co.
Fitchburg, Mass.	Belleveau Drapery Shop
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.	Burdine's
Fort Smith, Ark.	The Boston Store
Fort Worth, Tex.	Ellison's
Fresno, Calif.	E. Gottschalk & Co.
Galveston, Tex.	Plantowsky Furniture Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Herpolsheimer's
Greensboro, N. C.	Ellis-Stone Co.
Greenville, S. C.	Ivey's
Harrisburg, Pa.	Pomeroy's
Houston, Texas	Suniland Furniture Co.
Huntington, W. Va.	S. P. Brown Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.	Banner-Whitehall
Jacksonville, Fla.	The Jones Store
Kansas City, Mo.	Macy's
Knoxville, Tenn.	Miller Bros.
La Grange Highlands, Ill.	Yardstick Shops Inc.
Lakeland, Fla.	Maas Bros.
Lincoln, Neb.	Gold & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.	Barker Bros. & branches, S. Calif.
Lumberton, N. C.	R. W. Norman Co.
Madison, Wisc.	Harry S. Manchester, Inc.
Mankato, Minn.	Goveia's
Massillon, Ohio	C. O. Finefrock
Memphis, Tenn.	Goldsmith's
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
163rd St.	Burdine's
Miami Beach, Fla.	Burdine's
Midland, Texas	D. Sharp Draperies
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Ed. Schuster & Co. Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn.	The Dayton Co.
Mobile, Alá.	Hammel's-Adam Glass & Co.
Muncie, Ind.	Ball Stores, Inc.
Naples, Fla.	Holland Salley Inc.
Nashville, Tenn.	Cain-Sloan
New Orleans, La.	D. H. Holmes Co. Ltd.
New York, N. Y.	Macy's
Newark, N. J.	Bamberger's
Newport News, Va.	Nachman's
Norfolk, Va.	Smith & Welton
North Canton, Ohio	Lewis & Greenho Drapery Shop
Old Orchard, Ill.	John M. Smyth
Omaha, Neb.	Orchard-Wilhelm Co.
Orlando, Fla.	Ivey's
Oshkosh, Wisc.	Agrell & Brueske
Pensacola, Fla.	Pensacola Rug & Shade Co.
Petersburg, Va.	Rucker's Drapery Store
Philadelphia, Pa.	Gimbels
Phoenix, Ariz.	Dorris-Heymann
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Gimbels
Pittsfield, Mass.	England Brothers
Portland, Ore.	Meier & Frank
Quincy, Ill.	Kemners
Quincy, Mass.	Spinning Wheel
Raleigh, N. C.	Ivey-Taylor Co.
Reading, Pa.	Pomeroy's
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimer's
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
Rock Hill, S. C.	Maxwell Bros. Mayfield Co.
Salem, Ore.	Meier & Frank
Salisbury, N. C.	R. W. Norman Co.
San Antonio, Texas	Karotkin's
San Francisco, Calif.	Macy's
Sarasota, Fla.	Maas Bros.
Schenectady, N. Y.	The Carl Co.
Seattle, Wash.	The Bon Marche
Shreveport, La.	Hemenway Furniture Co.
Spokane, Wash.	The Crescent
Springfield, Ill.	R. F. Herndon Dept. Store
Springfield, Mass.	Albert Steiger, Inc.
Springfield, Mo.	Heer's Department Store
St. Louis, Mo.	Famous Barr & all 4 stores
St. Paul, Minn.	Schuneman's, Inc.
St. Petersburg, Fla.	Maas Bros.
Steubenville, Ohio	May & Leopold
Syracuse, N. Y.	C. F. Chappell & Sons Inc.
Tacoma, Wash.	Selden's
Tampa, Fla.	Maas Bros.
Gandy Blvd.	Maas Bros.
Terre Haute, Ind.	Root's
Toledo, Ohio	Lasalle's
Topeka, Kans.	Pelletier's
Tulsa, Okla.	Mayo Furniture Co.
W. Palm Beach, Fla.	Burdine's
Wheeling, W. Va.	L. S. Good & Co.
Wichita, Kans.	Innes
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Pomeroy's
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Thalhimer's
Wyandotte, Mich.	Lucilles Linen Shoppe
York, Pa.	Chas. H. Bear & Co.
Youngstown, Ohio	McKelvey's

If you were making a bourbon whisky that you believed with all your heart to be the finest in the country

...and there wasn't enough to go around... how would you let people know about it?

Sometimes when dreams come true they bring their own problems with them.

Here is a man who was born into the whisky-making business, got out of it, but couldn't forget it. He had his dream: he wanted to make a bourbon in his own special way.

Now the first year of this bourbon's maturity is here, and the quantity is limited. In a country as big as ours, only a relative handful of prospective customers will have the opportunity to enjoy a bottle of it this year.

The problem is not in selling the whisky, but how and where. If this man is to build a lasting business he must find his customers a few at a time. Then, slowly, he must move into new markets as the capacity of his distillery keeps pace.

More than a Century Ago

How would you like to be in his shoes? Not many distillers would, frankly, yet he is happy. He knows what it is to live with a dream for years, work hard at it, and then wait for it to come of age.

That's the whisky-making business and as they say here in the bourbon country, the business is in his blood. His story really starts more than a century ago.

His name is Taylor William Samuels. Bill is the fourth generation of his family to be occupied in the distilling of Kentucky bourbon. His great-grandfather, who bore the same name, began making his whisky around 1840. He had a long career as a distiller and built up a loyal trade.

With the Kentucky bourbon business so rich in tradition and old, respected names, you might expect the present Bill Samuels could trace a direct line of activity in the same distillery all the way back to his great-grandfather. But things don't always work out that way.

When Prohibition ended in 1933 the family distillery found itself in need of "outside money" to help it get back into operation. In the refinancing, Bill became a major stockholder but without control of the company.

His job was Vice President in charge of production. Ten years later the controlling group sold the distillery to other interests. And Bill took off on his own.

Search for the Distillery

In the years he traveled as representative for a manufacturer supplying the distilling industry, Bill longed to get back into the business. Always he was searching for the perfect distillery in which to make the individual kind of bourbon he dreamed about.

In 1953 he figured he'd found it. A small distillery, a few miles outside the little town of Loretto. Almost lost in a fold of the rolling Kentucky hills, with a stream running through it and a dee cold spring-fed lake on a hill above i

Before he made his final decision o buying it, Bill phoned an old friend i New Orleans, Pat Quinn, an associat in Bill's earlier days of whisky makin "I'm with you," said Pat. "There's real need for the particular kind fine whisky you've set your mind on

Now Bill was ready to make h bourbon.

The Making of Good Whisk

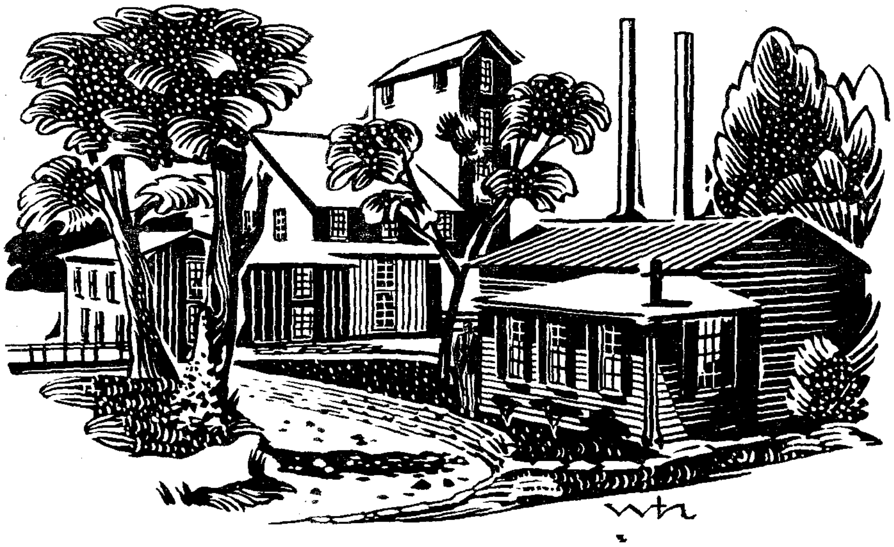
As anybody in the business toda knows, it takes a measure of courage start distilling another, a different ki of bourbon for a market spangled wi many brands. More than that, it takes "feel" for making good whisky, a know edge of distilling that comes only fr living with it for years, with gene tions of tradition behind you.

Why? Because you cannot wa though the whisky must. You have select your grains, determine your p portions, decide on every step of yo process. Making bourbon is a perso thing. You have to be right when y begin.

From this point on, when the n whisky goes to rest and gain its gol glow in charred oak barrels, the di cast. Your future, your reputation at stake, to be vindicated only w the bourbon matures for bottling.

The first thing Bill had done in n ing his whisky was to develop his

(*Advertisement*)



In addition to the outlets
in the Southwest
and on the Pacific Coast,
the gentlemen-proprietors
of these bars
and dining places
have consented to make
this whisky available
to their clientele.

ecial grain formula. The second secret ıs his processing. And what is differ- t about Bill's bourbon began to reveal elf in the samples he drew as the ars went by.

A Whisky of Individual Character

.ready at one year this bourbon had ken on a marvelous smoothness and promise of delightful flavor and oma. At two years, it matched the aracter of excellent four-year-old urbons. At three, it was superb. Now maturity, Bill believes it is the finest urbon of any age, at any price.

Here was the fulfillment. A whisky rn of tradition and distilled for those o like to linger over the flavor of a uine old style sour mash bourbon. whisky smooth, clean and pleasant taste, with an individual character its own.

More than a year before the whisky s ready for bottling, Bill had impor- t decisions to consider. One was a ne for his bourbon; another was how d where to market it.

he Choice of Maker's Mark

ere are fine words not now in use as isky brand names, words so rich in notations of tradition and heritage, wever, they tend to be confused with nes of good whiskies already on the rket. This name should be distinc- e, unusual, simple and direct. Be- ise this whisky had become a part of Bill's personality, woven into the fabric of his life, he came to choose the name Maker's Mark, and set his mark upon the label.

Distributed nationally, there would be only one bottle for every 100 prospects. So initial markets had to be selected with restraint and common sense. The choices for this, the introductory year of Maker's Mark, are the Southwest and the Pacific Coast. There will also be a small stock distributed to a few of the better bars and dining places across the country, such as those listed in the column at the right.

There is the whisky, the plain facts about it, and its small beginnings in a big country.

Maker's Mark costs a little bit more, so you must look for it among the really good bourbons on the shelves and in the pouring spots.

If you make it a personal quest to seek it out, you'll not be disappointed. It might just become your favorite, as it has for the few who have already had the opportunity to enjoy it.

Maker's Mark
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON
OLD STYLE
SOUR MASH WHISKY
Ninety Proof
Distilled and Bottled by
the Star Hill Distilling
Company, Star Hill
Farm, Loretto, Kentucky

Maker's Mark
WHISKY

Chicago, Illinois
Jacques French Restaurant
Imperial House

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
The Warwick

St. Louis, Missouri
Busch's Grove
Lennox
Mayfair
Mayfair West

Washington, D. C.
Occidental Hotel
Harvey's

Cleveland, Ohio
Gruber's
Monaco's

Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Fleur de Lis
Karl Ratzsch's
Old World Restaurant

Cincinnati, Ohio
Maisonette
The Ol' South

Denver, Colorado
Profile Room
Tiffin Inn

Miami Beach, Florida
Americana Hotel
The Embers

From the great wine regions of France
...for over 140 years

PRODUCT OF FRANCE
CALVET
WINES
it's chic to say...
"CAL-VAY!"
1952
CALVET
SAUTERNES

Produced, bottled, shipped by J. Calvet et Cie., Bordeaux-Beaune, France.
SCHENLEY IMPORT CO., N. Y., SOLE AGENT FOR THE UNITED STATES

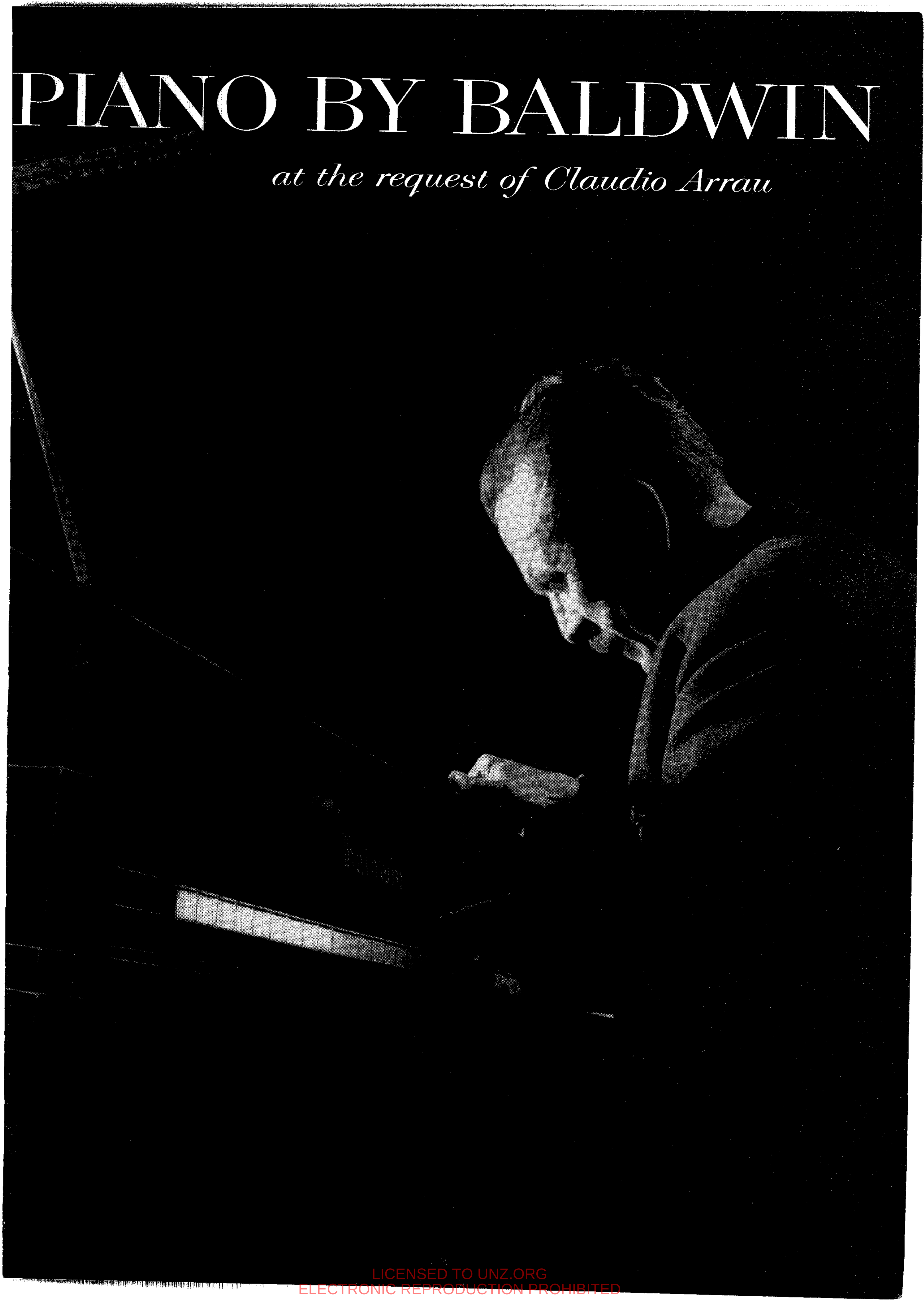
LONDON FOG
MAINCOAT

More than a raincoat . . . it's your Maincoat. About $30 in natural, black, ivory. Zelan-treated Calibre Cloth, drip-dry, machine-washable. A blend of 65% Dacron-35% combed Cotton by Reeves Brothers, Inc.—one of America's leading fabric manufacturers. At fine stores or write Londontown Mfg. Co., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York.

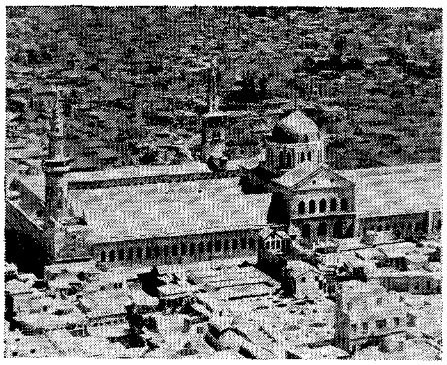
REEVES *fabrics*

ties, or only forty-five per cent of the parliamentary power.

Though it is true that the Demo-Christians will have to oscillate as nimbly as a pendulum between Left and Right to pick up the votes constantly necessary for their precarious majority as a minority coalition government, they are nevertheless in a condition of remarkable new vitality, on which three dominant Christian Democrat figures are counting to work toward a new, modern Italy. At the top is President Giovanni Gronchi, elected three years ago; an organizer of the Demo-Christians' trade union, his invaluable contribution has been to slant his party's once conservative line toward its present "opening on the Left"—the already famous *apertura a sinistra*. His teammate is his Prime Minister, Amintore Fanfani, the small-sized, enormously ambitious former professor of economic history at Milan's Università Catolica del Sacre Cuore. An ardent Catholic, but with progressive ideas, he was at first part of a trio of youngish Demo-Christian Left Wingers who believed that, to beat the Communists, up-to-date Christianity would have to practice what it preaches as social philosophy. This was a heresy embarrassing to de Gasperi's dependence on his party's rich Right Wing, so the trio obediently did not press their point. Of the three, Giuseppe Dossetti, former mayor of Bologna and head of the austere Conventino, or conventual, Demo-Christian group, lately became a priest. The other, Giorgio La Pira, was mayor of Florence until last year and, from the monk's cell where he lived, castigated the Florentine rich into big donations for his poor. Four years ago, Fanfani, who is a brilliant manipulator and organizer, built himself in as the Christian Democrats' party secretary and the natural leader of the younger generation. Before that, he had helped make social history—as Minister of Public Works, launching large-scale housing projects and construction programs to combat Italy's chronic unemployment, and, as Minister of Agriculture, pushing the radical land reforms in the South that cut up ill-run huge estates and gave small holdings to the peasants who, in his slogan, "had watered it with their sweat for centuries." The latter project naturally added to the enmities he had aroused among the Demo-Christian notables, which still go on. Despite his good works, he is also beginning to seem to some of the general public too much like a smart, ambitious politician. His and Gronchi's program includes in-


PIANO BY BALDWIN
at the request of Claudio Arrau

Visit the hospitable, historic
UNITED
ARAB REPUBLIC



A treasury of centuries past

The magnificent Omayad Mosque

EGYPT SYRIA

You'll be delighted by the gentle year-round climate . . by colorful cosmopolitan cities, gay Mediterranean resorts, and all the wonders that have fascinated travelers for over six thousand years. You'll find luxurious hotels and modern transportation . . . and thanks to favorable exchange rates and the premium granted on the official exchange rate by the new tourist pound, the cost of your holiday in the hospitable and historic United Arab Republic is surprisingly inexpensive.

For tourist information see your Travel Agent or the

UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC TOURIST OFFICE
Dept. N, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y., Circle 6-6960

©MC CALL CORP.

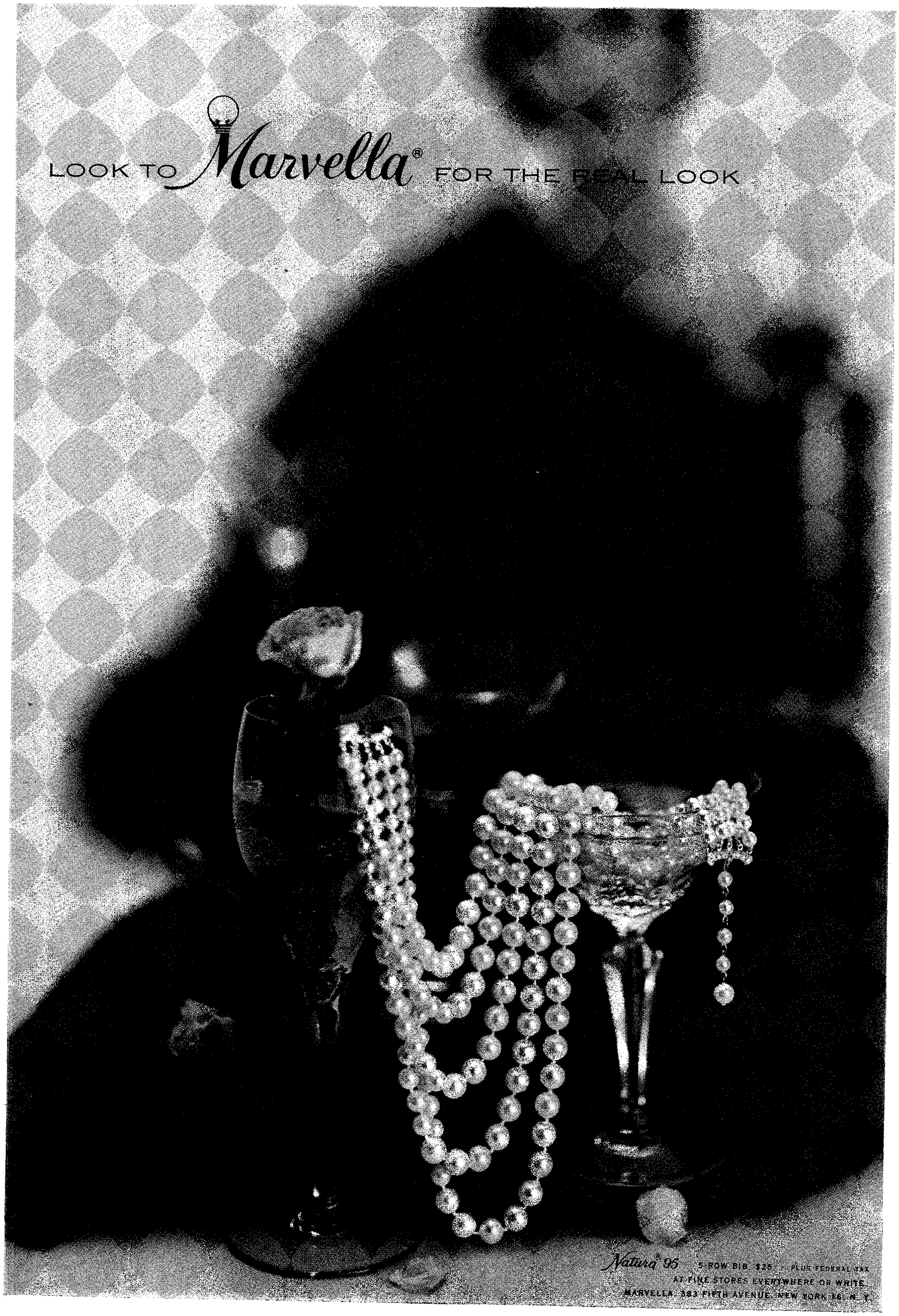
Togetherness by Bachrach*

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Davison and their children,
of Valparaiso, Indiana.

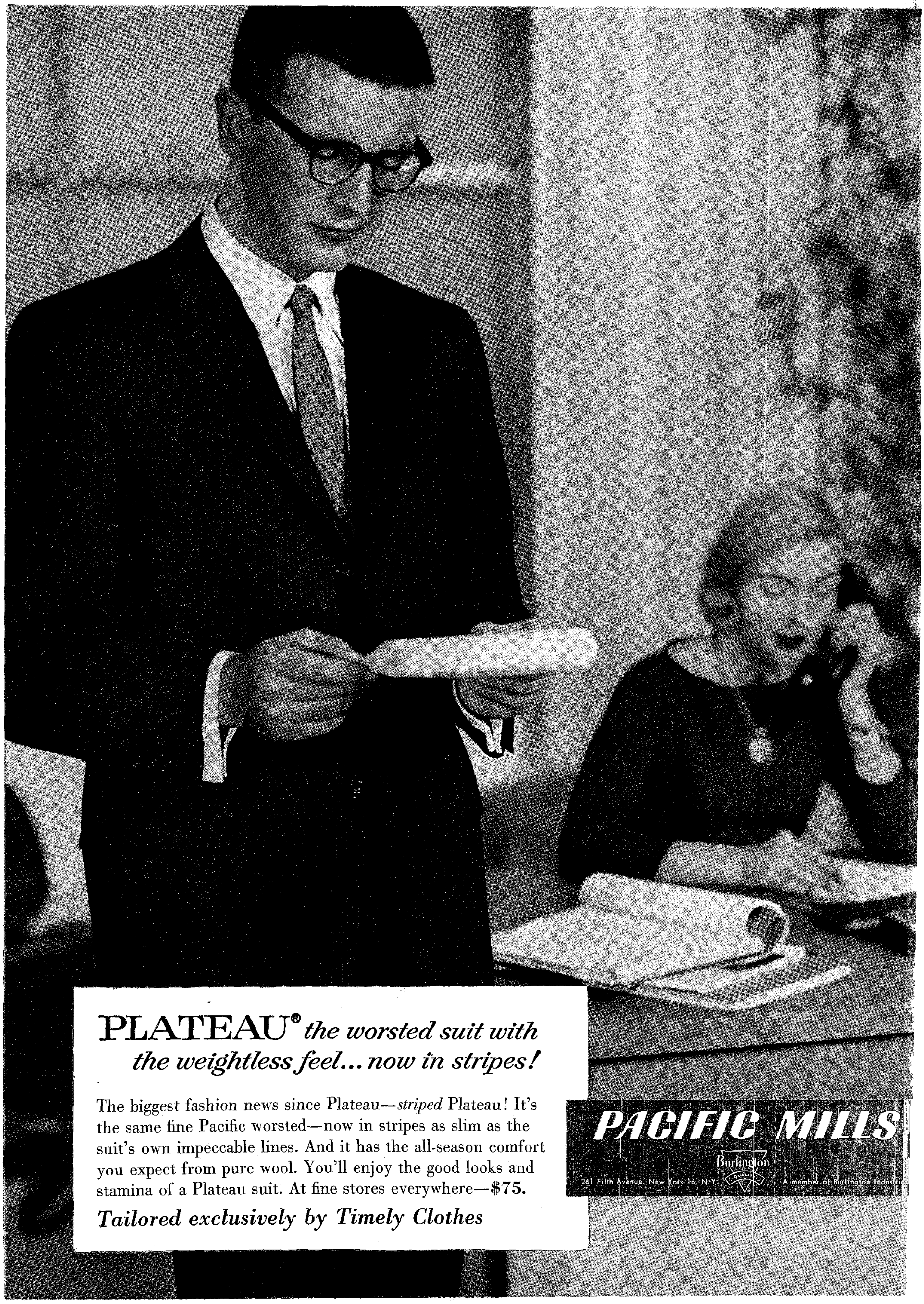
inspired by* **McCall's, *of course*

dustrialization of the poor South, additional costly agricultural reforms, a ten-year plan against unemployment, and the Professor's own ten-year plan to eliminate illiteracy, which he calls his first step toward modernizing Italy. By it, Italian elementary schooling, which is free and compulsory up to the age of fourteen, but is often disregarded by peasants, who would rather have their children work than read, is to be expanded, with new schools, modern equipment, and more teachers. Fanfani is also responsible for another educational plan—that of the generally little known Instituto de Gasperi, in the Via Camilluccia here, where the élite among the young politicians are sent for training in practical political theory, political history, and economics, and where Fanfani has worked out his programs, certainly the most social-minded since the liberation. Among young politicos who have been influenced by the Instituto and are holding offices in the government are Egidio Ariosto, now in his middle forties, a university graduate in philosophy and Under-Secretary of Theatres and Entertainment; young Emilio Colombo, Minister of Foreign Trade; Aldo Moro, now aged forty-two, Minister of Education and himself a professor; and Luigi Preti, in his middle forties, Minister of Finance. Fanfani served as professor of economic history at the University of Rome last term, continued teaching his classes during the electoral campaign, and gave his examinations just before the election.

The third Christian Democrat leader working for the new Italy is Enrico Mattei, already a legendary wizard in European oil and high-finance circles. One of those tall, tense, explosive-looking Italians, after the war he was made a modest liberation-government agent for dismantling Fascism's Azienda Generale Italiana Petroli oil holdings in Italy, Ethiopia, and Albania; here at home he disobeyed orders and rebuilt



LOOK TO Marvella® FOR THE REAL LOOK
Natura® 95
5-ROW BIB, $25 PLUS FEDERAL TAX
AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE OR WRITE:
MARVELLA, 383 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



PLATEAU® *the worsted suit with the weightless feel... now in stripes!*

The biggest fashion news since Plateau—*striped* Plateau! It's the same fine Pacific worsted—now in stripes as slim as the suit's own impeccable lines. And it has the all-season comfort you expect from pure wool. You'll enjoy the good looks and stamina of a Plateau suit. At fine stores everywhere—**$75.**

Tailored exclusively by Timely Clothes

PACIFIC MILLS

Burlington

QUALITY

261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

A member of Burlington Industries

For the American look...

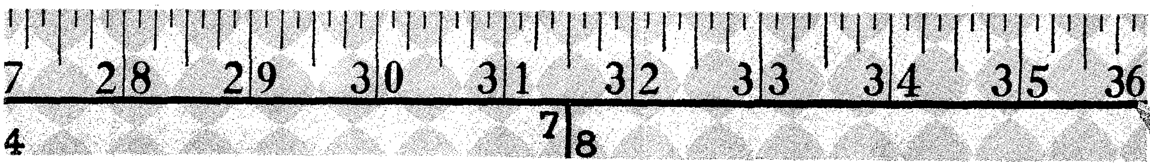
New urban striped wools

The American executive . . . you can spot his look anywhere in the world. Clean-cut! Important! A look exemplified by these new quietly striped, American-made worsteds.

Wherever business leaders gather, watch for the trimly cut jackets, the crisply turned lapels, the rich textured fabrics that spell the distinction and fine tailoring of wool. And note how a wool suit keeps its just-pressed appearance, even after long sitting sessions. Only wool, with its wrinkle-shedding resilience . . . its ability to refresh itself overnight, could look so effortlessly handsome.

No wonder the heart of the American look is pure wool.

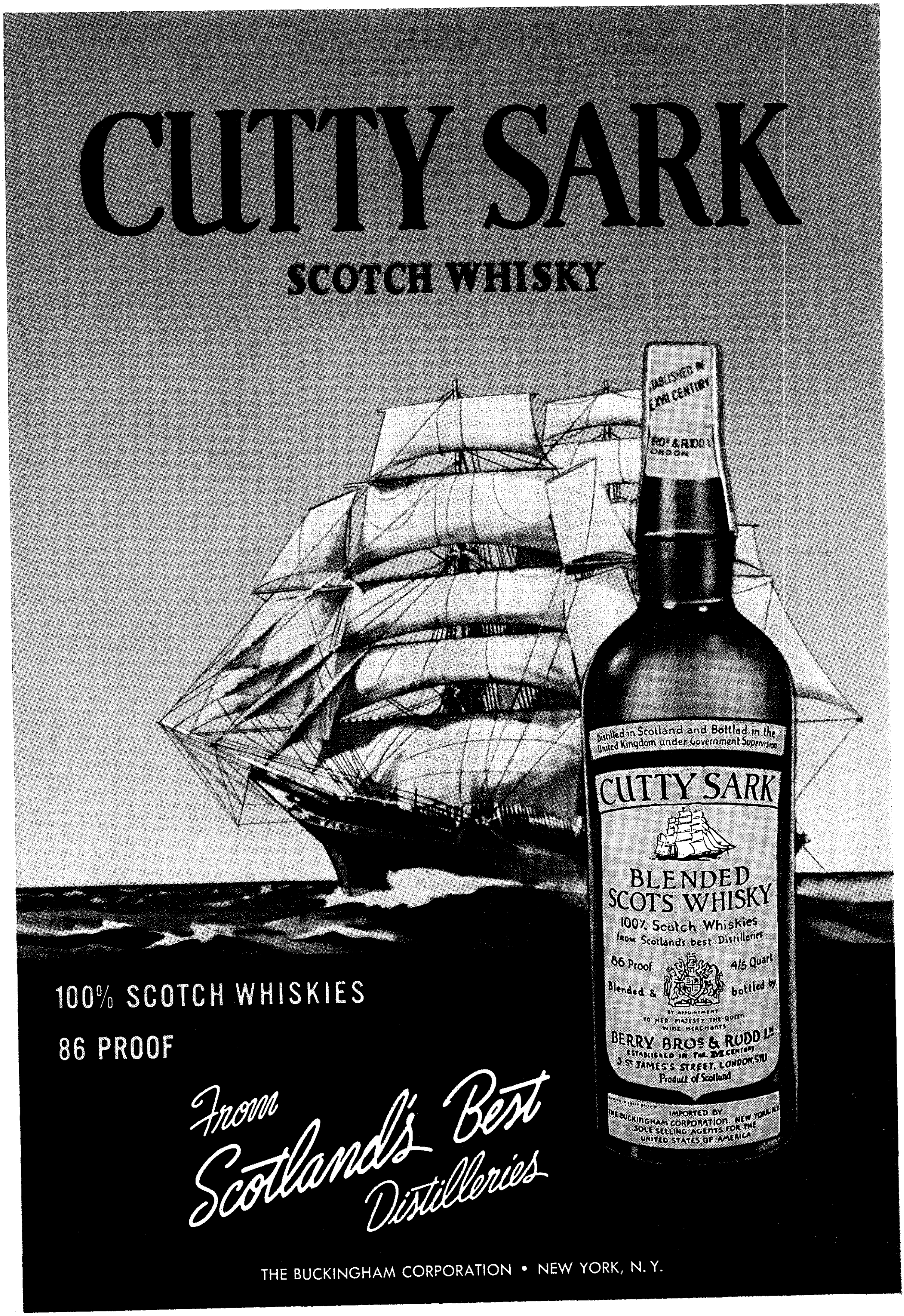
As easy on the shoulder as the eye—a Plateau means comfort the year 'round. That's because wool is a natural insulator against temperature extremes. And striped or solid, this wool worsted—prelaxed in the loom by Pacific Mills doesn't droop—stays trim. Suits by Timely. Price $75.



nothing measures up to Wool

For name of
nearest store
write
Pacific Mills,
261 Fifth Ave.,
N. Y. 16.

Sponsored with
American Sheep
Producers Council


ESTABLISHED IN XVIII CENTURY
BROS & RUDD LONDON
Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WINE MERCHANTS
BERRY BROS & RUDD Ltd
ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
3 St JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, SW1
Product of Scotland
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

CUTTY SARK

SCOTCH WHISKY

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

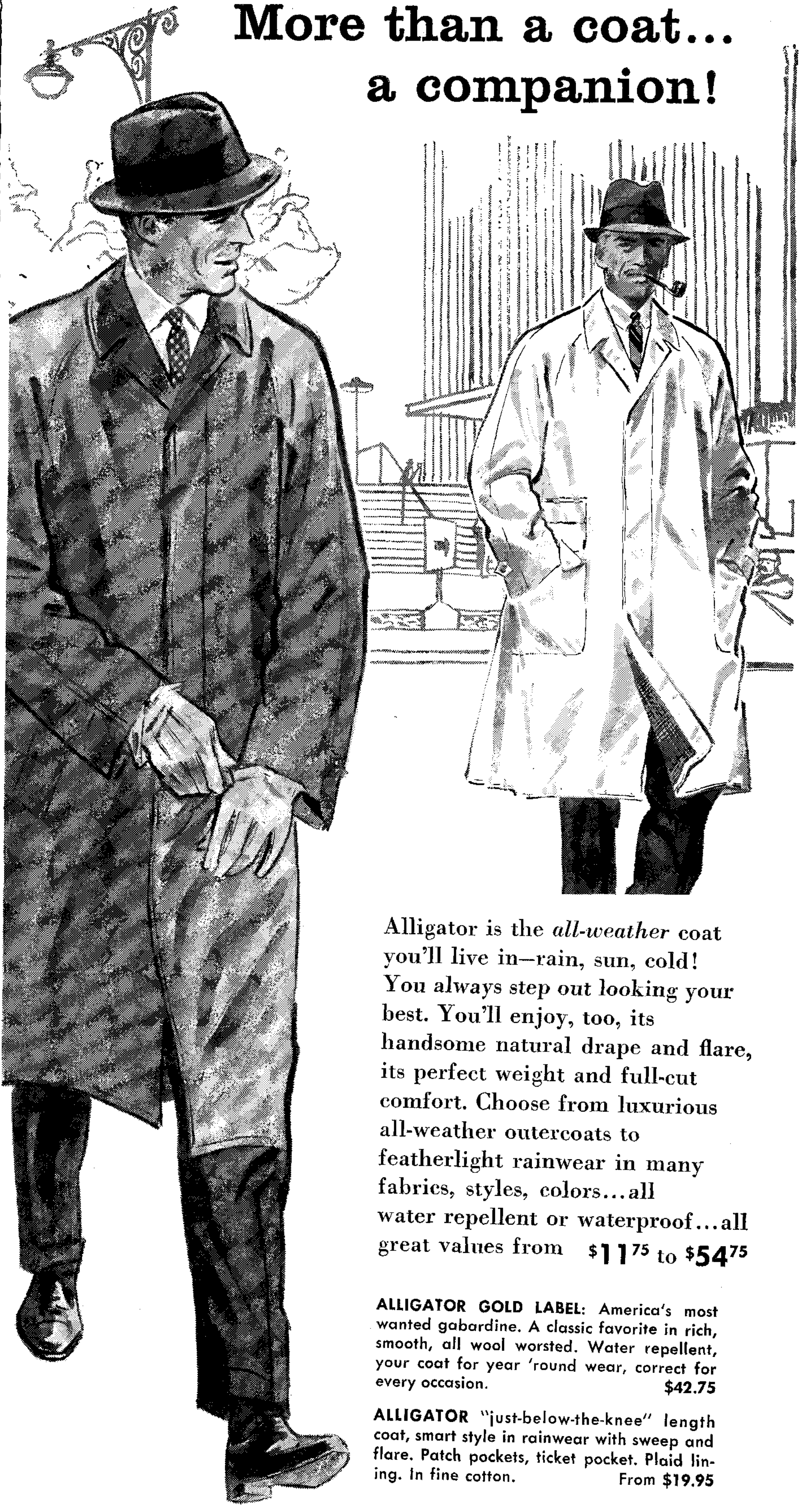
86 PROOF

From Scotland's Best Distilleries

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N. Y.

them into E.N.I., or Ente Nazionale Idrocarburi, the Italian state's multimillion-dollar example of pyramided *statalismo*, over which he has complete autocratic control. Today he manufactures synthetic rubber in a factory outside Ravenna, makes oil rigs and drills in a plant outside Florence to block American oil concerns from getting a toehold with theirs, and has put in thousands of miles of piping from the Po Valley's natural-gas fields, which now supply power to north Italy. He manufactures edible fats and synthetic detergents, processes his own imported crude oil, and has just laid keels in the Genoa shipyards for four super-tankers. His oil experts lately discovered oil in the Sinai Desert, where he will operate on his special contract of seventy-five per cent profit for the Egyptians and only twenty-five per cent for Italy—an arrangement that makes him as popular with the Near East as it makes him unpopular with the Western oil companies, which offer only fifty-fifty contracts. On these terms, he has a new oil contract with Iran, and also one for hunting oil in southern Morocco, which he—not Parliament—signed with King Mohammed; the King obviously preferred him to the French, who had chased him from his throne. Mattei's trump card in the oil game is that Italy long ago lost its Arab colonies, and was not invited to make the Suez error with France and England. Mattei lives modestly in Rome, at the Hotel Eden. He represents one of the biggest reservoirs of capital in Italy.

THE deputy who might easily supply the single crucial vote that the Demo-Christians might need in an acute parliamentary crisis is Signor Adriano Olivetti, who makes the internationally famous typewriters; whose factories, centered at Ivrea, in the north, and at Pozzuoli, near Naples, produce the largest amount of office machinery in Europe; and who was recently elected to Parliament for the first time—the only one to win among the hundred candidates who ran in Rome, Turin, Genoa, and Milan on the ticket of his almost private political party Communità, named for the Communità movement, which he founded in 1948 and which is one of the most discussed industrial experiments on the Continent. It is based on his conviction, taken from St. Augustine's "The City of God," Plato's "Republic," and Aristotle's "Politics," among other authorities, that man must start with the community to build up the state. His



More than a coat...
a companion!

Alligator is the *all-weather* coat you'll live in—rain, sun, cold! You always step out looking your best. You'll enjoy, too, its handsome natural drape and flare, its perfect weight and full-cut comfort. Choose from luxurious all-weather outercoats to featherlight rainwear in many fabrics, styles, colors...all water repellent or waterproof...all great values from \$11^{75} to \$54^{75}

ALLIGATOR GOLD LABEL: America's most wanted gabardine. A classic favorite in rich, smooth, all wool worsted. Water repellent, your coat for year 'round wear, correct for every occasion. $42.75

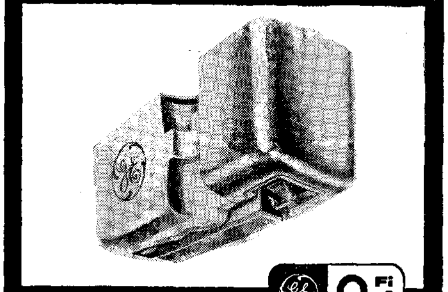
ALLIGATOR "just-below-the-knee" length coat, smart style in rainwear with sweep and flare. Patch pockets, ticket pocket. Plaid lining. In fine cotton. From $19.95

At
Better
Stores
Everywhere

THE COAT YOU'LL LIVE IN
Alligator
ALL-WEATHER COATS

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY • ST. LOUIS • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES

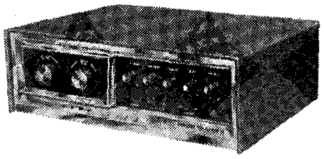
True Stereo starts with G.E.'s new "Golden Classic" stereo-magnetic cartridge



● Plays both stereo and monaural records ● Full frequency response, 20 to 20,000 cycles ● "Floating armature" design increases compliance, reduces record and stylus wear ● Tracking force 2 to 4 grams ● Consistently high separation between channel signals ● G-E stereo-magnetic cartridges priced from $16.95 to $26.95 (mfr's suggested resale prices. Specifications for model GC-5).

Look for the G-E "Golden Classic" on high quality phonographs, too. Hear it at your dealer's soon!

...and new 40-watt "Stereo Classic" amplifier



● Full, balanced 20-watt power output from each channel at same time ● No audible distortion at full power. Flat response within .5 db from 20 to 20,000 cycles ● Outstanding sensitivity, extremely low hum and noise level ● Inputs: FM-AM tuner (and FM multiplex adaptor), stereo and monaural phono cartridge and tape, auxiliary. $169.95 (mfr's suggested resale price).

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Section NY98, Specialty Electronic Components Dept., W. Genesee Street, Auburn, N.Y.

elementary physical applications of his theory are in urban planning, and he is president of the Instituto Nazionale di Urbanistica, a semi-official city-planning organization. His factories are halcyon constructions built of glass, and his workers' villages contain aesthetically planned, beautiful apartments, as well as libraries, schools, kindergartens, nurseries, summer camps, and so on—all necessities and luxuries scoffingly described as paternalistic, but ones that he regards merely as national elements of a good modern society. He thinks that parliaments no longer work, Comunità being an attempt to "show how a state can exist without political parties." On top of this, he pays his workers wages that are thirty per cent higher than the legal minimum, while shares in the Olivetti family's international organization, which is valued today at more than a hundred million dollars, pay a five-per-cent dividend. These are the last two straws for other industrialists, who hope that his social theories are crazy. He was the oldest of six children born to his north Italian Jewish father and his Waldensian mother—his father being an inventor and electrical engineer who briefly taught at Stanford University before returning to Italy to manufacture typewriters. Now the head of the family, all members of which, including the daughters, inherited equally, Adriano Olivetti had to pledge his shares in the business, he says, to raise the two hundred and fifty million lire that his election campaign cost him. In his campaign literature, he cited as "spiritual forces" Mahatma Gandhi, Albert Einstein, Albert Schweitzer, Tolstoy, Walter Rathenau, and Franklin Roosevelt, and quoted from the mystical works of Simone Weil. He says he was also inspired by the best of modern American management when he visited the States after the First World War. As publisher of Communità books (originally produced only for his workers' home reading but now also sold to the public), he has put out works by the Existentialist Kierkegaard, by the French Thomist philosopher Jacques Maritain, by the English economist William Beveridge, and by Lewis Mumford—plus three by his favorite Simone Weil. Olivetti, certainly a strange industrial millionaire, is shy at first when meeting people. His style of verbal communication is difficult but is never prolix, though his thinking is sometimes crowded. He is unpredictable, his associates say, because they never know when his final decision on anything is really final. A

YOUR **TWIN** TOURIST ROUTES TO

Europe

IN GOLDEN FALL

- To romantic Channel Ports. More fun, less expense on 2 popular ships. From New York, Boston and Canada to **IRELAND • ENGLAND • FRANCE • GERMANY**
- Via Mediterranean "OLYMPIA," fastest to Greece, Gateway to all Europe . . . many 2-berth staterooms with private shower and toilet. From New York to **PORTUGAL • ITALY • SICILY • GREECE**

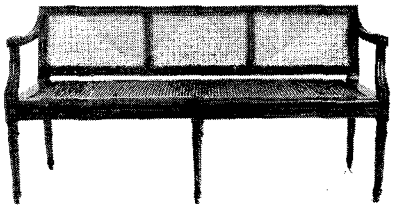
Go One Route . . . Return the Other
See Your Travel Agent or

GREEK LINE

10 Bridge Street, New York 4, N. Y.

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CLEVELAND
CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO
TORONTO • MONTREAL

LLOYDS HAS IT



Louis XVI Settee of mellow old fruitwood with cane seat and back. Its simple elegance blends in beautifully with English, French, American or Contemporary. L 60", H 31", D 17" **$197**

Seat cushion available in choice of woven linens $35. F.O.B., N.Y.C., Crating $12 beyond delivery areas.

Discover LLOYDS—you'll find one of the most interesting collections of antique, reproductions and in between furniture and decorations in the country.

From Our Estate Collection

Antique French Trumeau Mirror	$118
Regency breakfast table, c. 1810	196
Set 4 Empire side chairs, original doremounts	495
Chinese teak barrel garden seat	88
Pr. superb Provincial small dressers,	ea. 225
Inlaid nest Sheraton tables, Mahogany	68
Antique Rosewood barometer, English	58
Venetian armchairs, for the pair	145
Fine English kneehole desk, mahogany, 48"	225

From Our Reproduction Department

Top quality, down cushion, Lawson loveseat, in choice of odds & ends of Scalamandré, Fortuny, & other fine fabrics, kick pleat	295
Reffraichissoir plant table, 2 pewter wells, marble top, fruitwood	165
Louis XV armchair, cane seat & back	148

Try us, you'll be glad you did

LLOYDS 116 E. 60th
N. Y. 22, N. Y.
PLaza 9-7313

TV GUIDE®

Best-selling weekly magazine in America

Above all, TV Guide is a family magazine

Only television itself, on the American scene, holds an appeal so universal as that of TV Guide magazine.

From cover to cover, TV Guide is of equal value to everyone in the family.

A consuming interest in television has become, indisputably, a national characteristic. And TV Guide is the only national magazine which reports, interprets and evaluates television *exclusively* and *in depth.*

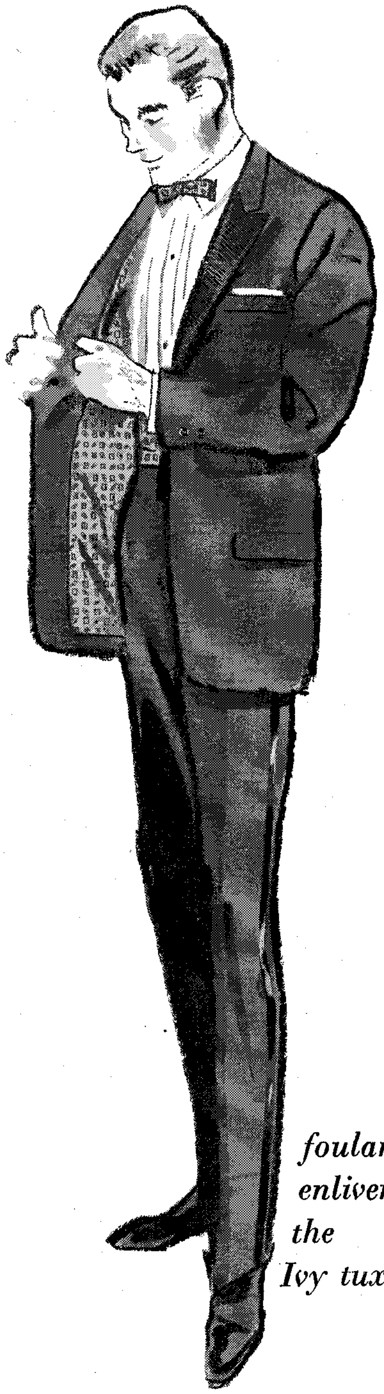
TV Guide magazine is both national and local, just as television is. The concept is unique. Nationally, TV Guide treats television's problems and triumphs, its personalities, its electric excitement. Fifty-one separate regional editions are bound into the TV Guide national feature section. Each one devotes itself to local matters, including the most comprehensive program listings to be found anywhere. *Service* and *entertainment*—these are the things TV Guide magazine brings every reader.

Here, undeniably, is a major advertising medium . . . and one so new that you can still approach it with a sense of delighted discovery.

But the American people have beat you to it. They devour TV Guide at a rate unprecedented in weekly magazine history—some 6½ million copies per issue.

TV Guide magazine is a *basic buy* for every mass-market advertiser.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE...A DAILY HABIT



foulard enlivens the Ivy tuxedo

Colorful foulard-lining . . . with cummerbund and tie available to match. Ivy enthusiasts quickly recognize the virtues of this Lord West formal: the lean, lithe cut, the semi-peak lapel with silk faille facing, the natural shoulder. Unpleated trousers are slim and tapered. In all wool tropical worsted, black only — about $69.50 at fine stores everywhere.

IT'S FUN TO GO FORMAL WITH

Lord West

FIRST NAME IN QUALITY FORMALS
WEST MILL CLOTHES, INC., 101 W. 21 ST., N. Y. C.

blue-eyed, white-haired man with a broad, pale, peaceful, gentle face, he looks like a portrait of a Renaissance philosopher.

THE last of the big American film spectacles that will probably ever be made in Rome is "Ben-Hur," now still in the making at Cinecittà, the enormous *statalismo* film studio, soon to be torn down, that was built by Mussolini south of the city. In Rome's extraordinary expansion, hundreds of new apartment houses today surround the sets. There seems no doubt that this particular "Ben-Hur"—that old theatrical war horse that has had Ben running on its practically unrusted chariot-race treadmill since its first Broadway performance in 1899—has been set up here as the apogee of super-spectacles, with the highest cost to date of any movie, twelve and a half million dollars having already been spent on it, which is five and a half million worse even than "Quo Vadis," also made here. The circus for the chariot race covers eighteen acres, and drivers and horses reportedly did about a hundred miles of racing in the various rehearsals and heats, drawing vast crowds of tourists and racing fans from Rome. The nine teams of four chariot horses (some being extras, in case of accident) were mostly bought in Yugoslavia, where they had modestly labored as farm horses, but the white ones with which Ben-Hur wins are Lipizzans, the famous breed used by Austrian nobility on parade. They have been trained in Rome by Hollywood's Glenn Randall, who wears a real diamond horseshoe pin instead of a tie around the stables; Hollywood stunt riders and California cowboys trained the Roman chariot drivers. The movie's desert scenes were filmed in Israel; Nazareth was rebuilt at Foggia, south of Rome; and a new Jerusalem was constructed at Anzio, near the U.S. Army's former beachhead. Some of the Roman patricians in the mob of ten thousand extras have been played by contemporary, recognizable counterparts, working either for fun or frankly for money, among them the Princes Emanuele and Edmondo Ruspoli, the Duchess Nona Medici, and the Russian Princess Irina Vassilchikov, who has theatrical aspirations. The director is the meticulous William Wyler, who, it seems, was born in Alsace and directs his Italian mobs in French, translated by his bilingual assistant director. The noted British poet Christopher Fry is still in Rome working on the dialogue. Arti-

**our exclusive
Top level
custom-tip**

For the first time in the field of casuals: a slip-on with dress shoe detailing, fore and aft, that makes it quite suitable for business wear. In fine-grain calf; black or dark brown; 7 to 12 sizes, 29.50. From our International Collection, Street Floor. Mail and phone orders. Also in Chicago, Detroit and Beverly Hills.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
ROCKEFELLER CENTER, N. Y. • WHITE PLAINS • SPRINGFIELD, N. J.

Cheers, Chaps,
here comes that

English Leather

**after shave . . .
after shower . . .
after hours . . .**

English Leather
**the only
all-purpose
men's lotion**
From $2.00 to $6.50

MEM COMPANY, INC., N. Y.

English Leather
MEM COMPANY INC.

In Which Ireland Expects Every Man to Take a Position on Irish Whiskey

STAND UP & BE COUNTED!

ARE YOU PRIDE OR PROFIT?

[NUMBER III]

sides you'll probably be terribly anxious to receive your Pride Badge or your Profit Badge, one. For the benefit of you latecomers we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] are referring to the very nice badges we are sending out from Dublin to all who write us here.

We unfortunately ran off the page last week and had to continue over. No harm done, we suppose. ❧ The badges, then, are as illustrated. "Profit" to be worn by those who glory in Irish Coffee and the money it sends flowing to Ireland. And a pretty thing it is, too, watching the dear sales curve course upwards thanks to the Profit Party's interesting taste. If bizarre. Not that we condemn, no, no, no. ❧ It's just that there are the others: the Prides; proud of the taste, proud of the altogether distinctive, burnished, but emphatic flavor of Irish Whiskey. They claim the subtlety is *quite drowned out* in Irish Coffee. Strong words! Strong feelings! Before we run out of space again perhaps we'd better get our coupon in. We are given to understand by those who know that a coupon [rather than just saying to write in] boosts the response tremendously. We hope this is true; so much advice nowadays is simply terrible.

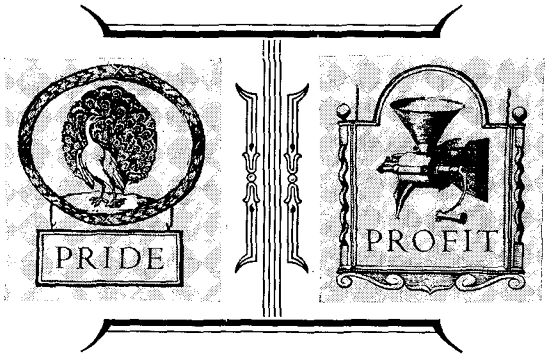
P. O. Box 186
Dublin, Ireland

[COUPON]

Pride [ ] Profit [ ] (*indicate one*)
Please send me a badge so that all may say
"There goes a (PRIDE). (PROFIT) man."

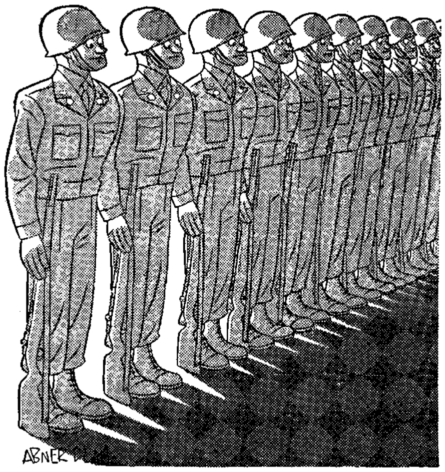
*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City*________ *State*________ *Country*________

Now this isn't to say that you must already be an all-outer for Irish Coffee or a practicing Irish Whiskey drinker to qualify as a Profit or Pride respectively. All we require is a willing heart and an open mind. Choose the side that appeals to you; state your allegiance and then justify it by deeds. If you change your mind later write in and we'll send you the badge of whichever side you defected to. No recriminations, no sidelong glances, just understanding smiles is what you'll get from us. ❧ If you're a novice, though, this great, brilliant world of Irish Whiskey is likely to set you quite agog with its variousness. There are nine grand brands. It'll do no harm to list them [if you'll excuse us for a moment while we draw lots to see whose name shall go first]: Murphy's, John Power, Old Bushmills, Tullamore Dew, Paddy, John Jameson, Gilbey's Crock O' Gold, John Locke, and Dunphy's Original Irish. Now . . .



© 1958, THE WHISKEY DISTILLERS OF IRELAND (*oh, let us copyright "whiskey", too. We invented it.*)

Revolt Against MONOTONY



WHEN Kilroy and those who helped him win World War II regained their civilian status, one of the constitutional rights they promptly asserted was the privilege of dressing as they pleased. The result was the flowering of sports clothes in wild profusion.

It was a case of revolt against monotony and the assertion of individualism on a large scale. More frequently, such movements are limited to a few bold souls who have the courage of their convictions and dare to be different. Witness the current search for a whiskey with true individuality.

As yet, the participants in this quest are a mere handful of sophisticates who have supreme confidence in their own judgment, and whose sole criterion is to find a whiskey with the individuality that suits their personal taste. From this spirit of independence is springing a new trend towards John Jameson.

The flavour of John Jameson has variously been described as tantalizing—subtle—rich—hearty—honest—distinguished—positive—full-bodied—friendly. Which word will seem most accurate to you, you alone can decide. The one point on which there appears to be universal agreement is that the flavour of John Jameson will not bore you.

THERE are very good reasons why John Jameson is different. It is *all* pot still whiskey, and every drop is matured 7 years in oak casks.

Historically, John Jameson is one of the oldest brands of whiskey on the market. The Jameson family has been producing it for almost two centuries.

A CONSERVATIVE way to try John Jameson is to ask for a John Jameson highball, old-fashioned or sour at your favorite bar. If you are in a bolder mood, buy a bottle.

JOHN JAMESON

BLENDED IRISH WHISKEY · 86 PROOF
Imported by W. A. Taylor & Company, N. Y., N. Y.
Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

facts and other technical details are being supervised by Professor Moshe Gottstein, of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, an expert on the Dead Sea scrolls, and the Roman priest Father Francesco Vattione is taking care of the Christian end. The young Israeli actress Haya Harareet, who starred in the prize-winning Israeli film "Hill 24 Doesn't Answer," appropriately plays the role of Esther. Of all the famous Ben-Hurs of the past, certainly none has been so well read, studious, and historical-minded as the present incumbent, Charlton Heston, who recently correctly referred to a magnificent gold-embroidered V-shaped garment he wore (in an orgy scene) as a *synthesis romana.* —GENÊT

•

DEAR MARTHA:

Two weeks ago my mother-in-law came to visit us. At first my husband and I made her feel welcome, but now she is getting on our nerves. We don't know when she intends to leave and nothing seems to please her lately. You see, we have three children and they are quite playful as can be expected. Last Friday while she was sleeping, they tied her to the chair and started a mock hanging. My husband was at work and I was upstairs. When I heard someone scream I rushed downstairs and found her struggling to get free. I untied her and immediately she proceeded to punish the children. She slapped one and chased the other two with a broom. It bothers me, but my husband encourages the children. It's getting so she won't go to bed until everyone's asleep because one night the children sneaked into her room and scared her half to death. Now she's accusing us of making her feel unwelcome. I don't know what to do anymore and frankly we would all like to see her leave but any hints we make are disregarded. Should we leave it up to the children? MRS. R. H.

—From Martha Carr's column in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

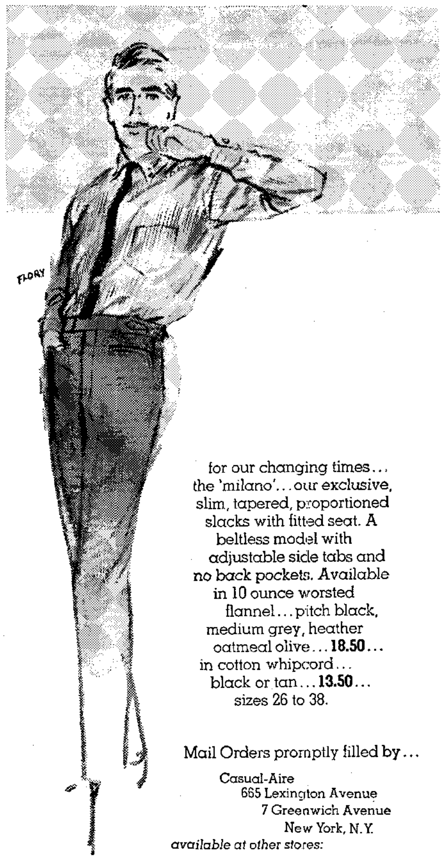
Yes. It couldn't be in better hands.

•

OUTLINE FOR THE ADVANCED SENIOR ENGLISH COURSE AT DANA HALL SCHOOL

This course is founded upon the conviction that education is the adventure of helping people to build a self with which they can live on terms of radiant affirmation—a self built upon the solid concrete foundation of hard work well done—a self reenforced against the trivialities of life by the copper shielding of earned self respect, a self illumined with humor—the kind that laughs but does so with compassion and humility—a self with the picture windows of an awakened imagination flung wide to the world, a self with the doors of the heart opening automatically for the coming in and the going out of all those other selves with whom we share the light of day and the darkness of night.—*From a mimeographed sheet distributed at a teachers' conference in Evanston, Ill.*

Anybody rather study English?



for our changing times...
the 'milano'...our exclusive,
slim, tapered, proportioned
slacks with fitted seat. A
beltless model with
adjustable side tabs and
no back pockets. Available
in 10 ounce worsted
flannel...pitch black,
medium grey, heather
oatmeal olive...**18.50**...
in cotton whipcord...
black or tan...**13.50**...
sizes 26 to 38.

Mail Orders promptly filled by...

Casual-Aire
665 Lexington Avenue
7 Greenwich Avenue
New York, N.Y.

available at other stores:

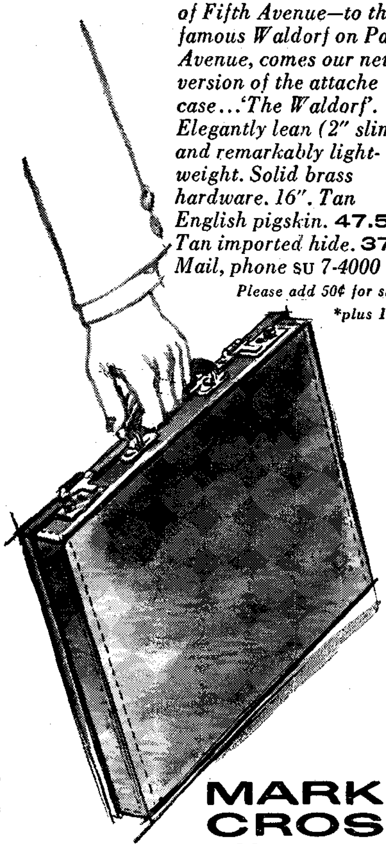
Jay Briggs *San Francisco, California*
The Dinghy *Coral Gables, Florida*
Domino *Chicago, Illinois*

masterfully tailored by DUNLEE Ltd, n.y.c.

THE WALDORF

From famous Mark Cross of Fifth Avenue—to the famous Waldorf on Park Avenue, comes our newest version of the attache case...'The Waldorf'. Elegantly lean (2" slim) and remarkably light-weight. Solid brass hardware. 16". Tan English pigskin. **47.50*** *Tan imported hide.* **37.50*** *Mail, phone* SU *7-4000*

Please add 50¢ for shipping
**plus 10% tax*



MARK CROSS
5th ave. at 55th, n.y. 22
New Waldorf-Astoria Shop, Park Avenue, N.Y.

du MAURIER
KING SIZE
du MAURIER
FILTER TIP
du MAURIER KING SIZE
du MAURIER KING SIZE

if you have a taste for luxury
do say du MAURIER

do say DEW-MORE-EE-AY

when only the best will do

Aging mellows tobacco. And du Maurier's extraordinary tobaccos age for years in wooden casks . . . maturing slowly, leisurely. They are never roused from their slumber till they reach the mellow age of distinction.

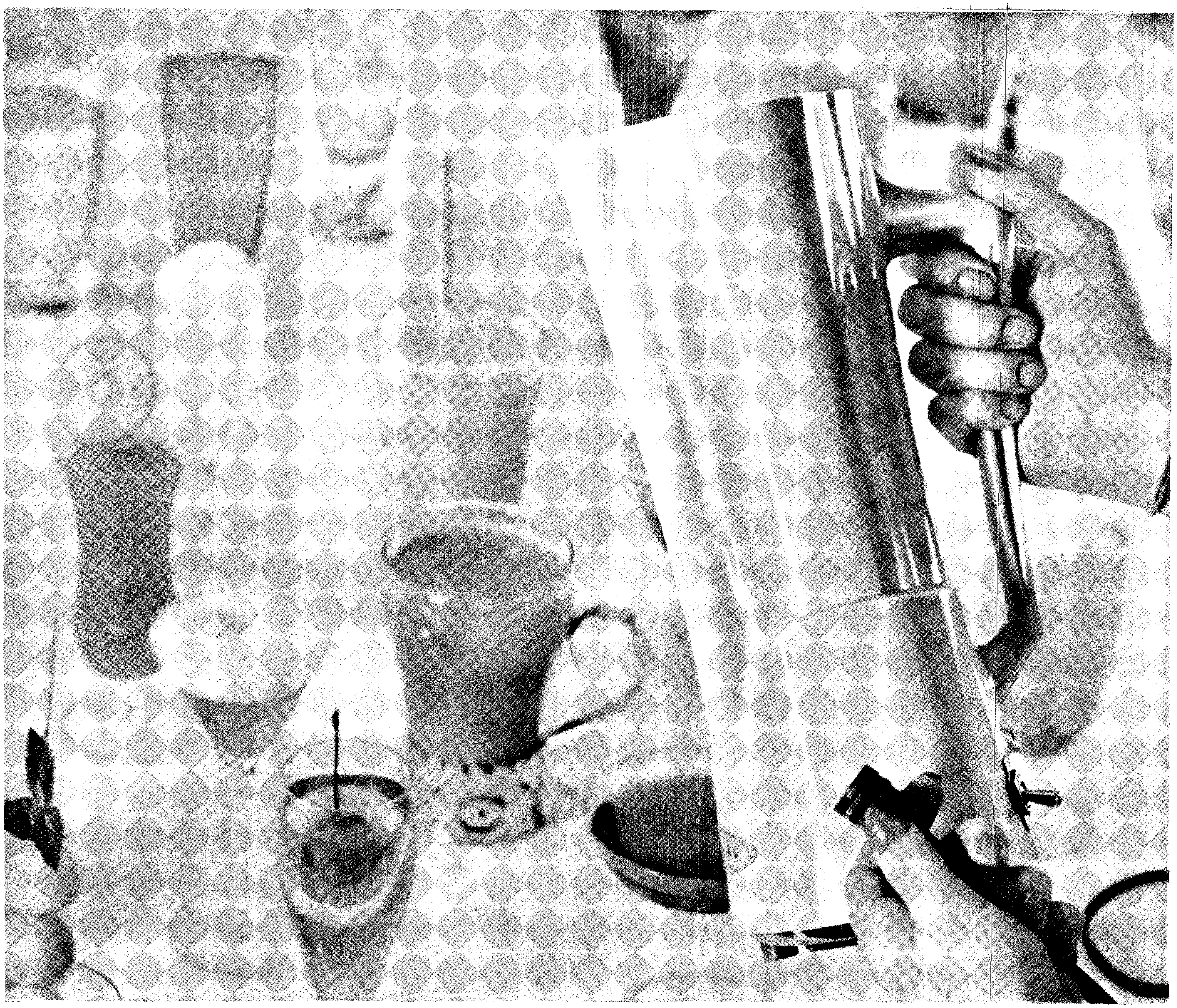
This longer aging gives you a mellowness in smoking you could never experience — until now.

Do say du Maurier.

du Maurier Cigarettes,
a product of
Brown & Williamson
Tobacco Corporation

FULL KING SIZE
FILTER TIP
FULL FLAVOR

If your dealer does not have du Maurier do ask him to order them today.



Mix them where you want them . . . serve them in style . . . with the

NEW WARING DRINK MIXER

FIRST PORTABLE ELECTRIC MIXER-SERVER

You'll be the best mixer in town—with your new Waring Drink Mixer! This handsome portable mixer-server goes anyplace—living room, dining room, patio, den—and makes you an expert in the kitchen or bar. It's all-electric, with its own built-in motor—swirls up a hundred delightful drinks and light batters—serves them up in the grand manner! You'll use it a dozen times a day for everything from daiquiris to omelets to double malts. And they'll be the best tasting you ever made! (A complete recipe book comes free.) See the stylish new Waring Drink Mixer today! Five striking colors—and a *very* low price.

BE A BRILLIANT BARTENDER: indoors, outdoors, anywhere. Your parties take on new glamour with a Waring Drink Mixer.

THRILL THE FAMILY with mixed drinks, milk shakes, fruit juices. Make salad dressings, waffle and pancake batter. So simple, so safe, a child can use it! Made of virtually unbreakable Durez.

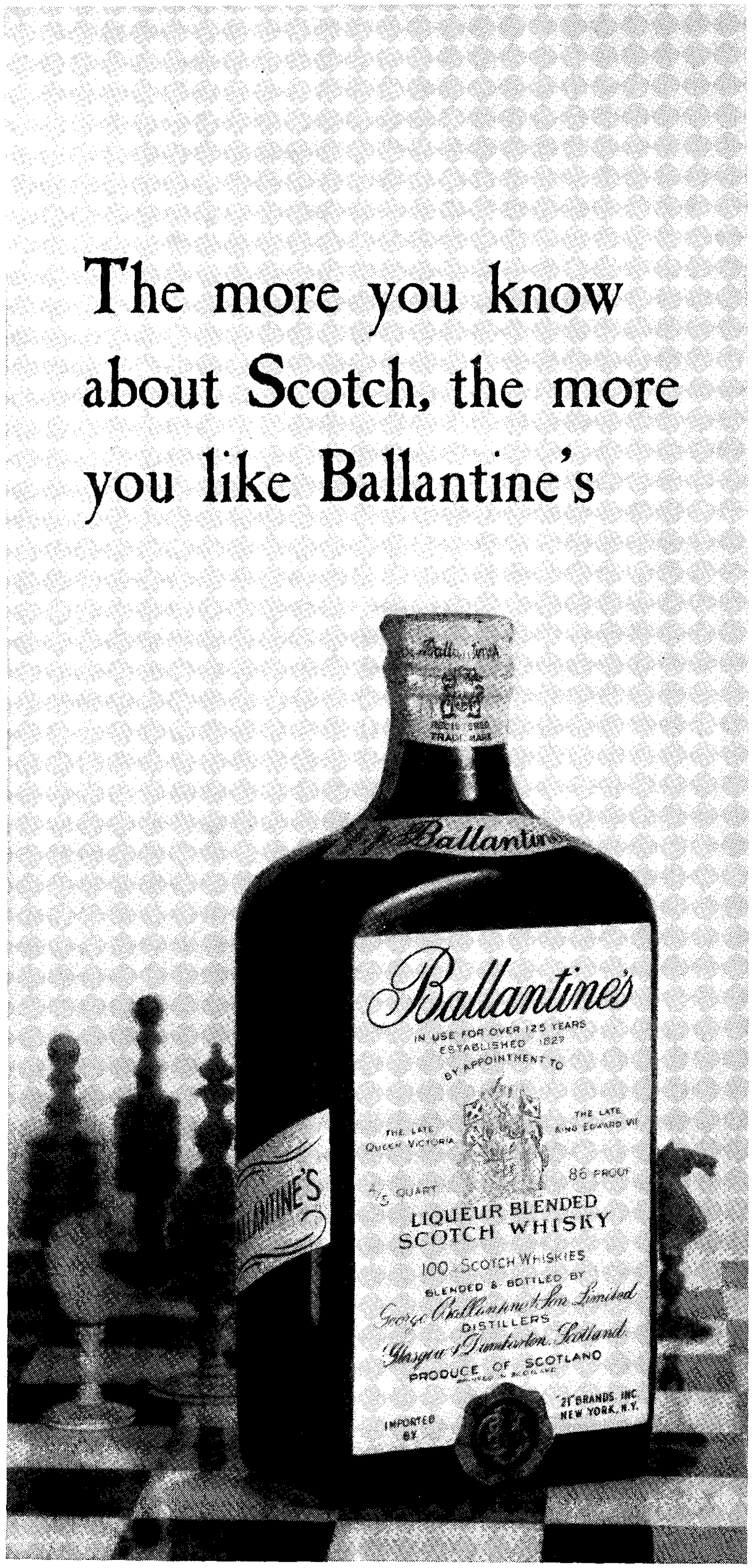
WONDERFUL GIFT IDEA! Choose from 5 new decorator colors: Deep Charcoal, Antique White, Curry Yellow, Skipper Blue, Flame Red. By the way, the Waring Drink Mixer conveniently *cleans itself.* List price only $24.95. See your nearest Waring dealer today, or write to Waring Products Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. Also in Canada.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Eliot in Opera

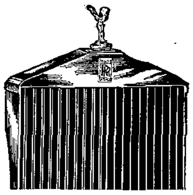
LIKE a good many other people, I have seen T. S. Eliot's play "Murder in the Cathedral" on the stage and also in the movies, and I am afraid that in both forms it seemed to me slightly talky and tedious as a drama, though it unquestionably has its points as poetry. It certainly never occurred to me that it might one day wind up in the guise of an Italian opera entitled "Assassinio nella Cattedrale," but it has done just that. The opera, by Ildebrando Pizzetti, had its American première at Carnegie Hall last week, and despite some misgivings over what the result might turn out to be, I found it a quite dignified, and even stirring, affair.

In the transformation of the play into an opera, of course, Mr. Eliot's words have, in effect, been stripped from it (the Italian translation is doubtless faithful, but, as is usual in opera, one understands the text only intermittently), leaving the bare skeleton of his plot, which has now been clothed with music instead of poetry. The plot, involving St. Thomas à Becket's spiritual struggle against the lay authorities of medieval England, and his consequent assassination, is forceful and moving, and Mr. Pizzetti's music, which is robust and melodious in character, seems to give the work qualities of tension and dramatic emotion that I thought were lacking in the original. This I found particularly true of the long passages of mass declamation that Mr. Eliot provided for his crowd scenes, which have become full-blown operatic choruses, eloquently written and contributing the sort of theatrical intensification that eloquently written music can add to simple and clean-cut drama. Mr. Pizzetti's score is not highly individual. It contains moments that reflect the style of many previous composers, including Wagner, Puccini, and Giordano. But it shows a deep comprehension of the best traditions of Italian opera, and it nowhere slips into banality. Mr. Eliot's Thomas à Becket becomes a stage-filling figure, oddly recalling Moussorgsky's Boris Godunov, and one follows his temptations, his anguished inner


Ballantine's
IN USE FOR OVER 125 YEARS
ESTABLISHED 1827
BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA
THE LATE KING EDWARD VII
4/5 QUART
86 PROOF
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100 SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
George Ballantine & Son Limited
DISTILLERS
Glasgow & Dumbarton, Scotland
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY
"21" BRANDS INC NEW YORK, N.Y.
BALLANTINE'S

The more you know about Scotch, the more you like Ballantine's

"21" Brands, Inc. N. Y. C. 86 PROOF
ALSO IMPORTERS OF 94.4 PROOF BALLANTINE'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM GRAIN



Where to see ROLLS-ROYCE

You can see the Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars advertised on pages 20 and 21 at any of the following dealers. Elsewhere, write your nearest distributor.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.
Motorsport Corp., 7800 Lomas Blvd.
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.
Coventry Motors, 9334 Wilshire Blvd.
BINGHAMTON, N.Y.
Schumann-Van Atta Buick Inc., 32 State St.
BOSTON
Foreign Motors, Inc., 1686 Commonwealth Ave.
BURLINGAME, CALIF.
British Cars of Burlingame, 65 California Dr.
CHICAGO
Peter G. Malone, Inc.,
200 North N. W. Highway, Park Ridge;
65 East South Water St., Chicago
CLEVELAND
Salter Automotive Imports, Inc.,
9009 Carnegie Ave.
DALLAS
Carrol Shelby Sports Cars, Inc., 5611 Yale
DENVER
The Kumpf Motor Car Co.,
West 12th Ave. and Acoma
DETROIT
Falvey Motor Sales Co.,
22600 Woodward Ave., Detroit (Ferndale)
FORT WORTH
Overseas Motors Corp.,
2824-30 White Settlement Rd.
HOUSTON
Imported Motorcar Co., 4901 S. Main
INDIANAPOLIS
Schaler and Waters, Greater City Garage,
26 W. 27th St.
KANSAS CITY, MO.
Allied Motors, Inc., Baltimore at 16th
LOS ANGELES
Peter Satori of California, Inc.,
325 W. Colorado St., Pasadena
Also Glendale
MIAMI
Waco Motors, 1301 W. Flagler St.
MINNEAPOLIS
Le Elliott Motor Imports, Inc.,
705 W. 77½ St., South
MONTEREY, CALIF.
Foreign Motors of Monterey,
7777 Delmonte Ave., P.O. Box 1727
NEW ORLEANS
Stephens Foreign Cars, 840 Carondelet
NEW YORK
J. S. Inskip, Inc., 304 E. 64th St.
OKLAHOMA CITY
Thoroughbred Car Company, 840 N. Broadway
PALM BEACH
Shakespeare Motors, 1314 S. Dixie, W. Palm Beach
PHILADELPHIA
Warrington Motors Imports, Inc.,
705 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr
PHOENIX
Stewart Motor Company
800 North Central
PITTSBURGH
Haller's Motorfair, 427 Washington Road
PORTLAND, OREGON
Continental Motors Ltd., 1704 S. W. Morrison St.
PROVIDENCE
J. S. Inskip, Inc., 776 Elmwood Ave.
RICHMOND, VA.
Mooers Motor Car Company, 1114 North Blvd.
SACRAMENTO, CALIF.
Oxford Motors Ltd., 15 & "I" Sts.
ST. PAUL, MINN.
Schneider Motors Co., Pleasant at Kellogg St.
SAN ANTONIO
International Motor Car Co., 626 N. Main Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO
British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.,
1701 Van Ness Ave.
Also Oakland, Berkeley, Walnut Creek
SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.
Preston Moore, Inc., 418 State St.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Flood Pontiac Co., 4221 Connecticut Ave., N. W.

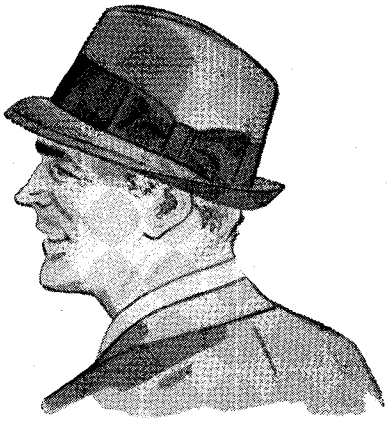
DISTRIBUTORS

J. S. INSKIP, INC.
304 East 64th Street, New York 21
PETER SATORI CO., LTD.
325 West Colorado St., Pasadena 1, Calif.
BRITISH MOTOR CAR DISTRS., LTD.
1800 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, Calif.
OVERSEAS MOTORS CORP.
2824-30 White Settlement Rd., Fort Worth, Tex.

conflicts, and his final martyrdom with genuine sympathy and awe. "Assassinio nella Cattedrale" remains a special sort of opera, just as Mr. Eliot's original work remains a special sort of play. In general conception, it is a kind of cross between an opera and a religious oratorio. But however it is classified, it is, I think, one of the strongest musical dramas to come out of Italy in a generation.

The performance, sponsored by the Empire State Music Festival (it was to have been a part of the festival in Ellenville this summer, but its début was delayed when the festival tent was damaged by a windstorm), was in every way up to the standards of opera in the grand manner. Carnegie Hall's stage was equipped with an admirable Gothic set, designed by Robert Fletcher, while the Symphony of the Air occupied an improvised pit beneath the footlights. The costumes, also by Mr. Fletcher, were extraordinarily handsome. Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, a tall, imposing bass, whom I remember from a number of appearances at the Metropolitan several years ago, and who, I understand, created the role of Thomas last year at La Scala, sang it the other evening with great dignity. All the lesser roles were also excellently done, by a cast too large to mention individually here. Mention must be made, however, of the fine singing of the choruses, which had been rehearsed by Kurt Adler, and of the superb playing of the Symphony of the Air, under the baton of Laszlo Halasz, a conductor whom I was glad to see back on the operatic podium in New York after a long absence.

THE American Ballet Theatre arrived in town last week for a three-week stay at the Metropolitan Opera House, during which it will present its large repertoire of classical works, plus a number of novelties. On its opening night, the company seemed to be in excellent form, and I again admired its remarkably well-trained *corps de ballet*, as well as the dancing of such familiar and brilliant artists as Nora Kaye, Lupe Serrano, Ruth Ann Koesun, John Kriza, Erik Bruhn, and Scott Douglas—the latter three especially, since they constitute as impressive a group of male dancers as can be found in any troupe currently before the public. Generally speaking, the familiar repertory works were well done, but I shall pass over them here to consider two new ballets, one of which struck me as somewhat disappointing and the other very interesting indeed. The first, performed on



The CAMBER

Our exclusive, small proportioned style for those who want to look young

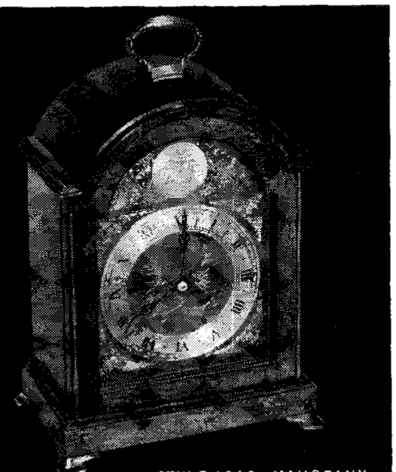
Dusty tan with black band, dark brown, medium grey, charcoal grey

$15

Also "The Cambridge"—same style in finer quality with hand felted edge, $20

Regular or long ovals

F.R.TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET · NEW YORK



STYLE 1016—MAHOGANY
8 DAY LEVER. 10" HIGH—115.00

CLOCKS BY
Elliott
OF LONDON

True precision clocks, designed by experts, built by craftsmen. In all styles and periods—at fine stores everywhere. Write for complete illustrated folder.

PRICE INCLUDES FEDERAL TAX

WORCESTER SILVER COMPANY, inc.
NEW YORK LONDON
11 EAST 26TH ST., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

opening night, was an item called "Concerto," set to the music of Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto by the young American choreographer Herbert Ross. Built around the conventional stage concept of old Russia, it proved to be a pretentious effort involving a good deal of slapdash virtuosity. It called for an enormous amount of energy on the part of a huge cast of strikingly costumed dancers, but long before it was over, it was evident that Mr. Ross's instinct for theatrical splashiness had far outrun his powers of invention, and that the ballet as a whole was little more than a mass of lush clichés.

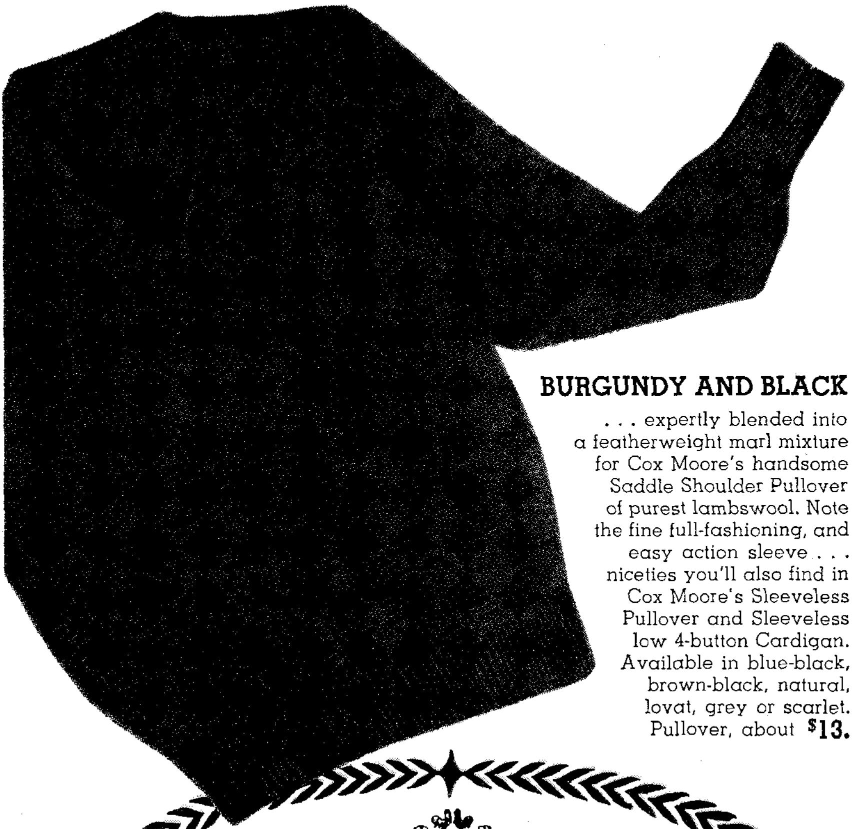
The second première, two nights later, was a quite touching little dance drama called "Miss Julie," based on the play of that title by August Strindberg and choreographed by Birgit Cullberg, an obviously talented artist in this medium, whose work was previously unknown to me. It is a tidy and imaginative piece recounting the story of a young Scandinavian countess who is seduced and betrayed by the family butler, feels remorse, and, following a supernatural conference with her ancestors, stabs herself and dies. This might, offhand, seem to be somewhat heavy stuff for a ballet scenario, but Miss Cullberg has so deftly converted it into choreographic terms that it becomes both absorbing ballet and gripping drama, and Miss Julie's rather neurotic adventures and ultimate suicide emerge with unforgettable poignancy. Some of this effect, the other night, was unquestionably due to the subtlety with which Mr. Bruhn and a newcomer named Violette Verdy danced the principal parts. They are both actors as well as dancers, and Miss Verdy, in particular, showed qualities as a stage personality that make me eager to see her in more such congenial roles. The score, by Ture Rangstrom, while not overwhelming from a musical point of view, was well suited to its purpose, and the sets, by Sven Erixon, were altogether charming.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

M. Bechet

ALTHOUGH Sidney Bechet, the serene, high-domed, slightly Oriental-looking clarinettist and soprano saxophonist from New Orleans, has been in France for a decade (where he has successfully launched, at the age of nearly seventy, a new career as a music-hall performer), the gap he has left on this side of the ocean has never quite



BURGUNDY AND BLACK

. . . expertly blended into a featherweight marl mixture for Cox Moore's handsome Saddle Shoulder Pullover of purest lambswool. Note the fine full-fashioning, and easy action sleeve . . . niceties you'll also find in Cox Moore's Sleeveless Pullover and Sleeveless low 4-button Cardigan. Available in blue-black, brown-black, natural, lovat, grey or scarlet. Pullover, about $13.

Cox Moore
OF ENGLAND

AND TO *HEEL* WITH BURGUNDY

. . . again combined with Black in four Cox Moore sock patterns the fussiest "gentleman's gentleman" would applaud! The Slim Stripe, the Arrowhead, the Classic Argyle, the Conservative with its hand-embroidered clock . . . all knitted in England of finest shrink-resistant wool. $2.50 to $5.

At selected stores throughout the world. For the one nearest you, write to:

COX MOORE & CO., LTD., 3 EAST 44th ST., NEW YORK 17

MAKERS OF BRITAIN'S FINEST HOSE AND SWEATERS FOR MEN

SEE?

IF YOU LIVE in or around New York you still have time to enroll in the four college credit courses given by New York University that will start next Monday morning on *Sunrise Semester* over WCBS-TV, the CBS Owned station in New York, and continue Monday through Saturday throughout the fall, winter and spring.

During the first semester, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6:30 am, Professor Casper J. Kraemer, Jr. will tell you about the influence of Greece and Rome on our civilization, and at 7 am Professor Hollis M. Cooley will try to get across the beauty, meaning and value of mathematics, with a few quadratic equations thrown in.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays at 6:30 Professor David H. Greene will discuss the works of Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Voltaire and Goethe, while at 7 Professor Morley Ayearst will explain the basic concepts of political science with special emphasis on American governmental processes. On Saturdays, you can sleep a half hour longer since classes don't begin until 7 and 7:30.

If you do your homework diligently all year and pass the final examinations, you will have 24 credits toward an N.Y.U. degree (Bonus: if you were among the 125,000 viewers in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Pennsylvania who attended—and passed—*Sunrise Semester* last winter and this summer, you will have *33* credits toward a degree. You need 128.)

Between them the four professors have rolled up a total of 119 years of teaching students whom they could keep an eye on and, more or less, control. Next Monday they will begin teaching students they can't keep an eye on. So if you cut classes, or don't pay attention, or oversleep too often, you're going to fail the courses, and you will have no one to blame but yourself.

CBS

closed. One reason is its size. For, by the early forties, Bechet had been elevated to the aerie occupied by men like Louis Armstrong, Bunny Berigan, Art Tatum, and Coleman Hawkins. This was brought about by an obfuscating swarm of praise (from the moldy figs) and dismissal (from the modernists), which appeared to enlarge him, the way a fog seems to swell a house or a ship. As a result, when Bechet left for Europe there was general agreement on at least one thing: no matter what else, he was big. Part of this distortion has been Bechet's own unintentional doing. More than any other major soloist in jazz, he has made a basically unsentimental music come extremely close to the romantic—a magnetic, invariably troubling conversion, which usually draws either all slings or all hugs. Primarily, Bechet's style has a plump, passionate, skating quality. On the soprano saxophone, an instrument that, in the wrong hands, is apt to sound like faulty brakes, he has an impenetrable, almost teeming tone. An embellisher more than an improviser, he may, at fast and medium tempos, pour out straight melody like maple syrup, or stretch it into a series of commanding, sometimes shouting legato phrases, or break it up into tight, chuffing staccato bits that occasionally turn into dirty, coruscating growls, as if they had been dipped in acid. (At very slow speeds, Bechet generally sticks close to the melody, which he is apt to deliver in an alternating series of moos and whoops.) What gives Bechet's lyricism its unique accents, while also appearing to shake it into one piece, is his vibrato, an astonishing device that, in its width and intensity, often resembles the phrase endings of an overheated diva. Bechet's clarinet playing, on the other hand, is a kind of antidote. Because of the compressing tonal limitations of the instrument, he is reduced to warm, eloquent pools of sound that, particularly in the blues, result in a melancholy capable of approaching pure misery. (Bechet is one of the few great blues soloists; essentially a primitive performer, like Armstrong, he seems almost magisterially at home within its one-two-three chord structure.) But this restraint never lasts long; his tone on the instrument eventually turns querulous and sharp, as if, unbearably impatient, he were trying to escape from a cramped, crowded room.

Bechet's outsize style long ago made him as unclassifiable as Armstrong, Tatum, and Hawkins. Yet he has frequently been regarded as a New Or-

A&F

Twin-Air Two-Suiter
slips under airliner seat

Typical of the way A&F anticipates the sportsman's every need is our exclusive Twin-Air Two-Suiter—the most compact and convenient air-travel bag yet designed. It meets "carry-on" size regulations, yet has two roomy compartments . . . one holds two suits in press on special frames, the other keeps shoes, toiletries and other clothing accessible during flight.

Suntan cowhide.	**88.00***
Brown canvas.	**59.40***

**Fed. tax included*

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

NEW YORK—360 MADISON AVENUE
CHICAGO *SAN FRANCISCO*
WINTER SHOP—*PALM BEACH, FLA.*

they're all talking about scarves by "Vera"

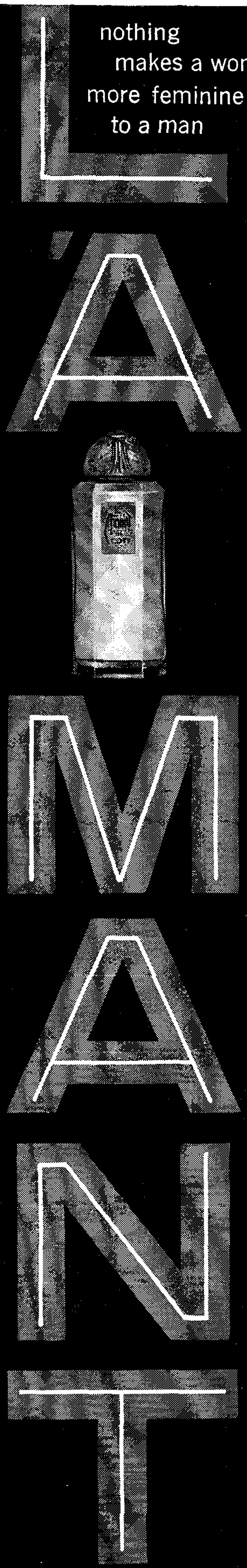
Paul Masson said: You don't need a full stomach to relish my brandy

An anteprandial drinker and a hospitable one. The old gentleman always professed to wonder at the number of his cronies who "just happened to be in the neighborhood" before lunch or dinner. "Sometimes I think you boys like my brandy more than you like me", he'd say as he ordered up more glasses and ice. When one would cackle agreement he'd give a mock sigh and add, "Well, a man's got to have friends; what'll it be, water or soda?"

Paul Masson was the last of the bon vivants until you came along. Oh, you're the one all right, we've got spies.

MASSON
DE LUXE
BRANDY

©PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS • SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA 84 PROOF



nothing
makes a woman
more feminine
to a man

L'AIMANT

PARFUM BY **COTY**
3.50 TO 100.00 PLUS TAX
Compounded and copyrighted by Coty, Inc., in U.S.A.

leans type of performer, despite his brilliant recordings made in the thirties and forties, which, more often than not, include swing musicians like Sidney Catlett, Sandy Williams, Sidney de Paris, Charlie Shavers, and J. C. Higginbotham, playing in the loose, collective, no-name style then fashionable for small-band recordings. Such baggy, slightly freakish surroundings suit Bechet perfectly. For when he is playing the saxophone, either in ensemble or in solos, he generally flattens everyone else on hand, through sheer volume and aggression. (The most conspicuous exception is a recording he made for Victor of "I Found a New Baby," in 1932, in which the terse, almost timid trumpeter Tommy Ladnier, apparently exercised beyond endurance by Bechet, loudly and alarmingly roars again and again into the upper register. The contest is exhilarating.)

Bechet is first-rate in a recording made not long ago in Paris and called "Sidney Bechet Has Young Ideas" (World Pacific Records PJ-1236). On hand, at Bechet's wish, is a mixed bag of modern musicians—the French pianist Martial Solal, Pierre Michelot or Lloyd Thompson on bass, and Kenny Clarke or Al Levitt on drums. The balance between Bechet's old lyrical flourishes and the chopped, bright, boppish accents of his accompanists is just about ideal; both parties seem to be continually and jovially correcting each other. There are fourteen tunes, all of them compactly handled standards done largely in medium tempos. (Bechet's choosing standards, rather than Dixieland tunes, is true to form; many of his earlier records are refashionings of numbers like "Rose Room," "Lady Be Good," and "Sweet Lorraine." It is a pity, though, that there are no blues on the record.) Bechet plays only the saxophone, and in a thoughtful, rather subdued way floats lazily through most of his material, varying puffs of melody with gently pressing variations. The most successful moments occur in "The Man I Love," which Bechet drives down as if it were a blues, and "These Foolish Things Remind Me of You," which, taken at a slightly faster tempo than it usually is, has a Bechet solo that booms along and then, just as one is prepared for an explosion, drains away in a series of rude, growling two-bar exchanges with Solal, who, in turn, supplies an endlessly surprising combination of suspended tremolos, crooked, fleeing runs, and stark bass chords. Solal, indeed, is a constant delight. The rest of the rhythm section is lively, if jagged,

DIAMONDS IN 18 KT GOLD
Made in France

the clip $625*

pair
earclips
$750*

Olga TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N.Y.

*Federal Excise Tax Included

raison d'être...
luxury, pure and simple...
a shirt that looks lovely as silk,
yet snubs the iron...
Taslan-textured Dacron, 4.98

Ship'n Shore®

with the exception of Clarke, whose accompaniments always resemble a steady, admiring stream of whispers. In fact it was Clarke who, with Bechet in 1940, first recorded in the style that, a year or two later, produced the revolutionary quicksands of bebop drumming. Bechet paid no mind.

FOR no apparent reason, four celebrations of the blues singing of Bessie Smith have appeared simultaneously—"La Vern Baker Sings Bessie Smith" (Atlantic 1281), "Juanita Hall Sings the Blues" (Counterpoint CPST-556), "The Legend of Bessie Smith: Ronnie Gilbert" (Victor LPM-1591), and "Dinah Sings Bessie Smith" (EmArcy MG-36130). In the main, they only reaffirm her matchlessness. Miss Baker is the best of the lot. Accompanied by three groups that provide inspired work (despite some rather ponderous arrangements) by such men as Vic Dickenson, Buck Clayton, Urbie Green, and Jimmy Cleveland, she shouts, groans, and strains her way through twelve numbers, one of which, "Baby Doll," is given a wonderful rocking quality. Miss Hall, who is superbly backed by, among others, Coleman Hawkins and Doc Cheatham, played Bloody Mary in "South Pacific," and she is a good musical-comedy shouter, while Ronnie Gilbert, a folk singer, handles her material with a round, mushroomy voice reminiscent of Kate Smith. Dinah Washington, a stylized, hard-voiced singer, whose work is built largely on technical tricks, is smothered by inept, ricky-ticky accompaniment—an apparent attempt to either copy or make fun of the original, sometimes classic support given Bessie Smith—that in places has all the push of Shep Fields and His Rippling Rhythm. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

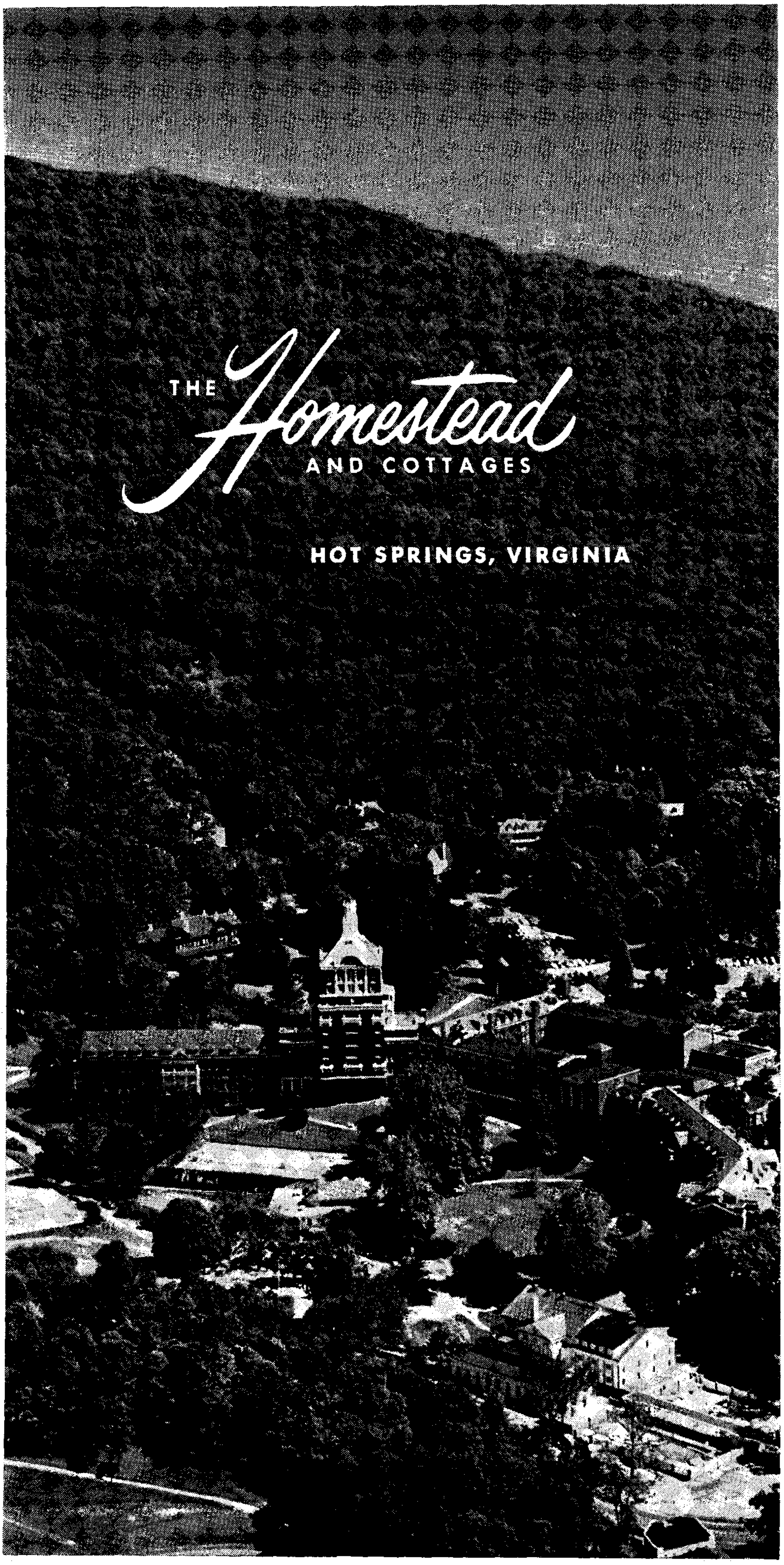
THE TWIN OF SLEEP

Death is the twin of Sleep, they say,
  For I shall rise renewed,
Free from the cramps of yesterday,
  Clear-eyed and supple-thewed.

But though this bland analogy
  Helps other folk to face
Decrepitude, senility,
  Madness, disease, disgrace,

I do not like Death's greedy looks;
  Give me his twin instead—
Sleep never auctions off my books,
  My boots, my shirts, my bed.

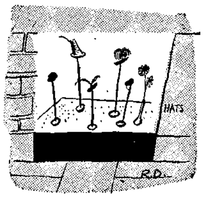
—ROBERT GRAVES



One of the world's top vacations: A trip to The Homestead, where you can take advantage of a remarkable array of sports facilities, and enjoy the special kind of leisure that superb service encourages. The mountain scenery is especially lovely in the fall.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

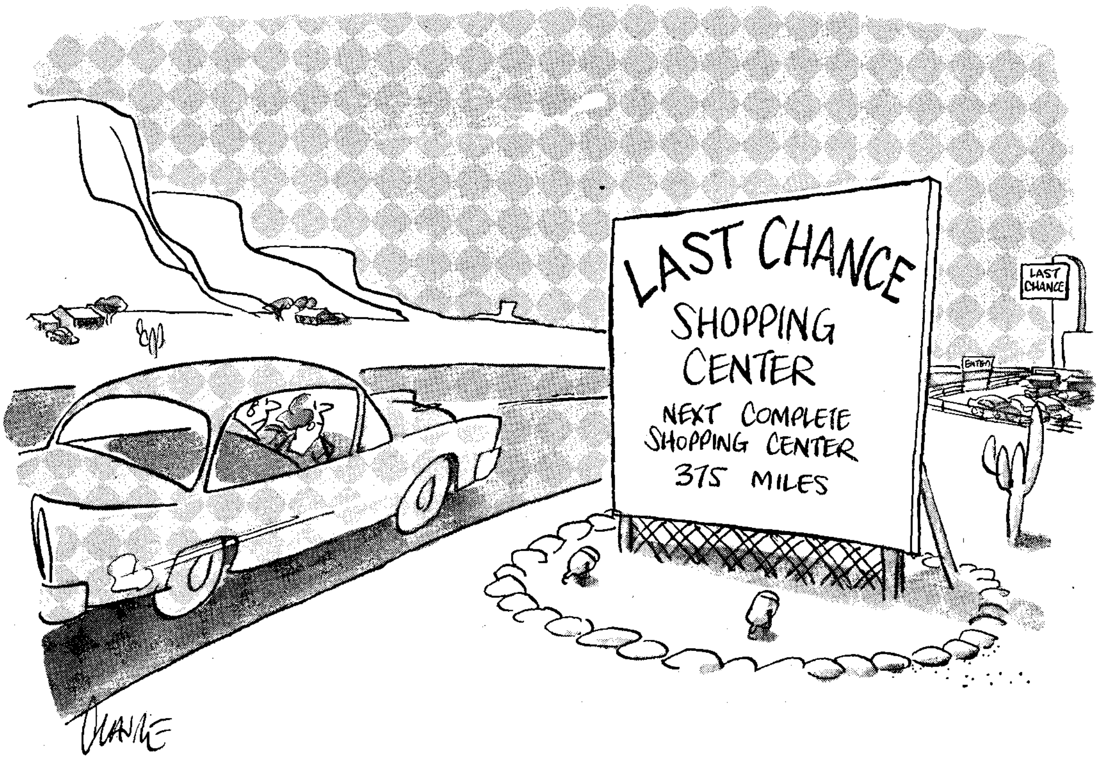


MY life story seems to be one of trying to persuade anxious readers that fashion isn't complex at all, but after a recent whirl through the American ready-to-wear scene the great diversity of mood—not to mention silhouette—has got me somewhat mixed up myself. Everywhere I go, I am told that each manifestation is divine for the "right person," and I suppose it must be—the problem being simply to decide what kind of right person one is. Hoyden? Coquette? Outdoor girl? Siren?

Now, take silhouettes. The Empire waistline is, of course, omnipresent, way up there under the bust, but very often the raised look in front is merely indicated, by clever cut or by a bit of seamed detail that doesn't necessarily indent, so that top-heavy women needn't be afraid of it. (Their fears might be justified in the case of the prevalent coat-weight wool dresses that are all heavy gathers just under the bosom, but these belong on *nobody*, as far as I am concerned. And besides, don't the French and their California confederate Mr. Galanos, who keeps sending us such things, know that we have steam heat in New York?) For slim lines, Pauline Trigère likes to make dinner-and-dance dresses in a straight, columnar form—as far down as the knees, that is, where a lot of puffing and swirling goes on above the short hemline. (Nothing could be more aptly named; the bubbly Miss Trigère calls it her swizzlestick silhouette.) A highly popular version of this is in black sheer wool, with an oval neck deeper in back than in front, and with diagonal folds of black poult de soie furnishing the excitement around the knees (at Lord & Taylor, among many other places). Another dance silhouette of Trigère's, while likewise short, contrives to be bouffant in a sort of Infanta manner. Most of the first-rate shops around town have it in black peau de soie. The top, which is smooth, and sustained by shoulder straps, descends flatly down the stomach in a deep square. A wide gathered flounce proceeds therefrom to a bit below the knees, and there are gathers ascending on each side of the square, to flip out jauntily at the hips. The skirt is also gathered across the back at what I dimly remember to be the normal waistline. Mr. Galanos has a beautiful collection of heavy black wool day dresses that somehow suggest the Beau Nash fops of long ago (let's say they're for women who look well in tricornes), and some of them include his jodhpur approach, which is to say skirts that bulge at the sides below the hips and come in again sharply at the hem (Gunther Jaeckel, et al.). Ben Zuckerman, who is everyone's Beau Ideal this season—as he usually is—also flirts with this outward bulge below the hips.

And then there's the celebrated Traina-Norell team, with three separate brainstorms—or maybe it's shapestorms. One consists of dresses, mostly sleeveless and good for either day or night, that are all soft gathers around the base of a five-inch yoke devised to hug the shoulders smoothly. They are full in the body and hauled in by a hobble band, five inches wide, encircling the knees. Most of the good shops—Bergdorf, Bonwit, and so on—have one or another version of these in lightweight wools. Over at Bergdorf, cuddled up with a price tag that says $1,295, is a strictly-for-evening white crêpe version that, for the foregoing reason and others, may have to wait quite a while before the right person comes along. It is lavishly strung with silver bugle beads running horizontally around the yoke and the hobble band, and up and down the body. Brainstorm No. 2 consists of coats that are, fundamentally, nothing more than exaggeratedly full smocks. My favorite, in a tobacco-brown wool, has a tiny, prim collar and, just beneath it, two huge black braid buttons. A deep oval yoke encompasses all this and passes over the arms some distance below the shoulders, and both the sleeves and the body of the coat are gathered on it. It's heavenly, that's what it is. (Bendel is one addict.) Brainstorm No. 3 is *blousons*, nearly all of them below hip length. The most extreme I've seen is black and for daytime, in a bouclé sort of wool. It has a straight tunic top that blouses under just short of the knees, and there are enormous buttons down the back. The underskirt tapers sharply below. I saw it at Gunther Jaeckel on a pretty miss, size 8, and she looked absolutely alluring in it—but don't ask me why.

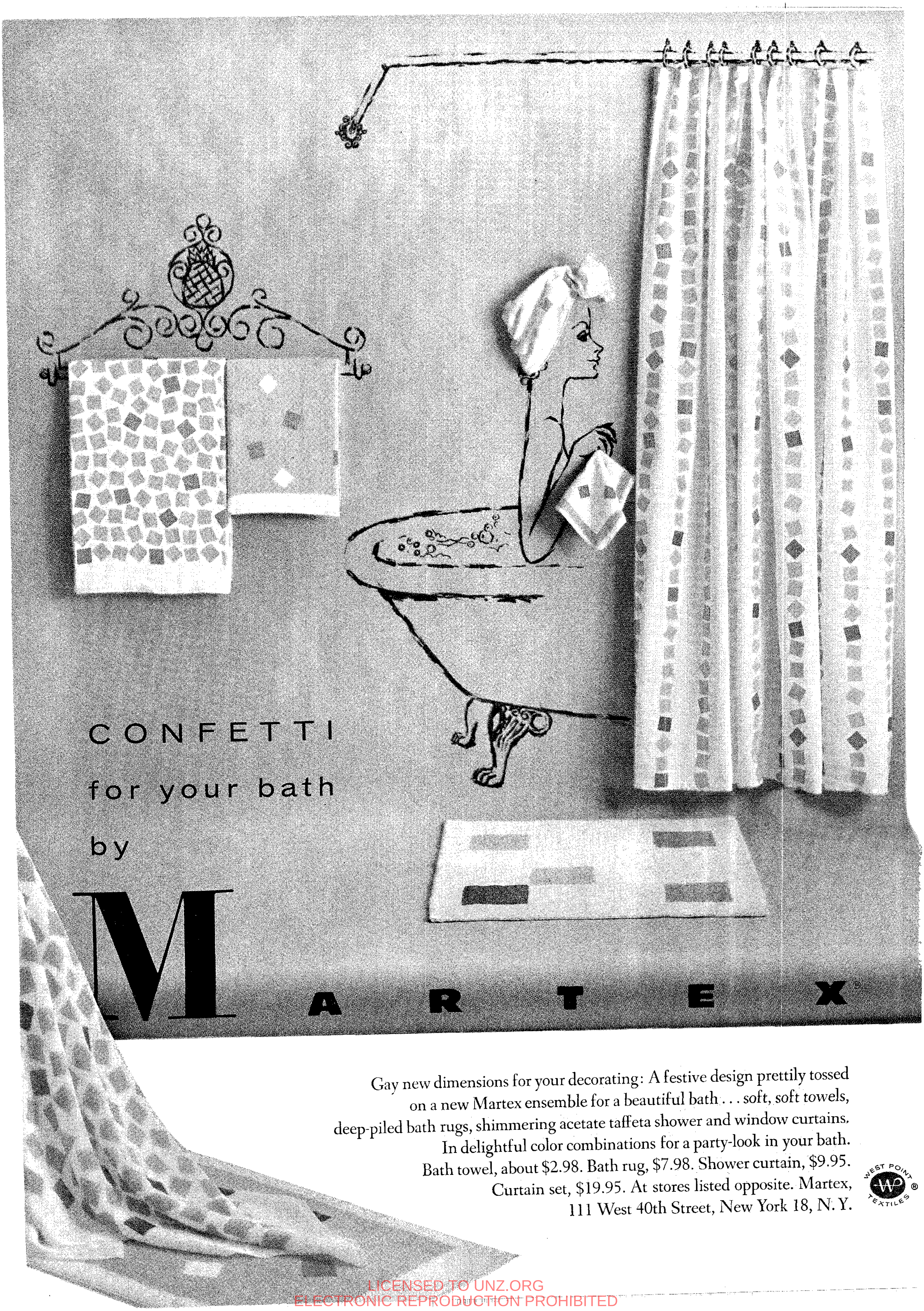
There *are* still dresses that are snugly fitted through the body, often with princesse lines. One of the prettiest in this intransigent category—and, for my



ORIGINAL RIGA RECIPE
WOLFSCHMIDT'S
ORIGINAL
SINCE
PREPARED & BOTTLED BY
WOLFSCHMIDT LTD.
PRODUCT OF U. S. A. • 80 PROOF
VODKA
100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
Wolfschmidt
has the secret
of making
real vodka!

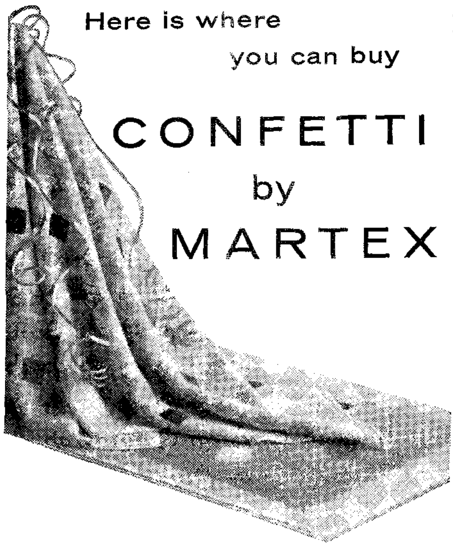
This distinguished dog-about-town won't tell. But one sip of Wolfschmidt will. The secret is in Wolfschmidt's new, exclusive refining process which gives you the clearest, cleanest vodka ever to glorify a drink. Here's a happy companion that remains incognito in almost anything liquid. There's nothing so subtle, so satisfying as Wolfschmidt.

GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. MADE FROM GRAIN, 100 OR 80 PROOF. PRODUCT OF U.S.A.



Gay new dimensions for your decorating: A festive design prettily tossed on a new Martex ensemble for a beautiful bath . . . soft, soft towels, deep-piled bath rugs, shimmering acetate taffeta shower and window curtains. In delightful color combinations for a party-look in your bath. Bath towel, about $2.98. Bath rug, $7.98. Shower curtain, $9.95. Curtain set, $19.95. At stores listed opposite. Martex, 111 West 40th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

WEST POINT TEXTILES®


Here is where you can buy
CONFETTI
by
MARTEX

Aurora, Ill.	Contemporary Center
Baltimore, Md.	*Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Boston, Mass.	Howell Brothers Inc.
Bronx, N. Y.	Fay's
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Comfy Shops
Casper, Wyo.	Kassis Dry Goods Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	The John Shillito Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Company
Elgin, Ill.	Joseph Spiess Co.
Evansville, Ind.	The Evansville Store
Haverhill, Mass.	Seavey's
Jersey City, N. J.	Rosen Decorators
Laramie, Wyo.	Kassis Dry Goods Co.
Las Vegas, Nev.	Ronzone's of Las Vegas
Madison, Wisc.	Harry S. Manchester
Miami, Fla.	Jordan Marsh
Milwaukee, Wisc.	T. A. Chapman Co.
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Gimbel Bros.
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Milwaukee Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton's
Mobile, Ala.	C. J. Gayfer Co.
Pensacola, Fla.	Gayfer's-Pensacola
Peoria, Ill.	P. A. Bergner
Philadelphia, Pa.	*John Wanamaker
Plainfield, N. J.	Tepper's
Pottstown, Pa.	New York Store
Reading, Pa.	C. K. Whitner Co.
Redding, Cal.	C. M. Dicker
Richmond, Va.	*Thalhimer's
Rochester, N. Y.	E. W. Edwards & Son
Rockford, Ill.	D. J. Stewart
Sacramento, Cal.	Weinstock Lubin & Co.
St. Paul, Minn.	Schuneman's
San Diego, Cal.	Marston's
Santa Ana, Cal.	Bullock's
Springfield, Ill.	The John Bressmer Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.	Dey Brothers
Syracuse, N. Y.	E. W. Edwards & Son
Washington, D. C.	*The Hecht Company
West New York, N. J.	Benjamin's Decorators
Whittier, Cal.	Myer's Dept. Store
Wichita Falls, Texas	*McClurkan's Inc.
Yonkers, N. Y.	Andrews Home Decorators
Yonkers, N. Y.	Kashar's

*Available at main store and branches

money, one of the prettiest basic gray wool dresses in town—is by Estevez (at Jay Thorpe and elsewhere). It has a simple round, collarless neck, and it bursts into box pleats just below a snug hipline. And, speaking of box pleats, Trigère, pursuing her hem interest, is showing a black wool coat that, except for a scarf around the neck, starts out as straight as one of her swizzlesticks, only to go into all-around box pleats from mid-thigh downward. I saw it at Mimi Tuthill, who, by the way, has moved to a new address—41 East 60th Street.

IN fabrics, there is infinite elaboration this year. And infinite color. Ben Zuckerman has a mohair-and-wool coat, as shaggy as a Yorkshire terrier, in a blue, gray, and black mottled pattern (Lord & Taylor). Big, big buttons go down the front, below a pointed collar, and the coat is very wide through the body, dolman fashion, with the sleeves set well out. For dressy daytimes or for evening, Mr. Zuckerman (still at L. & T.) has a tapestry wool—or at least a tapestry wool, mohair, rayon, and Lord knows what else combined. There are scads of cut velvets to be seen, and a charmer among them is Molly Parnis's little short-sleeved, square-necked Empire gown in red. (It costs only $110 at Hattie Carnegie's Blue Room.) There are also scads of brilliant prints being shown on ribbed ottoman or satin. And, as if that weren't enough luxury, there are also furs. Someone has decided that the early Joan Crawford days should be revived, and everywhere you'll see coats and suits supporting tremendous collars, as often as not of long-haired furs like lynx and fox, which rank right up there with the best of them. (And I mean long-*haired*, not long-hair.) Silver fox is making a big comeback, too. As for color, it's all around, and vivid! Lord & Taylor has an entrancing coat of bright-magenta French nubbed wool lined with pink lapin, for instance. (Most of the heavier fabrics have interesting depth now, but some of the looped-surface wools have been so cheapened that in bright hues—or pinks and blues, at least—even the best are beginning to look to me like wet washrags with social ambitions.) Among tailored clothes, a new note is the number of outspoken plaid and checked tweeds that are going into coats and suits. They are heavy enough and sturdy-looking enough for country wear but have dressmaker detail—high, set-in belts and the like—that liberates them from sport or campus limitations. A

BONNIE CASHIN

DESIGNS FOR SILLS, INC.

Split level suit with Curry or Tobacco suede top, Orange-Ginger wool plaid skirt. About 90.00 at Bloomingdale's, New York City, Maison Mendessolle, San Francisco, Arent's, Salt Lake City.

*U.S. PAT. #2,841,971 †T.M.

ON YOUR FEET A LOT?

TRIUMPH OVER LEG FATIGUE WITH THE SHEER NYLON STOCKING THAT SUPPORTS WITHOUT RUBBER

You've never worn a fashion sheer stocking like Supp-hose before! It supports—but contains *no rubber*. Every stitch is fine nylon with a special twist that provides an elastic quality to soothe tired leg muscles, give gentle support all day long. And no one will know you're wearing them! Available in proportioned sizes: beige, natural and white. At fine stores everywhere. $4.95 pair

Supp-hose†*

KAYSER-ROTH HOSIERY COMPANY, Inc.
200 Madison Ave., N.Y. 16 · Sold in Canada

new house, Tiffeau & Busch, is making beauties along these lines, and Bonwit Teller is particularly enthusiastic about them. The tweeds here are all imported from the likes of Linton, and suit prices range from $125 to $150. As for town suits, a new (and practical) note that just about every good house is playing with is the three-piece affair, often comprising a straight skirt, a simple matching overblouse, like a fencer's (usually buttoning down the back), and a jacket, either hip length or longer. One by Zuckerman (at De Pinna) has a navy tweed jacket with bracelet-length sleeves, sling-cape detail that starts in front and blouses in back, and a lining of pink muskrat. An endearing notion.

Mr. Z. seems able to absorb all the fashions of a given moment without ever being actually terrifying. Consider his underplayed one- or two-piece basic dresses of fine black silk crêpe with soft, folded collars and a hint of a modified trapeze line (Bergdorf Goodman). Another basic beauty is a silky mohair-and-wool mixture in a pearly gray. This one has a round neck, and, after a slight suggestion of a raised bustline, glides easily down the body. He can also provide *grand luxe* in cocktail or dance costumes. De Pinna has a cocktail coat of his in a black matelassé that looks as if fine braid had been appliquéd all over it. Below the tips of the shoulders, a little bow of the same stuff indents each side of the big chinchilla collar. This coat has a vaguely dolman cut, which also crops up among his contributions to Bendel, in an olive-drab wool coat with a fat sable collar. Then, at Mimi Tuthill, there's a sapphire-and-black tapestry wool topcoat with a matching easy dress, for impressive daytime moments. And in conclusion, as far as Mr. Z. is concerned, Saks Fifth Avenue is showing a slender dance dress of white-and-gold lamé brocade, which goes under a white cashmere-and-wool topcoat with low, sporty patch pockets.

MAYBE it would be better if I got out my notebook now and took you from shop to shop to see a few clothes at the places where I happened to find them. (Most of them are elsewhere, too, which is all to the good.) Let's begin at Lord & Taylor, where there's a particularly nice two-piece Traina-Norell dress of gold tweed, with a top that extends to a bit below the hips, smock fashion. Other tops in this group can be gathered in by drawstrings at the base, to make *blousons*. And here

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD

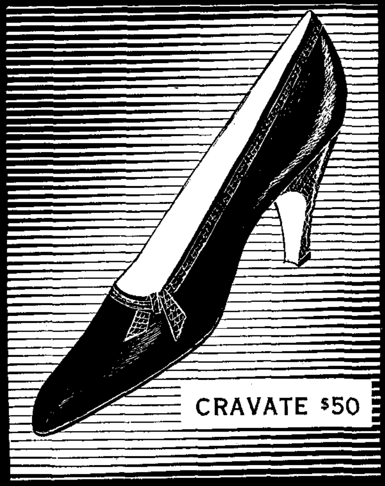
SILK BLOUSE
Nothing surpasses a pure silk blouse. Pale yellow, pink, blue or snow white silk broadcloth.
Sizes 10-16 **$17.95**

545 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK
© 1957 THE BERMUDA SHOP, LTD.

DE BUSSCHERE OF BRUGES
SHOE ARTISANS FOR OVER 300 YEARS

BELGIAN SHOES

COUSU-MAIN PAR
De Busschere



THE ELEGANCE OF SIMPLICITY COMPLETELY AND EXQUISITELY HAND-MADE TO INSURE LONG WEAR AND SUPERB FIT. BROCHURE A ON REQUEST

BELGIAN SHOES, INC.,
60 EAST 56TH ST., NEW YORK

you will also have an opportunity to admire Galanos's way with a heavy black wool that has a sort of serge finish. He makes it up into very arrogant, severe, trim dresses, with a decided top-hat air. One slender model has an outward tuck, like the pleats on a man's trousers, at each side of the high-set skirt, front and back. It's topped off with a bateau neck, above satin detail that conveys the Empire idea. Another has a V neck, vest detail just under the bosom, and a skirt flared in godets, and still others have skirts made up solidly of umbrella gores. Among the suits, there is a super-bunchy affair by Dior-New York whose upper half looks for all the world like a foreshortened battle jacket. Wide lapels come down to a waistband that is snug to a point five inches higher than the old-time waistline, and the whole jacket is heavily bloused above it. Lord & Taylor loves coats and suits with fluffy fox collars, and there are all kinds of them on hand, notably Gershel's straight black coat with silver fox buttoning on itself to make a colossal lei, and a trim wool Gershel suit with a rectangle of buttons below a long shawl collar of natural possum.

IF the right person is on the square—the square side, that is—she should be sure to look in on the rejuvenated, lively Bendel and inspect an odd silhouette that Scaasi has incorporated into a wheat-colored tweed suit. The jacket is hip-length, and cut like a sandwich board, with the sleeves emerging from inside heavy, squared-off folds. Here, too, is Scaasi's dance dress, which also looks great across the dinner table. An off-the-shoulder top of cream satin goes into a V at the small of the back, where it is joined by a gored navy satin skirt that, around in front, comes up to a point between the breasts. And Bendel is a good place to see a Monte Sano walking suit (the jacket stops at mid-thigh) made of a spirited black-and-white tweed and dressed up with black seal lapels. And don't overlook an outrageously shaggy Originala mohair coat that comes in either olive green or an insistent pink. Then, a new house, called simply (but not altogether anonymously) B. H., has wowed Bendel and others by producing a costume that starts with a full-length, slightly flaring jumper-coat of a diagonally striped charcoal-and-white tweed. It has vast open armholes and fastens with a zipper up the back, so that it can be worn over heavy sweaters in the country, but it comes with its own little charcoal jersey dress, plain except for a scarf tie at the throat. B. H.

Royal Troubadour... Wherever they roam, the sons of Hawaii carry the beauty of the Islands with them – in song. And a measure of this Polynesian charm lingers forever in the hearts of their audiences. Of all Hawaii's troubadours, none is more famed than Ray Kinney, dean of Hawaiian entertainers, who has sung and played throughout the world. Now, as Entertainment Director of Matson Hotels, he gathers gifted Polynesian talent for the Royal Hawaiian Hotel's Monarch and Surf Rooms. Ray invites you to make your favorite dream come true and join his enchanted audience in a setting of exotic flowers, sun-blessed beaches and year 'round springtime. Live, really live, for a spell in the Heart of Waikiki – the Royal Hawaiian world of glorious food, glamorous fun and wondrous leisure. See your Travel Agent today.

Royal Hawaiian

Matson Hotels, E. K. Hastings Vice President
Royal Hawaiian, SurfRider, Princess Kaiulani, Moana

is also responsible for a sack (oh, yes, they're still with us) of a fluffy and fascinating mohair-and-nylon mixture that gives the effect of a sapphire-and-black tweed. The same maker's Smoke Ring, which is not one of those everlasting plastic hoops the kids have unanimously taken up but a circle of soft smoky chiffon to drop on the top of your head, comes with it; $100 for the works.

OVER at De Pinna, I admired a bulky Galanos suit in a pinky-beige alpaca. The jacket is hip length and has a smock back gathered on a deepish yoke, and there is an overblouse, of white satin, that is similarly gathered. Trigère, whose basic wool dresses are already famous, will add to her laurels with a new one on display here—a loosely woven number in oatmeal-colored tweed. It glides down the body to an easy hem, and at the top an oval yoke extending out over the tips of the shoulders is filled in with casual cowl folds blowing high across the throat. For evening, De Pinna has collected the damnedest Scaasi you've ever seen—a really shocking Shocking-pink taffeta dress printed with *orange* butterflies. It has a high surplice top and snug seams down the ribs (no sacks for Scaasi), and it billows out into a bubble skirt. In back, two panels lined with navy satin dangle from the string-strapped décolletage. Adele Simpson's very popular theatre suit is here, too, in a gold-brocaded pinky-red or emerald-green satin. The jacket is a straight box and the dress a slender V-necked thing with a half belt stretching across the back and ending way up at the sides.

IT was at Gunther Jaeckel that I encountered Traina-Norell's skimpiest black silk crêpe dance dress. Inch-wide strips of the crêpe make up the shoulder straps, a band just beneath the bosom, and a flying fringe skirt—all, of course, to be worn over a slip. Gunther also has one of the nicest Monte Sano walking suits in town, and here that Beau Nash air creeps in again. This specimen is of a tobacco-colored wool, with a huge cape collar, double-breasted buttons above a practically underarm waistline, and a moderate flare below. The skirt is narrow. For formal evenings, as you know, there's a pronounced trend toward slender, draped columns with high waistlines, all very Empress Josephine, and Gunther Jaeckel is proud of some made for its very own by Helga of California. For

COUNTRY & CASUAL

$35 exclusive

The Commuting Casual
lives happily in two worlds—the city on week-days, the country on autumn week-ends. Its waistline is elasticized to keep the look casual but beautifully fitting. Black, royal, or red wool jersey, sizes 8 to 16. By Haymaker.

Mail and phone orders accepted. Add 35c for sending beyond our regular delivery area.

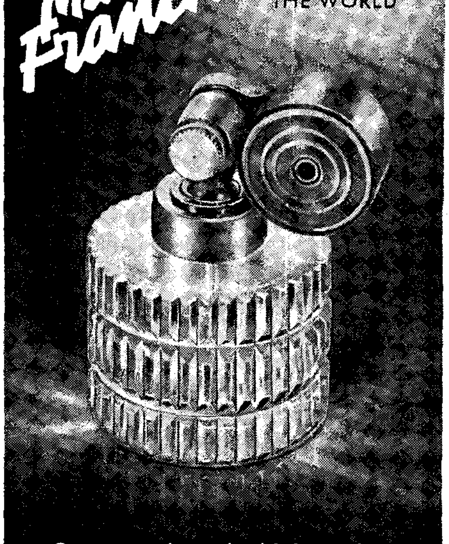
Third Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

Elegance...

OBLONG in fashion,
in *all* colors in calf...
in black, brown or navy suede
$28.50
at the finest stores

Dofan
NEW YORK • PARIS • GRENOBLE



Marcel Franck

THE FINEST ATOMIZERS IN THE WORLD

Cut crystal and shining chrome make a leak-proof, evaporation-proof atomizer that releases your perfume in the mist-fine spray that brings out its fullest beauty.

Made in France, and including a smart black suede travel bag, 16.00.
OTHER BEAUTIFUL STYLES 7.50 — 30.00

FRENCH ATOMIZER CORP.
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19

example, a pale-eggshell satin one printed with golden apples. It has a slim front and a bow behind the knees, and from there on down it's soft pleats. Another is of Bianchini satin, with aqua and turquoise roses printed on a royal ground. This one is draped up to a big bow under the bosom, and there's a fishtail train.

CALIFORNIANS must like to dress up more than anybody else, if we are to judge by what Yanni is producing out there and Bonwit Teller is bringing here. One strapless dance dress is all finely pleated black marquisette. The skirt is five flaring tiers of the same, and white marquisette roses are perched on the chest. Another Yanni design is a sheath of pale-pink satin that is completely covered with black net on which a prim black velvet floral pattern is appliquéd. There are black velvet shoulder straps and black velvet roses at the waist, and black chiffon panels float away from the back décolletage when you're in the mood; when you're not, you can unsnap them and stow them in your purse. Jo Copeland, of Pattullo, has her own distinctive version of that formal draped deal. Bonwit shows it in a green-and-gold brocade, with a high belt suggesting an obi, and a panel in front that only partly covers a deep slit running from the floor up toward the knee. For dressy afternoons, it would be hard to beat Paul Parnes' black needlepoint costume, with a round, overlapping white mink collar on the short jacket. The skirt has a black satin band at the high waist, and a white lace top takes over from there.

JAY THORPE has custody of many Rentner designs, including a two-piece dress of a splendid black-and-white tweed with black piping on its simple, guileless top. The skirt is hung on a bodice to give it a modified trapeze cast of countenance. Anthony Blotta is represented here by a wool suit whose straight box jacket has a loose, wide panel back suspended from two buttons, which are placed way up on the shoulder blades. There are pockets in front, so high that they are level with the armpits. (Blotta throws in bright-colored neck scarves of dotted silk veiling with all his suits, by the way.) There is quite an assortment of Estevez items on the premises, too. A black taffeta dance dress, for one, with a princesse front, and a very low oval back surmounting that familiar baby-doll fullness. The hem is edged with lace. Numbered among the Trigères here are a basic gray wool with a bolero fold start-

BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER

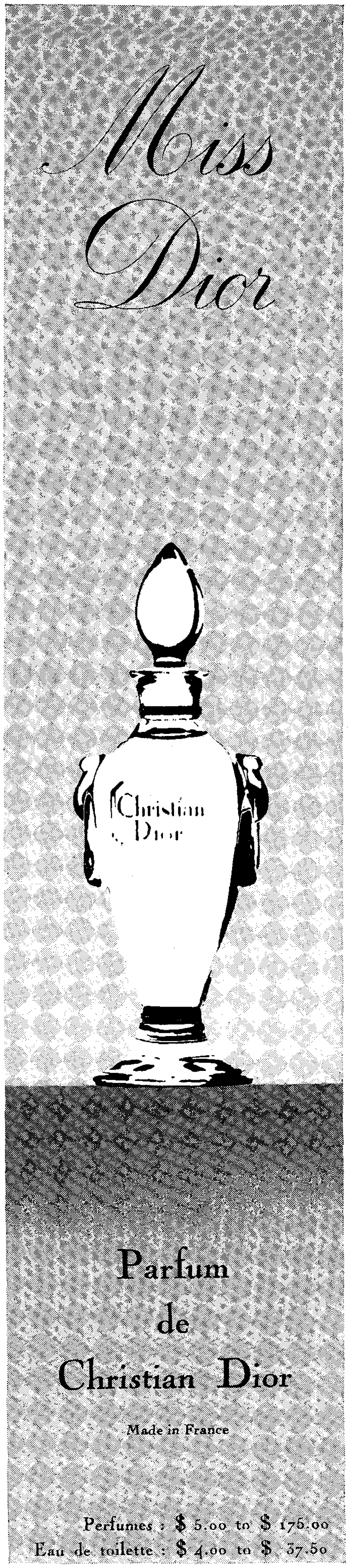
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
KOBRAND CORPORATION

...the
password that
doubles your
martini pleasure

Unequalled
since 1820

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BEEFEATER GIN

KOBRAND CORPORATION • New York 1, N. Y. • 94 Proof • 100% Grain Neutral Spirits


Miss Dior

Parfum
de
Christian Dior

Made in France

Perfumes : $ 5.00 to $ 175.00
Eau de toilette : $ 4.00 to $ 37.50

ing at the sides and going high around the shoulder blades (this one has an optional string belt) and an evening sheath with a very low square back. This is made of black sheer wool and touched up in front with two big poufs of peau de soie—one slanting upward a bit above the waist at the left side, the other a little lower and slanting downward on the right side.

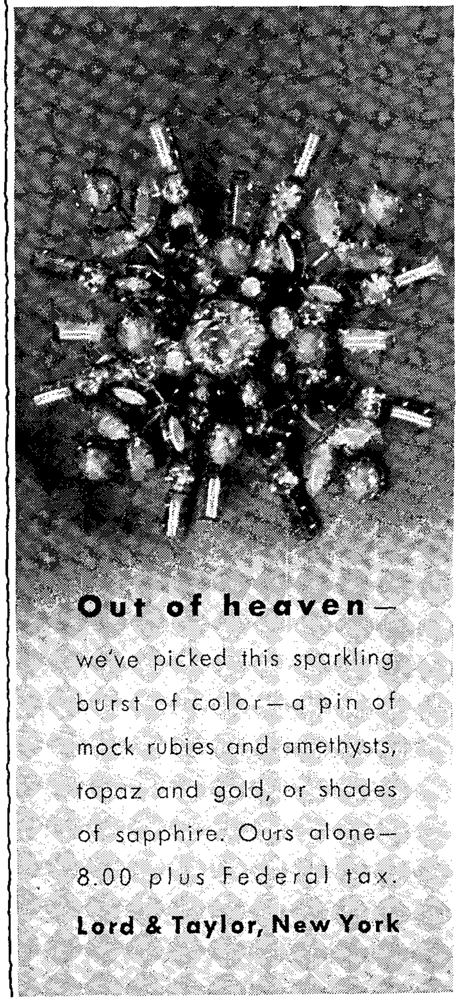
Saks Fifth Avenue accommodates one of the more imposing of those towering formal evening gowns—this by Dior-New York. (I loved it in coral satin.) It is strapless, its underskirt reaches the ankles, and it has a big, slanted bow under one breast. Drapery loops downward from either side of the bosom and is caught together low in back. Jo Copeland, of Pattullo, offers a black broadcloth cocktail suit with a waist-length jacket, rounded in behind. The dress has a high-waisted white satin top, and its skirt begins with crushed horizontal folds of the broadcloth and drops off into a slim sheath. Saks is one of the many admirers of Samuel Winston's tunic dress, which is made of a sensational fabric—a checkerboard of black and tobacco wool whose one-inch squares are separated by drawn work. Simple and round-necked, it falls straight down to an almost street-length hem, and is split down the back and fastened with four self bows. Underneath, about three inches of skirt peeps out. And lest the Kate Greenaway types feel left out of things this season, Saks is showing an impossibly demure little black crêpe dress by Hannah Troy, set off by prim buttons and a bow below its tiny collar, and minute gathers at its high beltline.

On hand at Mimi Tuthill are tweed suits that are loud in color but otherwise urban—Blotta's, for instance, in big red, green, and black checks. The jacket is a radically wide box affair, and under it goes an incongruous round-necked blouse made of a layer of green chiffon superimposed on a layer of copper chiffon to produce an iridescent effect. Branell contributes a heavy tweed roughly flecked with red, purple, and green, which is accompanied by a green jersey blouse. Branell also has the knack of making a fur-trimmed costume at a humane price for what it is. This season's is of black wool—a slightly bloused top, a straight skirt, and a box jacket with a shawl collar of silver fox; $255. The short evening dresses here include several by Rosalie Macrini—notably one in sea-foam or black taffeta with

SunCloud

The all-weather wonder-coat of wash-and-wear fabric tailored by Harris. With full-sleeve, easy-zip Curon lining. In Natural only with matching hat. Sizes 10 to 18 29.95
All mail orders postage free

RALEIGH HABERDASHER
1310 F St., N.W. Washington 4, D. C.


Out of heaven—
we've picked this sparkling burst of color—a pin of mock rubies and amethysts, topaz and gold, or shades of sapphire. Ours alone—8.00 plus Federal tax.
Lord & Taylor, New York

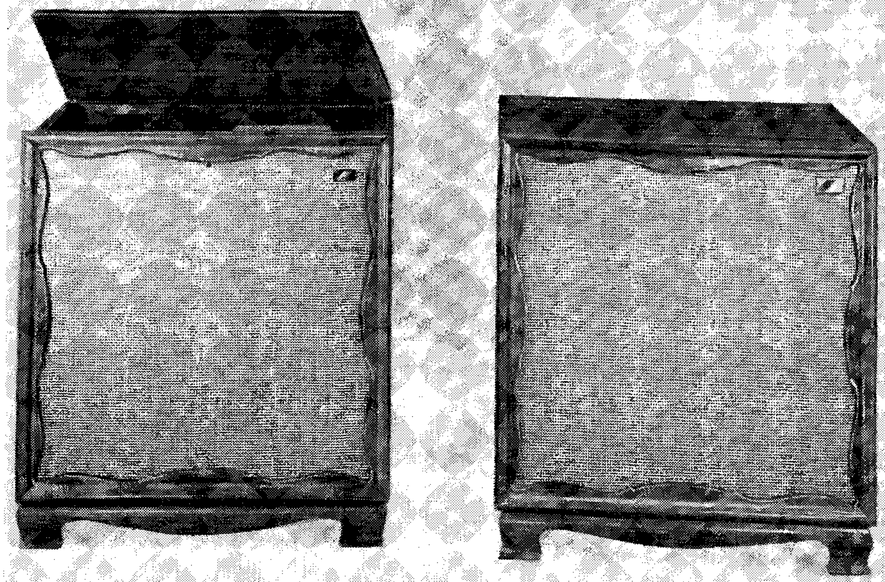
long sleeves and a very deep oval back. This is slender in front, but around aft there is fullness pulled up in folds to a point at the small of the back, and from there looped and folded foolishness cascades to a harem hem.

SO far, I haven't said much about prices, but I can assure you that they are stratospheric, and that just thinking about them is enough to send us all gasping over to Hattie Carnegie's Blue Room for a sniff of oxygen. Many approving murmurs are heard on these premises for the gala cocktail and evening gowns turned out for Sam Friedlander by a Dior graduate named Jean Marchand, and starting at $90. Only somewhat up the scale is his ensemble of imported gold lamé tinged with shades of brown or green. The jacket is short and loose, with a deep, pointed collar, and the dress beneath it is V-necked front and back, and taut through the middle under a high bustline. Thereafter, it goes into a sharp flare; with linings, petticoats, and all, it comes to $145. And before you get away from Marchand's collection, you'll want to see his short, strapless evening dress made up of countless irregular vertical folds of black point d'esprit, with tiny black velvet bows scattered here and there. Among the day dresses, you could do worse than look at Sondheim's red wool item with a fold around the midriff that gives it a two-piece effect. There are small gathers below the fold in front, and the back is slim and plain; $80. Racine jersey—it's wool, quite heavy, and has a petit-point look—goes into a two-piece beige (or red or navy) middy dress from Paris that is stylishly sloppy through the middle ($95), and also into bright-red or blue sports coats with bone or brass buttons down the front in a double-breasted array. Besides all this, there are, of course, any number of suits here, including many that were put together downtown specially for the Blue Room, which has purloined details from the home office that, coupled with short, easy jackets, make them look typically Carnegie. Their prices run around $160.

ROSETTE PENNINGTON has plenty of highfalutin fashions but also keeps a budget hand in with formal evening gowns, such as a collection from a manufacturer called Modern Couture, that sell for as low as $125. That will get you one of satin in any of various colors, including a luscious candy pink. With an Empire waistline and a buckle in

a stirring new experience...

Stereo Fidelity by Pilot



Pilot has a stirring new experience in store for you—stereophonic sound in your home — music recreated in its original, living dimensions, reproduced from modern stereo records. Even your regular LP records will thrill you anew with their enhanced quality of spatial depth and breadth.

The Pilot stereo console 1071 with its Companion speaker system 171 is a complete stereophonic phonograph—a complete system of authentic, identifiable stereo components — the very same demanded for custom installations.

The Pilot 1071 in Provincial fruitwood cabinet is priced at $445; matching Companion 171, $169.50. Pilot stereo console 1076 (same as 1071 but with FM-AM radio) $565. Other stereo models from $199.50 to $1050. Prices slightly higher in West.

At your Pilot dealer, or write for further details:

Pilot RADIO CORPORATION 37-20 36th Street, Long Island City 1, New York
Electronics manufacturer for over 39 years

Franklin Simon

PARTY BELLE . . . *the darling of everyone's eye, whirling through the social season on a beautiful harem skirt! Fluid wool jersey cut captivatingly low in front and in back, rayon taffeta skirt. Styled by Rona, in black. 10 to 16.* **17.95**

MISSES' MODERATE PRICED
DRESSES, FOURTH FLOOR
WISCONSIN 7-9600
414 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
and all Franklin Simon stores
on orders outside regular delivery area add 35c

the front, it is trig through the midriff and bells out to the floor. For young things, there are quantities of inexpensive dance dresses here (and elsewhere) from Edward Abbott, usually with a slim, simple front and baby-doll gathers dependent from a low back. A typical one, of sheer black lace, has turquoise-blue ribbon emerging in front to tie in a bow; $100. To get back to grandeur, one of the prettiest form-fitting dance dresses I've seen this fall is Adele Simpson's, done in cerise peau de soie; there is a deep V neck front and back, crisscross seams making it cling through the middle, and a short bell skirt caught with self bows at the sides. Other knockouts in this establishment—and there are many—include Samuel Winston's sack (I don't care what anybody says, it is *so* a sack) of charcoal flannel, which has a huge cape collar edged with knotted charcoal yarn. It's very wide at the top and tapers to the hem. Then, for a daytime basic dress, there is Talmack's two-piece black crêpe, deeply bloused to a point below the stomach and the hips. A wide, tailored self belt can emerge from the sides and buckle across the front in a puffy, strangely appealing way; $125. And don't ignore Vera Maxwell's relaxed approach around here. Among her full-length coat costumes is one in tan wool with a blue fox collar set well away from the neck, to either dangle, capewise, or huddle. The dress, a mere slip of a thing in red-and-taupe Paisley-printed challis, ties under the bosom with a string belt. The same challis makes the blouse, and also constitutes the lining, of a straight suit jacket of greige tweed, whose luxuriant blue fox collar is removable, in case you get into the mood to make the most of a crisp morning in the country.

Hibernation, anyone? —LOIS LONG

•

SEN. HUBERT H. HUMPHREY (D-MINN.), IN A SPEECH TO THE WOMEN'S NATIONAL PRESS CLUB, SUGGESTED THAT THE UNITED STATES LET RUSSIA BRING RED CHINA INTO ANY ANTI-TEST AGRTHROES OF A NARCOTIC ADDICT IN WITHDRAWAL, THE DESPAIR OF A SHAKY ALCOHOLIC WHO HAS DROPPED AND SMASHED THE LAST BOTTLE JUST AS HE WAS LIFTING IT TO HIS LIPS.—*U. P. I. wire story.*

It's all right with us.

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

C.B.S. TELEVISION
485 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK

DEAR B——:

This container holds radioactive ash! It . . .

THE PERFECT WAY FOR A HOLIDAY—CUNARD/UNION-CASTLE!

For sheer comfort and congenial, stimulating company, "old hands" at world travel prefer Cunard—Union-Castle liners. Nineteen enthralling **holidays at sea** are yours after you step aboard a famous Cunarder in New York until you disembark from a delightful "Castle" liner in Cape Town! You can stop off for a visit to Britain and the Continent, too.

New York, via Southampton, to Cape Town: First Class $839 up; Tourist Class $396 up. Write Dept. **H-1**, Cunard Line, 25 Broadway, New York 4, for our "See Colourful Africa" booklet.

CUNARD LINE
General Passenger Agents for
UNION-CASTLE LINE

TRAPEZE!

Ruby or Jet velveteen jumper. Complete organdy pettiblouse, lavished with French val, plus attached can-can. Toddler sizes or 3 to 6x $21.95. At fashion-aware stores or write Celeste.

Her Fashion Future Begins with
Celeste
1350 Broadway, New York 18

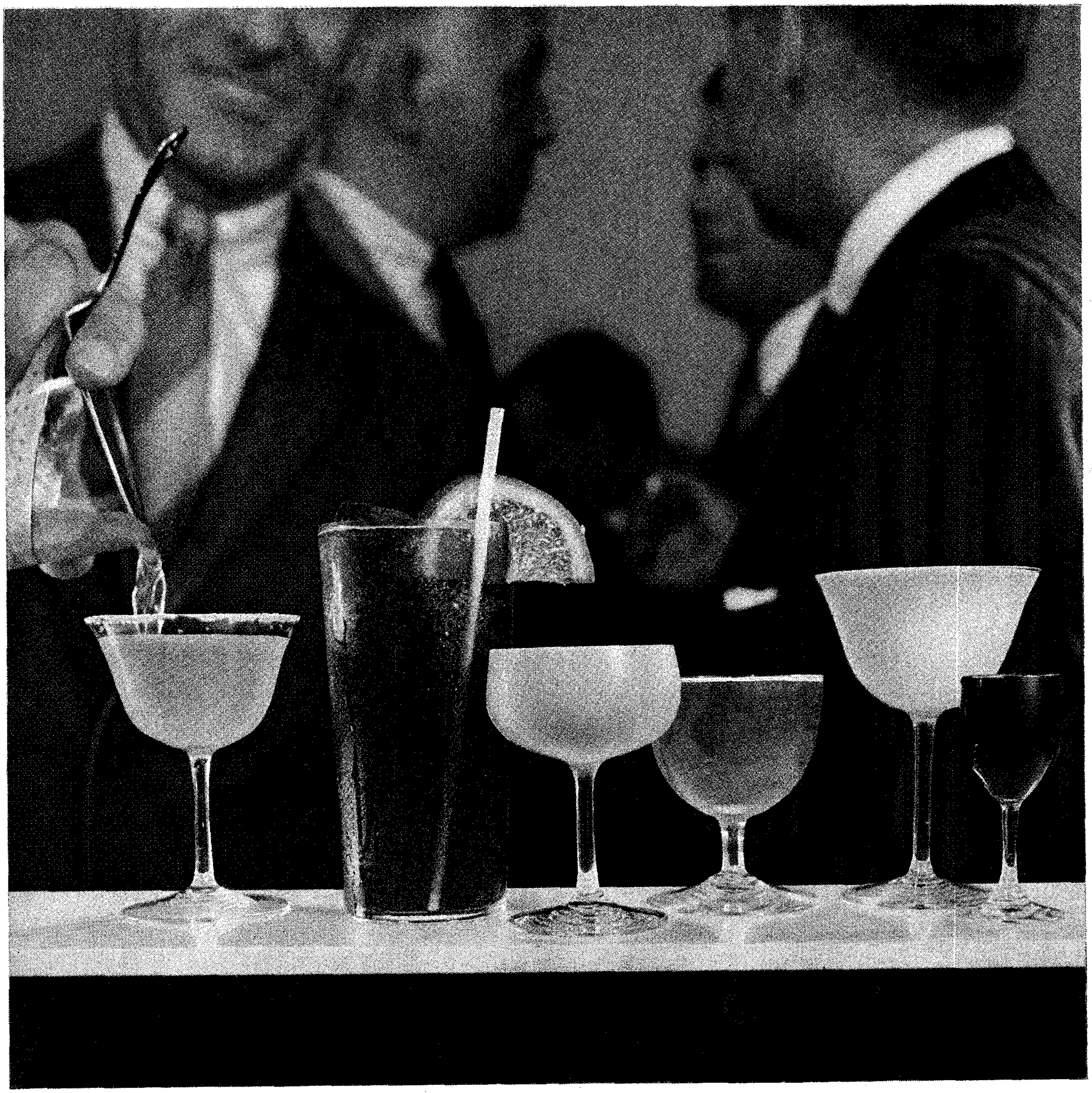
The original of Picasso's "Girl before a Mirror" hangs in the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

Modern masterpiece...tailoring by Society Brand

Just as Picasso is noted for leadership in modern art . . . so Society Brand exemplifies the modern art of fine tailoring. This handsome masterpiece of easy elegance fits a man's round-the-clock schedule . . . in living room or executive suite. Behind its urbane air and casual comfort is a fifty-six-year-old tradition of quality. In this instance his suit is Society Brand's color fashion of the season: a superb worsted subtly striped in Burgundy-with-Black. See it at your nearest store. Or write Society Brand, Chicago, for store names.

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

Society Brand Clothes



Tonight...make your guests a party to the magic of Hiram Walker's Cordials

SIDE CAR 1 oz. fresh lemon juice • 1 oz. Hiram Walker Triple Sec • 1 oz. brandy • Shake well with ice. Rub edge of cocktail glass with half lemon, then dip in powdered sugar. Strain and serve.

SINGAPORE SLING 1 oz. Hiram Walker Sloe Gin • 2 oz. Hiram Walker Gin • 1 oz. Hiram Walker Cherry Flavored Brandy • 1 oz. lemon juice • 1 tsp. pow'd sugar • Shake with cracked ice; pour without straining into 12 oz. glass. Fill with seltzer; trim with orange or pineapple.

GRASSHOPPER 1 oz. Hiram Walker white Creme de Cacao • 1 oz. Hiram Walker green Creme de Menthe • 1 oz. light cream • Shake with ice and then strain into chilled cocktail glass and serve.

STINGER ¾ oz. Hiram Walker white Creme de Menthe • 1¼ oz. brandy • Shake with cracked ice and strain into 3 oz. cocktail glass.

ALEXANDER 1 oz. Hiram Walker brown Creme de Cacao • 1 oz. Hiram Walker Gin • 1 oz. fresh cream • Shake well with cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass. Top with nutmeg.

BLACK PEPPER ½ oz. Hiram Walker Peppermint Schnapps • 1 oz. Hiram Walker Blackberry Flavored Brandy • Pour into cordial glass. No icing or stirring needed.

Brown and white Creme de Cacao, Creme de Menthe, Peppermint Schnapps, 60 proof; Sloe Gin, Cherry and Blackberry Flavored Brandy, 70 proof; Triple Sec, 80 proof; Hiram Walker's Gin. London Dry. Distilled from 100% American Grain. 90 proof. Hiram Walker and Sons, Inc., Peoria, Ill.

For sheer versatility, smart hostesses know that nothing measures up to Hiram Walker's Cordials. Add to this their superb character, their remarkable flavors . . . and you'll recognize the leading role they can play in your own entertaining. Serve them in a refreshing variety of ways—both before and after dinner. And be prepared for the nicest compliments.

HIRAM WALKER'S
CORDIALS
A Rainbow of Distinctive Flavors

A REPORTER AT LARGE

TO THE BEGINNINGS OF MEMORY

At least seventeen years have gone by since I first flew up the valley of the upper Nile, starting the journey at Khartoum, in the Sudan, and ending it nearly two thousand miles away, at the source of the river, in Uganda. I was a war correspondent at the time, on my way from one campaign, in the western desert of Egypt, to another, in Ethiopia. Even then, when planes did not fly nearly so high as they do today, there was not very much to be seen from the air except the endless desert and the meandering green line of the river, but there were frequent stops along the way, and these I remember just as distinctly as one remembers the islands on a long ocean voyage.

Before we started, we were held up for three or four days at Khartoum with engine trouble. It was April, the hottest time of the year—so hot, in fact, that it was slightly painful just to touch the porcelain sides of your bathtub when you got up in the morning. A fearsome sandstorm known as a haboob was blowing, and it was only at the very end of the long, torpid day that the town woke up at last. Each evening, about an hour before the light began to fail, I used to walk down to the zoo with a book. The Khartoum Zoo is quite unlike any other zoo in the world. It lies on the left bank of the Blue Nile, just upstream from the point where the White Nile comes in from southern Sudan, and it covers hardly more than two or three acres. The animals and the birds do not have that vacant and dispirited air that seems to overtake tropical creatures when they are transported to cold climates in the north. They have all been born here in this hothouse atmosphere, and many of them are not kept in cages; they simply roam about in their natural state, grazing on the grass and the bushes or wading in the pond. At the hour when I used to go to the zoo, there were hardly any visitors, and as I sat there reading, the zebras, the antelopes, and many kinds of long-legged birds would gather around in a quiet and hesitating way that was something between curiosity and fear. It was very pleasant and very peaceful, and this made it all the more surprising one evening when I looked up from my book and found General de Gaulle standing before me. He was wearing a pale-blue kepi and a tropical uniform, and as I rose from my bench he saluted in a friendly, informal way and went off to see the giraffes. Heaven knows what he was doing in that outlandish place. I saw him only twice more during the war—once at Casablanca, with Roosevelt and Churchill, and then during the Liberation of Paris, when he marched down the Champs-Elysées at the head of his men and we were all in tears.

Yet the bucolic picture of the General among the flamingos and the zebras in the Khartoum Zoo is the one that I recall most clearly now. And it is with the same vividness that I remember isolated scenes on the rest of that journey: the group of quite staggeringly beautiful girls walking naked, with jugs on their heads, at one point along the bank of the river; the warriors standing one-legged, like storks, and leaning on their spears among the conical grass huts at Malakal and Juba; the vast swamp of the upper Nile, known as the Sudd, which looks from the air like an enormous veined green leaf; a thousand scrub fires burning; and, finally, on the shore of Lake Victoria itself, the waterfall that was then the beginning of the Nile's long passage to the sea. (The Nile, the Amazon, and the Missouri-Mississippi are all around four thousand miles long, and no two geographers seem to agree on which of them is the world's greatest river.)

Such an experience creates a private myth in the mind. Mine was also an accidental myth, since if I had flown on another day, on another airplane, there might have been no sandstorms or scrub fires, no General de Gaulle, no group of beautiful girls, and no crepuscular readings in the Khartoum Zoo. Moreover, it was an experience that had a particular impact just then, when all the future was intensely doubtful. The stop in Khartoum was time out from the war, and consequently the things that happened to me then became much romanticized in retrospect; I conceived that the river had a compelling and mysterious charm, that the inhabitants of its banks were an extravagantly beautiful race living the true idyllic life, that pythons and other fabulous monsters rose out of its depths, that herds of elephants trumpeted in the swamps, and that everywhere tropical butterflies flew about. In short, it was all unspoiled and uncontaminated—savagery with a touch of grace. For seventeen years, these notions, for me, summed up the Nile, and not long ago, when I was again in Central Africa, it seemed to be no bad idea to discover just how true this picture actually was. I decided to leave Africa by way of the river, following its course from its beginnings, in Lake Victoria, to the beginnings of my memory, in Khartoum.

Not many people take this journey now, but there is nothing particularly difficult about it. You can buy a ticket anywhere. In a series of paddle boats, trains, and cars, you proceed downstream from the northern shore of Lake Victoria, on the equator, by a regular and orderly course, and a fortnight later you find yourself in Khartoum. When Sir Winston Churchill made this excursion in 1907 (he was then thirty-three, and already the author of six books), he had recently become Under-Secretary of State for Colonies, and for much of the time he could think of nothing but harnessing the river for electric power. "The exit or overflow of the Great Lake," he wrote, "is closed by a natural rampart or ridge of black rock, broken or worn away in two main gaps to release the waters. Through these the Nile leaps

LANG'S 8
please...

Extra Special
LANG'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
EIGHT YEARS OLD
Blended & Bottled by LANG BROTHERS LTD DISTILLERS GLASGOW SCOTLAND

THE OLDER SCOTCH
and proud of its age!

When you say "LANG'S 8, please," that's your *guarantee* of a *light,* mellow Scotch of rare body and flavor. Every drop 8 years old . . . blended to 97-year-old standards and traditions which create the distinctive taste that delights connoisseurs. The Scots refer to LANG'S 8 as "Abune them a' " (above them all). Bottled in Scotland under the personal supervision of the proprietors since 1861. Do yourself proud . . . always say "LANG'S 8, *please!*"

86.8 proof Golan Import Co., Beverly Hills, Calif.

at once into majestic being, and enters upon its course as a perfect river three hundred yards wide. Standing upon the reverse side of the wall of rock, one's eye may be almost on a plane with the shining levels of the Lake. At your very feet, literally a yard away, a vast green slope of water races downward. Below are foaming rapids, fringed by splendid trees, and pools from which great fish leap continually in the sunlight. We must have spent three hours watching the waters and revolving plans to harness and bridle them. So much power running to waste, such a coign of vantage unoccupied, such a lever to control the natural forces of Africa ungripped, cannot but vex and stimulate imagination. And what fun to make the immemorial Nile begin its journey by diving through a turbine!" His wish has been granted, for the falls have since vanished and the source of the Nile is now a great concrete dam, across which both a road and a railway pass. It provides electric power for much of Uganda and Kenya.

In Churchill's day, there was no regular service for the first five hundred miles of the journey downstream, from the lake to Gondokoro, in the South Sudan; he covered this distance in a matter of twenty days, partly on foot (at the head of a long retinue of African porters), partly by boat, and partly on a bicycle—on which, incidentally, he made a good seven miles an hour along the jungle paths. Nowadays, for the first leg of the journey—an overnight run to Masindi Port, at the head of Lake Kyoga—you join the paddle boat Grant at a place called Namasagali, about thirty miles below the lake. The Grant (which commemorates a Scotsman named J. A. Grant, who, with Captain J. H. Speke, discovered the source of the river in 1862) was built in 1924 and belongs to a more spacious age than this. It is a square-ended, double-decked boat that looks like a white shoe box—not elegant, but very comfortable. Like all the Nile steamers, the Grant was brought out from England and up from the coast in parts, and assembled on the river. Two wooden paddles thrash out white water astern, and going downstream you make possibly six or seven miles an hour. On the upper deck are the first-class cabins, perhaps half a dozen of them, whose fittings run to brass and heavy mahogany. The bathrooms are labelled "Western Type" and "Eastern Type" (Indians and Africans generally falling into the latter category), and the water filters on deck are homely upended stone jars made of

Perfection Underfoot
. . . your footprint in leather

Footwear with a definite Italian flair, *manufactuerd by* **MATRIX,** perfectionists in American shoe craftsmanship. New, dressy version of the strap and buckle, made in supple, lustrous Llama calf with a custom heel, glove leather lined. **$27.95**

black: style #1053
brown: style #2053

Mail Orders are invited.
Please add 50¢ to cover postage.
Send check or money order.

sold exclusively in New York by Benedetti CUSTOM SHOES

441 MADISON AVE. • 530 SEVENTH AVE.

THE WINSTON

KEENS felted in England / BRITISH HATS

The trend toward uncluttered, natural styling in gentleman's clothing is tastefully reflected in the slender silhouette of The Winston. Felted by expert English craftsmen, it is a worthy addition to any wardrobe. $15.00

OTHER KEENS BRITISH HATS $16.50 AND $20.00

Available at these and other fine stores:
New York, PAUL STUART, INC. • Memphis, ALFRED'S • Washington, ARTHUR A. ADLER • Cleveland, HALLE BROS. • San Francisco, ROBERT KIRK, LTD. • Savannah, MEN'S QUALITY SHOP • Charleston, FRANKENBERGER'S.

Or write KEENS/BRITISH • 417 Fifth Ave. • N.Y.

a substance called leadless glaze. Like most of the other gadgets on the vessel, they are at least thirty years out of date and quite efficient. They bear the legend "Pure Drinking Water Is Life." There is much space for the passengers to move about in, and as they sit on the upper deck watching the banks of the river slide by, African servants, in white robes, red cummerbunds, and turbans, bring them drinks.

Down below, the effect is less sumptuous. Here the engine roars and the second-class passengers pad about on decks of hot steel. Half a dozen large barges, covering about a quarter of an acre, are lashed to the bow of the ship and are pushed along ahead of it. In these the African passengers travel, together with their children, their goats, their chickens, their cooking fires, their branches of bananas, and their household goods. The African tribes who live at the Nile end of the lake have a talent for color—nothing but cotton cloth of the most frantic shades is considered suitable for women—and these passengers form a sort of patchwork quilt as they lie about the decks of the barges in a close-packed mass, with strong sunshine beating on them. Amid the breast feeding of the babies, the crowing of the cocks, the bleating of the goats, the card playing, the singing, and the cooking, the Mohammedan spreads his prayer rug on the deck and prostrates himself toward Mecca. Many strange smells rise up, and it is rather as if you were travelling along with an Eastern bazaar—a magic carpet that floats perpetually ahead on the surface of the river. One grows accustomed to it very quickly.

On my trip, according to the crew, the white passengers on the upper deck were just about the usual thing: three nurses from Nairobi who were taking a few days' local leave to see the hippopotamuses and the crocodiles, a honeymoon couple, a Greek businessman bound for the Congo, and a young woman who, like me, was vaguely "seeing Africa." There was also a tall, lean, well-dressed Englishman, who explained that after being incarcerated for forty years in an office in Europe he had retired three years earlier with enough money to see him through to the age of eighty-two—which he judged to be just about the limit of his expectation of life. He was without a family, and he spent most of his time roaming the world on a bicycle, which he had had specially built to accommodate his long legs. On the whole, he said, he enjoyed himself very much; his next project was

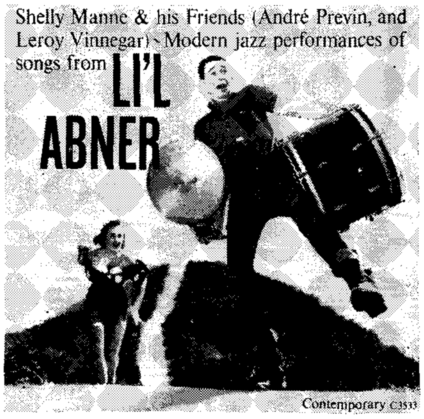
4 great current musicals in modern jazz performances by the unsurpassed originators!

Shelly Manne & his Friends
modern jazz performances
of songs
from MY
FAIR
LADY

America's favorite jazz album! Number one seller for over a year on both the Down Beat and Billboard charts! Shelly Manne & His Friends, André Previn and Leroy Vinnegar, in the first modern jazz performance of the score of a current Broadway show. *On The Street Where You Live, I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face,* etc.... C3527

ANDRÉ PREVIN & HIS PALS
(SHELLY MANNE, RED MITCHELL)
Modern jazz performances of songs from
PAL JOEY
CONTEMPORARY C3543

The album which replaced "My Fair Lady" as No. 1 best-seller in jazz! Great tunes from Rodgers and Hart's score—*I Could Write A Book, Bewitched, I'm Talking With My Pal, Zip,* etc.—by André Previn & His Pals, Shelly Manne and Red Mitchell... ranging from easy-swing to funk to up-tempo to haunting ballad... C3543


Shelly Manne & his Friends (André Previn, and Leroy Vinnegar) Modern jazz performances of songs from
LI'L
ABNER
Contemporary C3533

Shelly Manne & His Friends, André Previn and Leroy Vinnegar in the wonderful world of Li'l Abner. Swinging tunes from the deft, light-hearted Mercer-de Paul score: *Jubilation T. Cornpone, The Country's In The Very Best of Hands, If I Had My Druthers, Matrimonial Stomp, Unnecessary Town, Oh, Happy Day,* etc.... C3533

ANDRÉ PREVIN & HIS PALS
SHELLY MANNE AND RED MITCHELL)
Modern jazz performances of songs from
GIGI
CONTEMPORARY C3548

André Previn & His Pals, Shelly Manne and Red Mitchell, in a great modern jazz album of Lerner-Loewe's "Gigi" score. Says composer Loewe, "André Previn did it again. 'My Fair Lady' was sensational, and this new one is every bit as great." *The Parisians, I Remember It Well, Thank Heaven for Little Girls,* etc.... C3548

EACH 12" HI-FI (full audible frequency range) long playing album, $4.98

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS

8481 melrose place, los angeles 46, california

Opens Tues. Eve. Oct. 21
MARTIN GABEL
and
HENRY MARGOLIS
present

JOSEPH COTTEN and ARLENE FRANCIS
in
Once More, with Feeling
A *comedy by* HARRY KURNITZ
with
WALTER MATTHAU
LEON BELASCO • RALPH BUNKER • FRANK MILAN
REX WILLIAMS • PAUL E. RICHARDS
Directed by GEORGE AXELROD
Settings by GEORGE JENKINS
MAIL ORDERS NOW!
PRICES: Eves.—Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90. Opening night sold out. Mats. Wed. & Sat.—Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Prices include tax. Kindly enclose stamped self-addressed envelope with check or money order payable to NATIONAL THEATRE. List 3 Alternate Dates.
NATIONAL THEATRE
208 West 41st St., New York 36, N. Y.
PRIOR TO BROADWAY:
PHILADELPHIA—Erlanger Theatre, Now thru Oct. 4
BOSTON—Shubert Theatre, Oct. 6 thru 17

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL
PULITZER PRIZE 1958
and
DRAMA CRITICS CIRCLE AWARD
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40—Air-Cond.
BARRYMORE Theatre, 243 W. 47th St., N.Y.
BROADWAY'S TOP PRIZE HITS!
THE MUSIC MAN
DRAMA CRITICS CIRCLE AWARD
BEST MUSICAL 1958
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30. Air-Cond.
MAJESTIC Theatre, 245 W. 44th St., N. Y.
NATIONAL COMPANY (THE MUSIC MAN):
LOS ANGELES, Cal. Philharmonic Aud.—Now thru Sept. 30
DALLAS, Texas • Fairgrounds • Oct. 4 thru 19
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. • Curran Theatre • Beg. Oct. 23

to bicycle through the Pyrenees. All these people intended to go only as far as the Sudan border and then return; I alone was to continue to Khartoum.

It was nearly nightfall when the Grant finally pushed out into midstream, and I was interested to know how the African helmsman could find his way in the dark, since there are no navigation lights along the river. I asked the mate about it, and he said, "He knows by instinct. On the blackest night, he can give you the position within four hundred yards. Very rarely, in a thick fog or in a storm so bad that the visibility is nil, we creep beside the bank or tie up, but for the most part we feel our way along the channels in midstream—and they keep changing with the wet and dry seasons. Just occasionally, a hippopotamus splinters a rudder."

At Masindi Port, the Nile breaks up into thirty miles of unnavigable rapids, so we trooped ashore with our baggage for the second stage of the journey—an overland trip in a battered motorbus, which was to take us to Butiaba, near the north end of Lake Albert, some eighty miles away. Here we were to join another steamer, the Robert Coryndon. I confess that up to this point the journey, though interesting, had still fallen a long way short of my myth of the Nile. The surrounding landscape was depressing—a dry, hard scrub that seemed unable to cheer up, even though a wild rainstorm had poured down on us all through the night. The nurses had produced a portable radio that screeched and howled like a hunting hyena; some of the other passengers were complaining of the food (which can best be described as English boarding-house type; except for breakfast, it is never one of the charms of Central Africa); and the British globe-trotter was hankering for his bicycle and the Pyrenees. Of the pythons, the trumpeting elephants, and the butterflies there was no sign whatever. Then, all at once, at Masindi Town, halfway to Lake Albert, everything changed. The bus plunged into the country that had astonished and enchanted the early explorers and had started a craze for Central Africa in the eighteen-sixties and seventies. Flamboyants and purple jacarandas bloomed along the road. Among the trees on the rubber plantations bluebells were growing in a solid mass, and one might have imagined that one was in an English park in spring, except that on every other tree trunk, about fifteen feet from the ground, a tropical tree fern was sprouting, and here perched the colobus, a little black

"BRILLIANT MUSICAL!"
—*Chapman, News*

WEST SIDE STORY
A new musical
Based on a conception of Jerome Robbins
Book by ARTHUR LAURENTS
Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Lyrics by STEPHEN SONDHEIM
with
CAROL LAWRENCE LARRY KERT MURIEL BENTLEY
Entire Production Directed and Choreographed by
JEROME ROBBINS
Evgs. Orch. $8.05, 6.90; Boxes $6.90, 5.75; Loges $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 3.60, 3.00. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Boxes $4.60, 3.45; Loges $4.15; Balc. $3.45, 3.00, 2.50. (Tax incl.) Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alt. dates.
WINTER GARDEN 1634 B'way. Cir 5-4878

"A ROMANTIC DELIGHT!"
—*ATKINSON, N. Y. Times*
FRED COE presents
DANA ANDREWS
ANNE BANCROFT
in
Two for the Seesaw
A New Play by WILLIAM GIBSON
Directed by ARTHUR PENN
Eves. 8:30—$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00. Mats. Wed., Sat. 2:30; $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3, 2.50. List 3 alt. dates. Enclose self-addressed stamped env.
BOOTH Theatre, 222 West 45 St. N.Y. 36
NATIONAL COMPANY
BALTIMORE, Md. • Ford's Thea. Oct. 6 thru 11
PITTSBURGH, Pa. • Nixon Thea. Oct. 13 thru 18
CLEVELAND, Ohio • Hanna Thea. Oct. 20 thru Nov. 1

"WONDERFULLY FUNNY!" Kerr, Her. Trib.
DAVID WAYNE VIVIAN BLAINE JOHNNY DESMOND
in
say, darling
Air-Cond. ANTA, W. 52 St. Mats Wed. & Sat. CI 6-6270

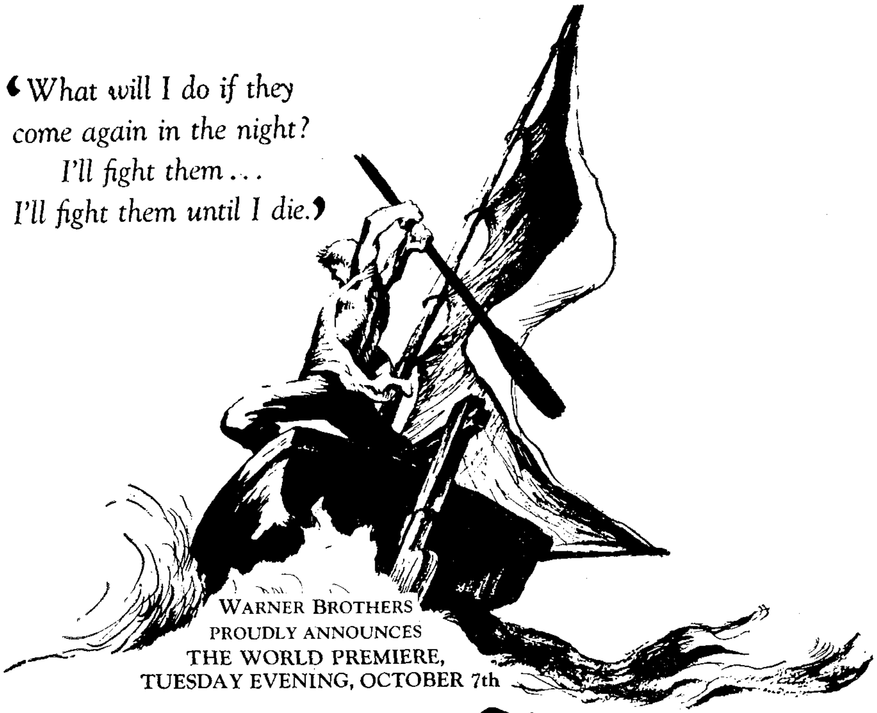
Lunch, Cocktails, Dinner, Supper
Russian Tea Room
Open Daily including Sunday
150 W. 57 ST • CO 5-0947
NEXT TO CARNEGIE HALL

monkey with a snow-white stole around his neck. We drove through plantations of pawpaw and coffee, where crowned herons, which are almost as decorative as peacocks, paced about, and three baboons ran across the road. This was a stretch of genuine jungle.

Toward the end of the bus ride, we had our first view of Lake Albert, from the top of an escarpment. The road passes somewhat north of the point where the explorer Samuel Baker, the first white man ever to set eyes on the lake, stood with his wife on March 14, 1864. Baker and his wife had taken over a year to get here from Egypt, and his feelings were a good deal stirred. "The sun had not risen," he wrote in his diary, "when I was spurring my ox after the guide, who, having been promised a double handful of beads on arrival at the lake, had caught the enthusiasm of the moment. The day broke beautifully clear, and having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water—a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noon-day sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about seven thousand feet above its level. It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment. . . ."

Baker's ideas about the lake were of necessity somewhat sketchy; it was not nearly as big as he imagined (it is a hundred miles long and about twenty miles wide), but he had indeed discovered a prize, for this is the second source of the Nile, and, with the green Congo hills and the Mountains of the Moon in the background, it is one of the spectacular sights of Central Africa.

THE Robert Coryndon turned out to be somewhat more sprightly than the Grant, and in the course of a single day she steamed from Butiaba to the head of the lake, where the Nile comes in from the east and then flows out again to the north. All this region has been converted into a vast wildlife sanctuary—the Murchison game park—and here we went ashore to spend a night at the visitors' lodge. The park, I thought, had changed a good deal since I had first been in it, two years before. Then it was a relatively simple and primitive place, but now it was crowded with visitors, mostly Hindus, who frequently drive up to the park from



‘What will I do if they
come again in the night?
I'll fight them . . .
I'll fight them until I die.’

WARNER BROTHERS
PROUDLY ANNOUNCES
THE WORLD PREMIERE,
TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 7th

SPENCER TRACY
in
Ernest Hemingway's
PULITZER AND NOBEL
PRIZE-WINNING STORY

THE
OLD MAN
AND THE SEA

AT THE
CRITERION
Broadway & 45th St. • JUdson 2-1795-6

Screenplay by PETER VIERTEL • Produced by LELAND HAYWARD
Directed by JOHN STURGES • Music Composed and Conducted by DIMITRI TIOMKIN

FROM WARNER BROS.
IN WARNERCOLOR

ALL SEATS RESERVED
ORDER TICKETS BY MAIL NOW!
CHILDREN (under 12) **½ PRICE AT ALL TIMES**

EVERY EVENING AT 8:40 P. M.
MATS. WED., SAT., SUN. & HOLS. AT 2:30 P. M.
EXTRA SHOW SAT., SUN. & HOLS. AT 5 P. M.
(First extra shows Columbus Day, Mon., Oct. 13th at 2:30 & 5 p.m.)
PRICES: ALL SHOWS (EXCEPT WED. MAT.)
ORCHESTRA AND LOGE $2.50: BALCONY $1.80
WED. MAT. ORCH. & LOGE $1.80; BALCONY $1.50
ALL PRICES INCLUDE TAX

For Theatre Parties and groups, phone Circle 6-1024.
Special consideration and accommodations given.

EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT! During this engagement, "THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA" will not be shown in any other theatre in this area.

CRITERION THEATRE
Broadway & 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.
Please send______adult tickets at $______
and______children tickets at $______
for Mat. ☐__Eve. ☐__performance on______(date)
Alternate Dates______
NAME______
ADDRESS______
(Please Print Name and Address Clearly)
CITY______ZONE____STATE______
Enclose check or money order (no stamps) payable to CRITERION THEATRE addressed to BOX-OFFICE with self-addressed and stamped envelope.
NYM

ALSO OPENING—BOSTON, OCT. 23rd—ASTOR Theatre,
SAN FRANCISCO, OCT. 23rd—CORONET Theatre,
HOUSTON, NOV. 7th—RIVER OAKS Theatre,
and other important major cities soon.

Tricosa

photographed on board s/s LIBERTE—furs by Revillon Freres

Shimmering knit lamé...
breath-taking brilliance.
silvered taupe ... *about 65 dollars*

TRICOSA

New York: Jay Thorpe San Francisco: Gump's
exclusively imported by FEDER Fashions, 1410 B'way, N.Y.

Kampala and other towns in southern Uganda. Most of them do not come to see the animals. It is the Nile itself that attracts them, possibly because some of Gandhi's ashes were thrown into the river below Lake Victoria a number of years ago. These people engage launches in the park and travel upstream for a few miles until they reach the point where the river rushes through a chasm barely twenty feet across and flings great clouds of spray into the air. These falls—the Murchison Falls—have an extreme fascination for the Hindus, for they sit and gaze at them as though held by a spell. Then they return downstream, get in their cars, and drive home again. It is very curious—a re-creation of the holy Ganges in the midst of pagan Africa.

We were at dinner in the visitors' lodge that evening when a sudden commotion erupted in the darkness outside. There must have been twenty or thirty people in the dining room, and with one accord all of us—waiters and cooks, tourists from India and Japan, Western types from Kansas, Bavaria, and France—hurried to the door. There, not five yards away, under the bright electric light of the parking lot, stood a young elephant, plucking at a tamarisk tree. He was confused and agitated by so much noise and light and movement, and the crowd of visitors, excited by his presence but thinking that it was a safe and normal happening in the park, kept moving closer. But it was not normal. The must glands on either side of the elephant's head were running, and his brown eye was furious. He kicked out at the empty air—and, as Baker says somewhere in his books, "the kick of an elephant is an extensive movement." The crowd drew back with just such a gasp as you sometimes hear in a circus when the trapeze artist launches himself on a triple somersault. But there seems to be a kind of bright mesmerism about danger at these moments, and we all moved forward once more. The elephant then lifted up his trunk and shrieked. It was so outlandish a noise—so savage and spontaneous—that I think we would all have turned and bolted had not the animal himself wheeled around and made off. In a moment, his gray shape had dissolved into the darkness beyond the electric light. Later that night, I saw him again—moving very softly among the huts where the visitors sleep. He overturned a rubbish bin by the kitchen door, and then stood swaying, as though he were contemplating some more defiant move.

All this at the moment seemed a great

Have you waited long
for the perfect suit handbag?
It's here in black, brown,
navy or red Morocco leather,
designed for Lord & Taylor
in England. 19.00 plus tax
Lord & Taylor, New York

LIMITED ENGAGEMENT
"ALFRED LUNT LYNN FONTANNE
TRIUMPH IN THE VISIT"
—ATKINSON, Times
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Eves.: $6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.80, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Tax incl.
Air-Cond. MOROSCO, 217 W. 45th St.

"ONE OF THE BEST MUSICALS OF THE CENTURY!"—ATKINSON, Times
EDWARD MULHARE · SALLY ANN HOWES
IN AMERICA'S GREATEST MUSICAL
My Fair Lady
with
RONALD RADD
REGINALD DENNY
MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'y
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

joke—an elephant rooting about for scraps like a stray dog—and yet it could be that there was something unresolved here, a very African thing: the too sudden conjunction of civilization with savagery. On the surface, it looks all right—the wild animal among the rubbish bins, the tribesman in a city suit—and familiarity breeds, if not contempt, a specious atmosphere of safety. But then, in an instant and without warning, the link snaps, the façade of understanding proves too flimsy, and the animal strikes, the Mau Mau warrior runs amuck, and it is not a joke.

STILL another river steamer, the Lugard, took us on the three-day run through northern Uganda to Nimule, on the Sudan border, and in doing so passed through an area that, historically, is perhaps the most interesting part of Africa below the Sahara. For a hundred years at least, and probably for longer than that, this corner of Uganda has been a battlefield and a point of rendezvous. There are no "names" in this history—in its earlier stages, at any rate—and no famous places to guide your eye on the map; the only records are the legends of the tribes and such evidence as the archeologists and paleontologists can bring up from the earth. Yet it seems certain that somewhere about here and sometime in the unknown past the Hamitic peoples, coming down from the north, collided with the true Negroes, coming up from southern and central Africa, and that here they eventually fused to form a hybrid race called the Nilotes, or Nilo-Hamites. For the most part, the Nilotes are tall, slender people, and in facial appearance they tend to resemble the ancient Egyptians more than they do the Negroes (or so it seemed to me on this journey). "Physically," the late Professor C. G. Seligman wrote in his book "Races of Africa," "the Nilotes show an aloofness and pride of race, with a lack of desire for European clothes or trade objects which is probably unparalleled elsewhere in Africa." In the past fifty years, a vast library has been written about these people; the anthropologists have fallen on them with the avidity and persistence of explorers, classifying them into tribes, languages, and religions, while the eccentricities of their customs in birth, marriage, and death have been studied with microscopic care. But in the early part of the last century, when the Arab traders burst in on this Shangri-La with frightful, brutal force, not a single statistic existed, for absolutely nothing was

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
QUEEN ELIZABETH II
WINE MERCHANTS
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
FOUNDED 1796

The noblest sherry of them all

Next time you have guests, be really lavish! Serve BRISTOL CREAM sherry, with dessert or coffee, as the golden climax of your dinner. No choice liqueur is so delicious. No fine old brandy is more famous—or more *special*—than this richest and rarest of all Spanish *Olorosos*. BRISTOL CREAM is costly—but incomparable!

SPAIN'S FINEST SHERRIES SINCE 1796. Remember, Harvey's ships a *whole range* of magnificent Spanish sherries including moderately-priced HARVEY'S AMONTILLADO, a superb Pale Medium Dry—right for all occasions.

®HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM®

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., HARTFORD, CONN. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

nothing succeeds like

Flatterie

Flatterie
HOUBIGANT
PARIS
FRANCE

PERFUME
bottled and sealed in France by

HOUBIGANT
PERFUMERS SINCE 1775

known about the Nilotes. Like the tribes themselves, some of the Arab traders came from Egypt, to the north, and some from Zanzibar and the East African coast, to the south. They met in the general vicinity of Murchison Park and set up their slave camps there.

For some reason, Arab traders don't qualify as explorers. Their names are hardly known, and if any of them left personal records of their adventures, these have long since disappeared. All but the later men are submerged anonymously in their own infamy. Yet the first traders were in the field long before Livingstone and the white missionaries, and a very profitable field it was. They wanted ivory and they wanted slaves—principally for the markets in Egypt, Turkey, Arabia, and Persia—and in Central Africa they found both elephants and helpless human beings in abundance. They raided up and down the valley of the upper Nile on the most rewarding big-game hunt in African history; the tusks were loaded onto the backs of their captives—men, women, and children—and such of these as survived were either marched to the east coast, for sale in Zanzibar, or packed into barges and transported down the Nile to Khartoum. By the time the first white men arrived on the scene, in the middle of the last century, pillage, mass murder, and civil war were the common thing along the upper reaches of the river.

The white explorers also arrived in two separate groups—men like Speke and Grant coming up from the south, and others, like Baker, travelling down from Egypt—and once again this area was their point of meeting. Behind the explorers came the missionaries and the foreign armies, determined to bring Western civilization to this dark, blank spot on the map. But the Mohammedans were not yet ready to retreat; in 1881, Mohammed Ibn Abdullah, the son of a native schoolmaster, proclaimed himself a new Mahdi—a descendant of the Prophet—and, with an army of dervishes, swept through the Sudan. Four years later, General Gordon, the British Governor General, was killed in his palace in Khartoum, and for the next fourteen years the dervishes controlled the valley of the Nile from the Egyptian border almost as far south as the great lakes in Central Africa—an area half as big as Europe. It was not until General Kitchener defeated the dervishes at the Battle of Omdurman, in 1898, that civilization began to penetrate again—a civilization that,

LUXURIOUS ENGLISH
DOESKIN GLOVES

10 inch length $2.39 *postage included*

Made in England... exclusively for Cooper's. Tailored to our exacting demands for superior styling, superb fit. Completely washable—and adaptable to almost every costume. Sizes 6, 6½, 7, 7½. Enclose check or money order.

A. S. Cooper & Sons, Ltd.
Front Street, Hamilton, Bermuda

Schiaparelli

designed this free-flowing,
print-lined, corduroy
raincoat and matching
crush-cap! Taupe,
black . . . 8 to 16.

$24.95

Mail orders, add 35¢

Edward Reed Ltd.
49 W. 49 • NEW YORK

*Your own
special
quality . . .
captured in
a portrait by*

Bachrach

*54 East 52nd St.
New York
PLaza 5-6233*

JAL *your gracious introduction to the Orient*

She pampers you on the Pacific's fastest, quietest air fleet

Perhaps you have met one of Japan Air Lines' lovely kimono-clad hostesses before. If not, you will discover the real meaning of hospitality on your first JAL flight.

Aboard giant Super Couriers, these charming girls introduce you to such Deluxe Service pleasures as "sake"..."kuchitori," exotic Japanese hors d'oeuvres to complement delicious American meals..."o-shibori," hot towels to refresh your face and hands...colorful, comfortable "happi" coats for relaxing en route. Such are the delights of being pampered by experts of the art!

And there's added pleasure and confidence in the silken swiftness of JAL Super Courier flight, fastest and quietest across the Pacific.

Daily San Francisco-Tokyo flights via Hawaii, all radar equipped, deluxe and tourist accommodations on every flight. Frequent service beyond to Hong Kong, Bangkok and Singapore. See your travel agent.

P.S. Send 10¢ for 24-page Far East Documents Guide. Covers passport, visa, health and other requirements. Write JAL, Dept. NY, Box 2721, San Francisco 26, Cal.

fly **JAPAN AIR LINES** *U. S. to the Orient via Hawaii*

New York • Washington, D.C. • Chicago
Los Angeles • San Francisco • Seattle • Honolulu

Who is she?

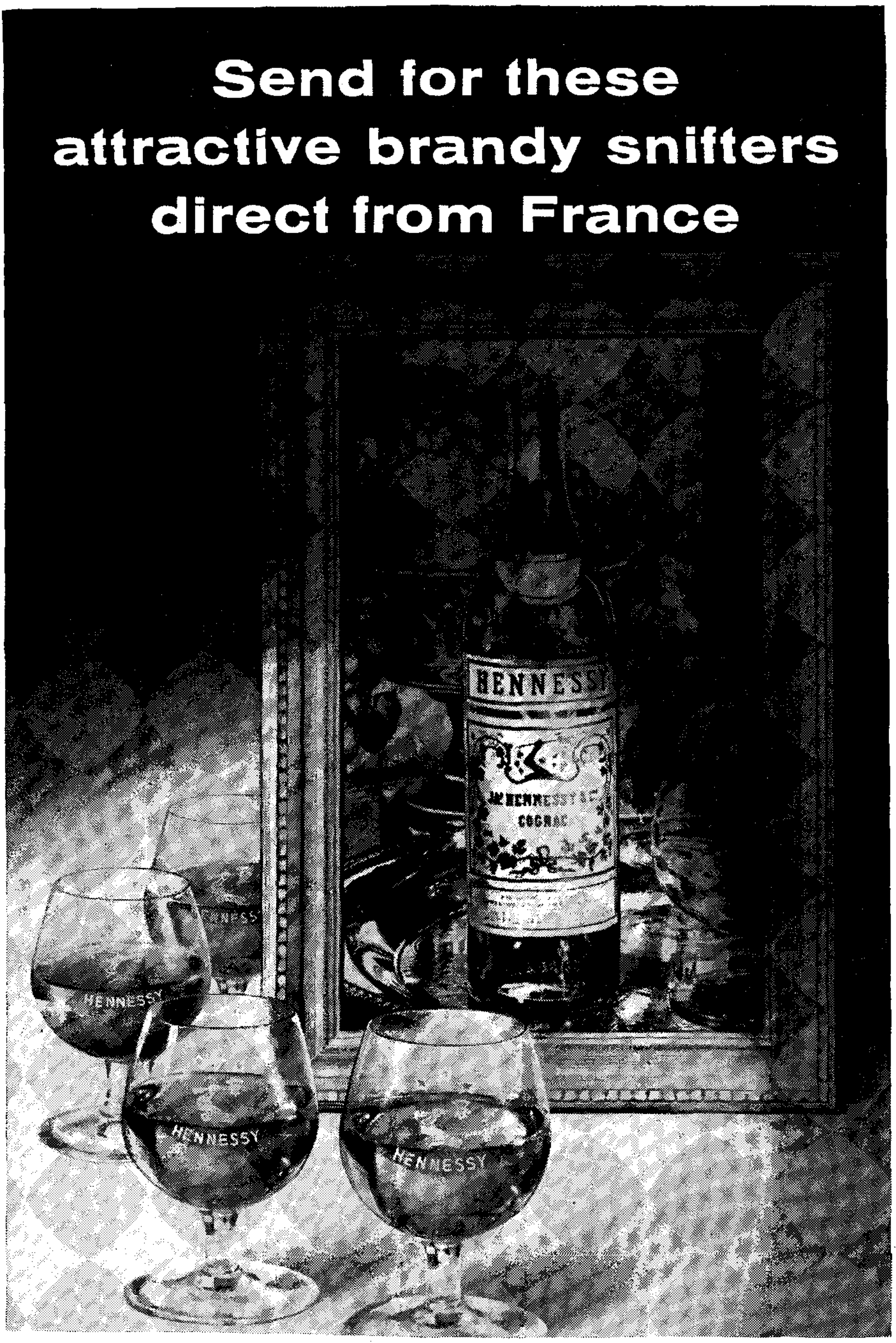
She dreamed about dressing up when she was this age, too—loves changing to party clothes after busy days of keeping house and raising children. For her special way of life—Suburban Outlook Fashions in fabrics of

Celanese contemporary fibers

Celanese Celaperm peau by David Hecht, dress by Jonny Herbert. Celaperm acetate gives *brilliant iridescence to this* peau, makes its color last longer. Royal with shades of green or red, green with royal, red with green. Sizes 5-15. About $35 at Arnold Constable, New York; Filene's, Boston; Keith O'Brien Inc., Salt Lake City; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. *Other stores carrying* "Who is She" collections on last page. Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16. Celanese® Celaperm®

incidentally, the Nilotes had never much cared for, at least from what they had seen of it. There was one further scourge during these disturbances. This was the tsetse fly, which spread disease and death among both human beings and domestic animals, until large areas that had once been populated were made barren.

Looking down from the deck of the Lugard, one could see on the riverbanks the relics of this short and agitated history—the site of an old slave camp, the crumbling earthwork of a fortress, the Christian mission stations and the mosques, the landmarks, now overgrown with weeds, that were once the pivots of a battle, and, finally, a deserted stretch of bank where the tsetse fly has put an end to all human ambitions, either for good or evil. But it was the people themselves, the survivors of so much monitory civilization, that chiefly caught one's eye. We travelled at first through the country of the Madi tribe, which lives between the river and the Belgian Congo, and which has no connection with the Mahdi and the dervishes, for it is pagan. Strictly speaking, the Madis are not Nilotes at all, since their origins are in West Africa. You can see this very readily; they are less aggressive than the other riverine tribes, rather shorter in stature, and blessed with plump and cheerful good looks. They have taken rapidly to civilization in the past few years. Cotton is their chief crop, and at the time we came along on the Lugard, the harvest had just been completed. At every sizable village where we stopped, the tribesmen came swarming down to meet us on the bank, bringing their cotton with them to be transported downriver to the gin, and this was an astonishing sight. As we rounded a bend in the river, we would see perhaps five hundred people waiting in a closely congested mass under the shade of some trees. Then, as we tied up, this mass would burst open and spill itself in a long, cotton-laden ant procession to the shore. The men wore shorts, and the children ran naked. Those of the women who were clothed—the majority, these days—wore a sort of toga wrapped around their torsos and tied above their breasts, and these togas were dyed in shades of Shocking pink, bright yellow, and vermilion. On their backs rode the babies, papooselike, in slings, sometimes with a gourd or a pot, like a Storm Trooper's helmet, clapped over their heads to keep the sun at bay. On their own heads (the hair cut extremely short and divided by perhaps half a doz-



Send for these attractive brandy snifters direct from France

A wonderful way to enjoy
HENNESSY SUPREMACY

To sip Hennessy from these exquisite, crystal-clear snifters is to enjoy to the fullest the supreme taste of this magnificent Cognac Brandy. A set of 4 glasses, shipped to you from Cognac, France, is yours for only $1. The coupon is for your convenience.

Hennessy Supremacy is maintained by the world's largest stocks of aged Cognac brandies.

★ ★ ★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
84 Proof • Schieffelin & Co., New York

Hennessy, Dept. 3-W
P.O. Box 15A, Mt. Vernon, New York

Here is my dollar for 4 Hennessy Brandy Snifters described in this offer. I will pay 15c U.S. Customs handling charges when my glasses arrive.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________

Zone____State________________

NOTE: Sorry, this offer is limited to one set per person. Offer good in U.S.A. only.

DOING THE CARIBBEAN? INCLUDE THE NETHERLANDS ANTILLES

ARUBA
With cooling breezes, bargain shopping . . . and soon, the luxurious Aruba Caribbean Hotel on sparkling Palm Beach.

CURACAO
"Eye-spot-Buy-spot" of the Caribbean . . . a touch of Holland in the tropics with the new Inter-continental and other fine hotels.

BONAIRE
Island of the flamingoes. A fisherman's paradise with a wonderfully restful atmosphere. Attractive, moderately priced accommodations.

ST. MAARTEN
Lovely, unspoiled island. Half Dutch, half French free port. Modern, quiet hotels on delightful beaches. Excellent air connections.

Also Scenic **SABA** and Historic **ST. EUSTATIUS**

For colorful literature and detailed information

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

or write

NETHERLANDS WEST INDIES TOURIST BUREAU
475 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

en neat horizontal partings across the scalp), the women carried baskets of cotton, flat panniers of dried fish, trussed-up chickens, branches of bananas, bunches of tobacco leaves, bundles of firewood, water jugs, or sacks of grain. Their loads disposed of, some of them would slip off their clothes and wade into the water to bathe. They did this with complete unself-consciousness, and when they had bathed, they drank their fill and waded ashore again. It was a scene of great animation, since some of the crowd were to join us as passengers *on the ship* (*or, rather, on its attendant* barges), while some of our passengers, their journey completed, were going ashore to meet their friends and relatives. Everyone was in good spirits. People kept shaking hands and greeting one another in a way that was *something more than a greeting; often* a couple would reach out their hands to each other and stand there smiling, not precisely as lovers do but simply as if they were enjoying the experience of being together. And presently one of them would begin to dance—not moving the feet but merely swaying the body and making a series of rhythmic gestures toward the other with shoulders and arms. Under the trees, a market had opened, with fruit and dried fish spread out in the dust, and a beer shop was doing business. The beer was a seething white liquid in a tub, and the man in charge ladled it out to the customers with a gourd. This was a village fair, a bazaar, a festival—a great day, now that the crop was harvested and the boat had come in to take it away. It was clear that to this generation of the Madis the slave raids were not even a memory.

The river here, just above the Sudan border, is perhaps finer than it ever is again until it reaches the Egyptian cataracts, thousands of miles away. There is a startling lushness in the landscape, and although the pattern keeps repeating itself—the papyrus reeds along the banks, the acacia trees and the green grass beyond, and, in the distance, the brown hills—nothing is restated exactly as it was before. This broken repetition, this constant change in sameness, makes it difficult to read a book; you keep glancing up, for fear you have missed something. In these parts, the Nile cabbage, or *Pistia stratiotes*, is the real symbol of the river. It is a little plant of the liveliest and freshest green, about the size and shape of a full-blown rose, and it floats downstream on the moving surface of the water. The appearance of the single plants may

The Dutch CURAÇAO

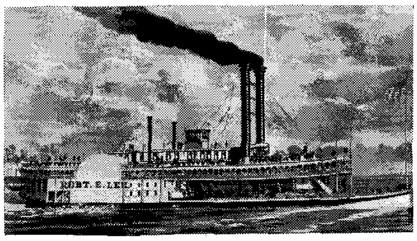
"Your most absorbing activity here will be shopping. In a few narrow streets of Willemstad, in what natives call Punda, you will find an array of merchandise from the four corners of the world.

"Leading the parade is Spritzer & Fuhrmann the truly magnificent store of one of the world's leading retailers in jewelry and watches. Three spacious floors filled with treasures from all over the world. Nowhere, not even in Switzerland, could you possibly find under one roof a more fascinating collection of the world's finest timepieces. There is silver, crystal, china, French beaded and Viennese needle point bags, clocks, beautiful Delft China and precious stones, everything from 50 cent souvenirs to $20,000 pieces of jewelry. Any of the sales personnel here could teach New York sales people something about waiting on customers. Rates are far below stateside prices."

Reprinted from CUE

SPRITZER & FUHRMANN
JEWELERS
CURAÇAO • ARUBA
Netherlands West Indies

OLD MISSISSIPPI BOATS



Old colored lithograph of Robt. E. Lee, 1870 18 x 29 plus margins, excessively rare. $850. We specialize in old marine prints and have some Mississippi river steamboat prints.

The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. at 30th St., New York
Tel. MUrray Hill 3-3950 ~ Established 1898

MANDARIN COAT . . . or DRESS from the Orient

PURE RAW SILK
Sapphire Blue, Gold, Natural, Shock Pink, Shrimp, Black, Red, Turquoise.
S-M-L
$15. ppd.

IMPORTED COTTON
Turquoise, Red, Coral, Gold, Sand, Black, White.
S-M-L
$8. ppd.

Tel. JUDSON 2-3622

send for catalogue

Penthouse Gallery
15 W. 55th St., Dept. Y18, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

never vary, but they combine to make a thousand patterns—now lines a hundred yards long, now clusters, now circles and curves that trace the currents and eddies in the stream. The Nile cabbage never fails; year after year it floats down, with the endless persistence of the river itself. But as we got nearer to the Sudan border, I began to notice that a definite change was taking place; the cabbages were starting to group themselves into small drifting islands, and on these hummocks tall green grass was growing—the first warning of the great blockage of the Sudd that lay ahead. It was pleasant to watch the islands undulate in the waves of our wake, and often sacred white ibises would find a foothold on them. They perched on the grass and rode the waves like bolls of white cotton swaying in the wind. Cranes and storks and many other birds came by, and in the evening black darters, roosting in groups on the trees, would spread out their wings to dry after a long day's fishing. They had a vampirish look, like black bats or prehistoric pterodactyls. It was not too hot, except, unexpectedly, for an hour or two in the early evening, when one felt that one had had enough sunshine for the day. About four o'clock, storm clouds would start to bank up at half a dozen places on the horizon, and presently, while the sunshine still poured down upon the river, these clouds turned black with falling rain. Short rainbows arched across from the dark into the blue. These weird lighting effects became intensified just before the sun went down, and then one saw chaotic reflections in the water that were closer to the theatre than to anything in nature.

The captain of the Lugard, a young Englishman who had only recently joined the Nile service, asked me one evening if I had ever read "Life on the Mississippi." He thought it an excellent book—very sound in its practical details about piloting on rivers—and he himself longed to go down the Mississippi someday and compare the hazards of the American stream with those along the Nile. Mark Twain's career as a river pilot was over even before the sources of the Nile were discovered, but his description of the Mississippi applies pretty well to the upper Nile today. We had no gambling aboard the Lugard, but the cotton was here, and so were the Negroes, and when we drifted into shallows, a huge African deckhand with "Uganda Marine" written across his jersey threw a line into the water to test the depth. When he called up to

FURNITURE BY DINOLEVI

CAR BY FIAT

SHOES BY SALVATORE FERRAGAMO

MEN'S SHIRTS BY BATTAGLIA

GLASS BY FLLI TOSO

JEWELRY BY BUCCELLATI

LIQUORE GALLIANO
A
LIQUEUR
SPECIALTY OF
Ditta Arturo Vaccari
of Livorno
ITALY
IMPORTED BY

FOND OF THINGS ITALIANO? TRY A SIP OF

GALLIANO

For everything from sportswear to sportscars, if it's chic these days, it's usually made by a fine Italian hand. Galliano, for example, is the liqueur of those who adventure in taste. Describe it? Never. You must *taste* it.

80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY
McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y.

Now, Hathaway
pin-tabs the
oxford shirt

So distinguished, the trim look of the tab that takes a pin handsomely. So comfortable, the neat fit of the collar. Styled for us and tailored in the superb Hathaway tradition, it's a shirt that will take first position in your wardrobe. In white oxford, 5.95; in blue, 6.95

Bloomingdale's
Men's Store

New York · New Rochelle
Fresh Meadows · Stamford

Bloomingdale's • 59th and 3rd • EL 5-5900

the bridge, in Swahili, his words, I imagine, might easily have been translated into "By the mark, one; by the mark, twain . . ." But there were differences, too, the captain said. Occasionally, the vegetation rotting at the bottom of the swamps generated immensely hot gases, which burst into flame on rising to the surface. The fires were apt to spread along the banks for a mile or more—the green papyrus was full of oil—and the dense, acrid smoke made navigation impossible. Then, there were the collisions with hippopotamuses, and the snakes that inhabited the floating islands—a particularly venomous species, red on the back and white on the belly. Cannibals were still about, the captain went on; we were actually approaching a point on the river where his crew was reluctant to go ashore.

I don't think the captain believed in those cannibals any more than I did; still, it was pleasant to sit there in the evening light, with a cool drink in hand, making a world of terrors out of the green banks that drifted by on either side.

ON the morning of the fifth day of the trip, we woke to find the ship tied up and the blue, yellow, and green striped flag of the new Sudanese Republic flying from an iron shanty on the shore. This was Nimule, the point where the Nile makes a sudden right-angled turn and breaks into rapids for over a hundred miles. Here the Lugard turned around and bore away the nurses, the honeymoon couple, and the bicycle-riding Englishman. It turned out that I was not to go on alone, however, for three passengers who had joined us upstream on the trip disembarked with me—two white women missionaries and a gentle, gray-haired African preacher, who wore his reversed collar bravely in the heat. We had our passports stamped and were told that customs inspection would take place in Juba, the capital of the South Sudan, which was a hundred and twenty miles away, on the other side of the rapids. Juba was the final destination for my companions, but I would board a steamer there for the last leg of my journey. Together we packed ourselves into a large touring car that was waiting, and set off for the capital.

The less said about that drive the better. When Churchill got to Nimule in 1907 (a plaque on a tree now indicates where he camped for the night), he wrote, "Somehow after Nimule the

uniquely Thomas Begg
the demi-bowler®

$\$12^{50}$

Meet the advanced look of youthful distinction achieved in the singular Thomas Begg manner. Crisply styled with the billy-cock up-roll brim, the original Demi-Bowler imparts that air of importance to match the daytime city mood. In spirited shades of Granite Grey, Charred Grey, Black, Ancient Bronze, Claymore Tan.

Thomas Begg
GENTLEMEN'S HATTER
480 Park Avenue, N. Y. 22—at 58th St.
400 Madison Avenue—at 47th St.
1427 Broadway—Met. Opera Bldg.

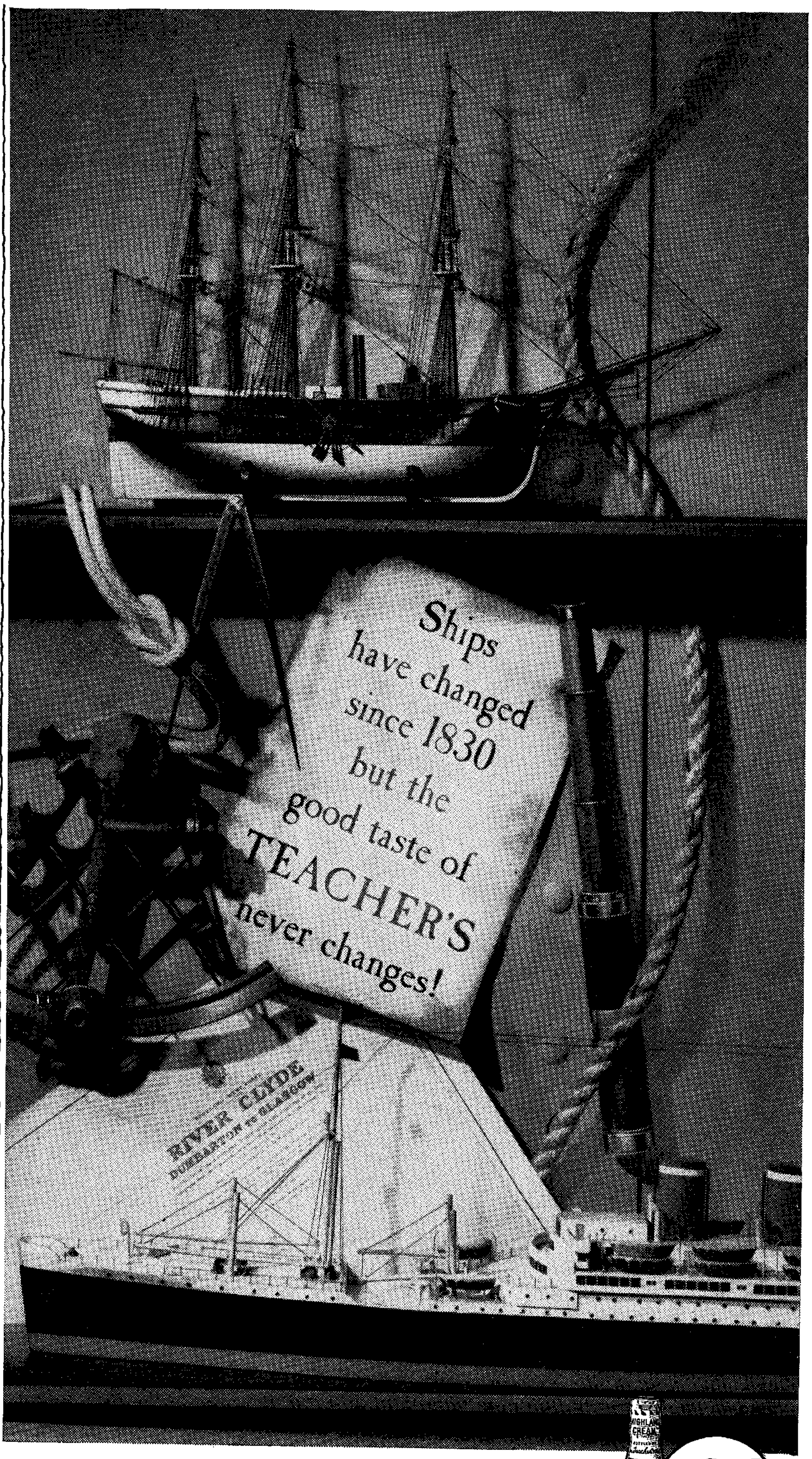
SYMBOL
of great service
for all your convention plans
Perfect for sales meetings and conferences for groups of 15 to 400. Just 45 miles from New York City, yet steeped in an atmosphere of quiet dignity. Best traditional American cuisine. New cocktail lounge. All guest rooms newly redecorated. Via N.Y. State Thruway or Palisades Interstate Parkway. Or by rail, bus or boat in season.
Highland Falls 6-4731
HOTEL THAYER
WEST POINT • NEW YORK
on grounds of the U. S. Military Academy

Continuous
Dancing Daily
5:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m.
Sundays 5 p.m. to Midnight
EMILE PETTI
and his orchestra
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
Café Lounge
AND BAR
THE SAVOY HILTON
FIFTH AVENUE at 58th STREET
ELdorado 5-2600

charm was broken. . . .” I understood precisely what he meant. Up to this point, we had been travelling through a semitropical water garden, where everything was clean and bright and fresh; now we took a sudden leap into another country and another way of life. The mountains subsided into hot and dusty plains of scrub. This was a landscape beaten down by the sun. Here the Mohammedans were masters; the Swahili language was replaced by Arabic, and the feathered headdresses and the gaudy togas had disappeared. The people now wore either the fez or the turban, and the galabia, which looks like a nightgown and is nearly always plain white. In place of the illiterate Negroes, with their deep voices, their white teeth, their natural grace, and their slowness, there was now—in the larger townships, at all events—a certain Middle Eastern furtiveness, a whiff of sophistication. Colonel Nasser appeared to have a strong following even here, in the far south of the Sudan, and his heavy, confident features peered out at one from colored oleographs in all the ramshackle shops we passed. Arabic music poured in a high-pitched, whirling, never-ending stream from radios in the pavement cafés. The streets were unpaved and blowing with dust; the prevailing architecture was galvanized-iron-shed. Now, too, one became aware that civilization means wastepaper. There had been no paper in the primitive villages of the upper Nile, but here old Arabic newspapers, discarded cigarette packets, and other debris were constantly blowing about.

All this was part of my first impression of Juba, which until this moment had occupied such a bright spot in my myth of the Nile, but perhaps I am not being fair to the place. We had arrived there at the end of a four-hour drive through hot red dust at the hottest time of the day (squirming on the car seats, feeling our mouths dry up while our clothes grew wet with sweat); we were in a mood to see squalor, and squalor was what we saw. The car pulled up at a dock, and we trooped on board a dilapidated boat that was labelled, quite simply, “Barge 3.” This was to be my transport down the rest of the Nile, and it was also the place where the customs officials would clear us. We sat in a cage of mosquito netting on the upper deck and waited dispiritedly for the customs men and for tea. The shore was littered with junk and looked like an abandoned railway yard. The heat was ferocious.

I admired the younger of the two

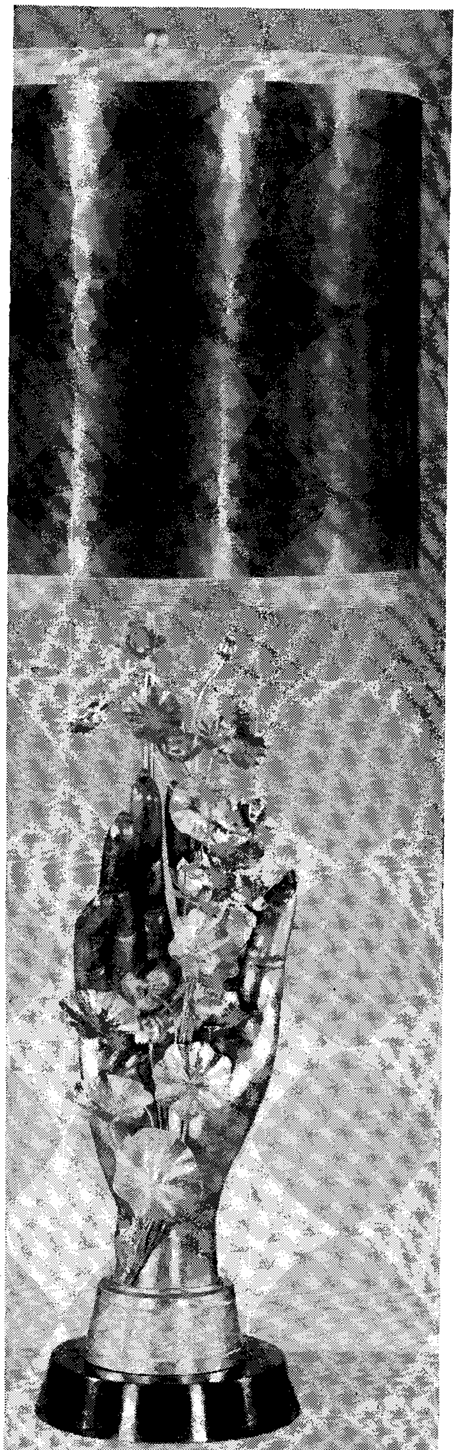

Ships have changed since 1830 but the good taste of TEACHER'S never changes!
RIVER CLYDE
DUMBARTON TO GLASGOW

In a class by itself since 1830

TEACHER'S

HIGHLAND CREAM Scotch Whisky

86 PROOF • Blended Scotch Whisky
Schieffelin & Co., New York



THE GLOW
OF EXCELLENCE

Rely on your decorator
or dealer

Paul Hanson Co., Inc.

15 East 26th Street
New York

611 Merchandise Mart
Chicago

missionaries—a nice girl, probably in her early twenties. She had been working in Nairobi, in Kenya, which is a cool and cheerful place, and now she had been assigned to Juba for the next few years. From the deck of Barge 3, we could see most of the town, and her colleague, who was returning from leave, pointed out to her the slovenly main street, with its one hotel (the only hotel in the South Sudan), and then showed her the mission, the church, the hospital, and the place where she was to live. The girl drooped a little as each new shed was identified—even the most devoted and experienced of missionaries must have done the same—but she revived somewhat when tea arrived, and managed to make a joke of it all. Her resignation seemed at the time to be a good deal more courageous than pious, and it was quite clear that she would soon settle down in Juba and find virtues here that transients would never see. Her companion, an older woman, was equally undismayed. "I work with a small tribe of my own," she told me. "It's about a hundred miles from here." I asked her where that was, and she answered, "Oh, I don't know exactly where—I was never any good at places on a map." She made a vague gesture toward the plains. "It's out there somewhere."

"How long have you been there?"

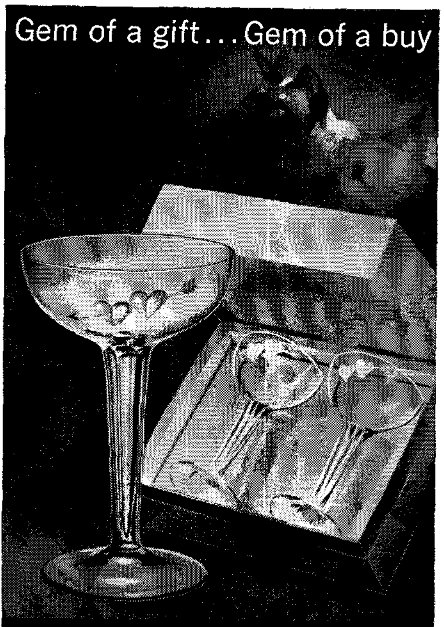
"Twenty years."

"Alone?"

"Oh, yes, I am by myself," she said. She explained that it was not lonely. She had set up a dispensary and had trained some of the young men as hospital dressers. She held her church services under the trees. She had planted a garden, and it was home.

While we were talking, the African preacher stood by, smiling continuously. He, too, was new to the area, and he was very nervous. Presently, the pastor of the mission arrived—a tall, good-looking man in freshly laundered shorts and shirt—and he welcomed his people in a grave, unenthusiastic way. "Well, Eve—good leave?" he said to the lady who knew nothing about maps, and passed on swiftly to the African preacher and the younger woman. His greeting of Eve was not unfriendly or exactly perfunctory; it was part of the flatness and perhaps the emotional tiredness that descend on people who live for many years in hot, isolated places and are familiar with every detail of one another's lives, and who, especially in Africa, are committed to an endless struggle in a primitive and reluctant world. Clearly, he and Eve had a thousand things to say

Gem of a gift . . . Gem of a buy



Our "Bridal Twosome" only 5.50

For their first toast, for wedding anniversaries, all festive occasions. Plummer-exclusive imported hand-cut hollow-stem Champagnes with copper wheel engraved *arrow-pierced hearts . . . in handsome gift* box. Beyond delivery area add 50¢.

Plummer
LTD
734 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19

Traditionally Superb

Pre-theatre dining . . . and just a *short stroll to your theatre.*
(reservations: Raul)

After-theatre gathering place for *wonderful drinks and buffet supper* with . . . "the talk of the town."

HOTEL
Algonquin
59 West 44th Street, New York • MUrray Hill 7-4400
"New York's beloved hotel"

Free Indoor Parking for dinner guests and week-end visitors.

100% Air Conditioned

Multi-Purpose Tray

$15

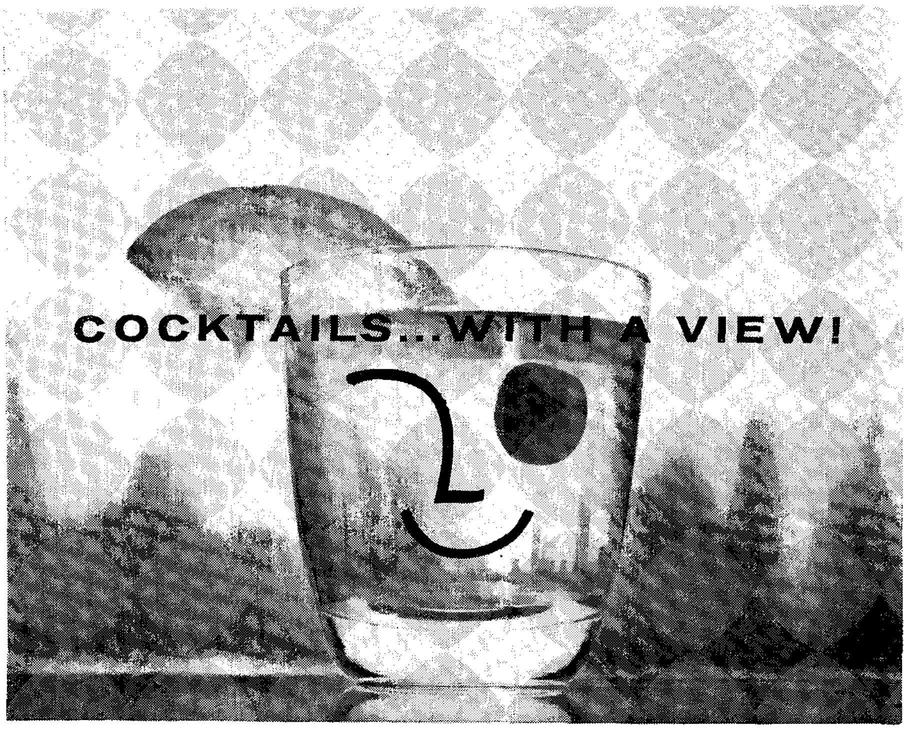
Sculptured natural walnut for all serving. Brass grips. 15" x 10½".

Add 80c beyond delivery area
Write or Telephone Jean Tree PL 7-8100

BLACK STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.
MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

to one another, but all this would come out much later, in a series of long, slow conversations when they were alone. For the moment, however, we were a polite and cozy party; the pastor handed tea around, inquiring if we took both milk and sugar, and we might have been making a call at any vicarage anywhere, except that a gang of Arab boys were shouting rude comments at us from the junk heap on the shore. We drank our tea, and when the customs man had stamped our passports, the missionaries went off quietly together to their huts and sheds in the town.

I had plenty of time to observe Barge 3 during the next seven days. It was surrounded by other barges, all crammed with African passengers, and lashed to a roaring, bell-clanging, chain-clashing, oil-smelling paddle-wheeler, which propelled us down the river like a mother duck with her brood. No first-class passengers travelled on the paddle-wheeler; Barge 3 represented the *grand luxe* of the expedition. We had separate cabins with electric fans and shower baths, and we ate our meals rather grandly in a saloon on the lower deck. It was Ramadan, the month when no Mohammedan may eat or drink between dawn and sunset, and the heat was intense. The crew must have felt really wretched throughout the day. They moved about with an air of suppressed irritation and inexpressible lassitude—not the natural indolence of the Negroes upstream but a matter of sudden fits and starts and then long periods of abstraction. A loud, high-pitched shout would disturb the afternoon siesta, and there would be a hideous rattling of chains along the iron deck; then all would subside into a despairing silence, broken only by the clangor of the engine and the thrashing of the paddles. The men were extremely devout. (This is something you notice more and more as you penetrate into the really primitive parts of the South Sudan; the more terrible the desert and the heat, and the more poverty-stricken the people's lives, the more they tend to prostrate themselves in prayer, making twice or three times the required number of kneelings and bowings.) The captain—who, incidentally, was called not captain but engineer, which is apparently a higher title on the river—was a lean, handsome man, wearing a galabia and a lace skullcap, who sat cross-legged on a shelf on the bridge of the paddle-wheeler, directing operations. Every few hours, he would descend to the deck below and there spread out a little doeskin prayer rug, on which he would prostrate him-



Rainbow Room

Delicious Cocktails • Wonderful Music
Hot Hors D'Oeuvres
Open 4:30 to 9 *(except Sundays)*
No Minimum Charge • Reservations: CI 6-5800
65th Floor—RCA Building—Rockefeller Center

THE MOST FABULOUS VIEW OF ALL MANHATTAN SURROUNDS YOU!

News from our Furniture 5th

"Cherry Valley" by Stickley

A fine group of Early American and English reproductions, distinguished by their superb craftsmanship, authentic styling, is now on view in our Early American Gallery. Among the many pieces on display, the elegant Stickley corner cabinet, shown, an English classic, priced at **$373**

Furniture, 5th Floor

New York store only

Bloomingdale's • Lexington at 59th, New York 22, N. Y. • EL 5-5900

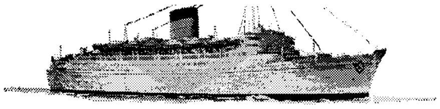
This Winter

- In Greece, photograph the Parthenon, count caryatides, consult the Delphic oracle
- Enjoy Casablanca's night life
- Visit Istanbul's Blue Mosque, bizarre bazaars
- At Venice, take a vaporetto, be dazzled by Renaissance splendors
- Live luxuriously aboard your brilliant cruise liner

Britannic All-Mediterranean Cruise

From N. Y. Jan. 23 • $1275 up • 66 days

Snub winter while you explore the sparkling wonders of the world's most legendary sea. Visit 22 glamorous ports: Funchal, Casablanca, Tangier, Valetta, Alexandria, Haifa, Rhodes, Istanbul, the Dardanelles, Athens, Dubrovnik, Venice, Messina, Naples, Villefranche, Barcelona, Palma, Algiers, Malaga, Gibraltar, Lisbon, Cherbourg, Southampton. *Ticket covers stopover in Europe and return First Class in the Queen Elizabeth or Queen Mary, world's largest superliners.*



Other Cunard Cruises

AUTUMN WEST INDIES • CARONIA
Oct. 3 • Oct. 17 • Nov. 1 from N.Y.
12-13 days • 4-5 ports • $300-$325 up
WORLD CRUISE of 1959 • CARONIA
Jan. 20 from N.Y.
108 days • 25 ports • $3,200 up
WEST INDIES & SO. AMERICA • MAURETANIA
Dec. 23, Feb. 7, Feb. 27, Mar. 21, & Apr. 7
12 to 18 days • 5 to 10 ports
$320 to $525 up

No Greater Name in Cruising
CUNARD
Main U. S. office—25 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
See Your Travel Agent

self, shifting his position every time we rounded a bend, so that he continued to face toward Mecca. Someone had tethered a baby gazelle beside the place where he prayed, and it bleated continuously on one high note, easily penetrating the general uproar of crowing cocks, baaing goats, and crashing engine. The engineer paid it no attention. He would remain for the required time in a trance of worship, and then, rolling up his doeskin rug and placing it under his arm, make his way slowly back to the bridge.

Apart from a footloose young South African who was wandering up through the continent to Europe with a rucksack on his back and a bearded young Englishman who was also drifting around the world, there were no other white men on board; a year or two ago, before the British left the Sudan, there would have been a dozen or more, some of them changing for dinner. On Barge 3, most of the passengers were Mohammedans, who rarely left their cabins. The women, in particular, sat or lay on their bunks all day and all night, apparently unaffected by the heat. They did not pray or observe the fast; their servants kept padding barefooted along the deck, bringing them little bowls of rice and baskets of mangoes. They threw the mango skins out of the cabin doors as they ate. We others meanwhile drifted into a lackadaisical routine, and no day had any definite beginning or ending. "Time vanishes," Churchill wrote when he made this journey, "and nothing is left but space and sunlight." It would be useless to pretend that it was not monotonous. One woke at dawn, sweating under an electric fan that seemed to do nothing more than move the stale air in circles around the cabin. The day was punctuated with drinks, with meals, with repeated lukewarm showers, and with hours of reading; it was like being confined to one's room with a vague, indefinite illness that was not painful or unpleasant but slightly narcotic in its effects.

BELOW Juba, the Nile makes a great swoop to the northeast, between low but fairly fertile banks. This is the territory of the Dinka tribe, and here, almost immediately, you emerge from the influence and sophistication of the Arab Moslems. It is more primitive than the Madi country; indeed, it is one of the least civilized parts of the whole continent. There are about a million Dinkas, and on every count they are among the most interesting people

THE
Persian Room
Presents the Gala Return of
Lisa Kirk
and her company in a new act
Musical director—PETER MATZ

TED STRAETER
His Songs, Piano and Orchestra
MARK MONTE'S CONTINENTALS

THE PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET
PLaza 9-3000

Nearby Enjoyment
IN PRINCETON

Enjoy fine food and accommodations in a lovely setting adjoining the Princeton University campus. 100 rooms. Cocktail lounge. Meeting rooms. Golf. Ample parking. Air Conditioned.

DOUBLE ROOMS FROM $8.00
WRITE, OR CALL WALNUT 4-5200

PRINCETON INN
PRINCETON, N. J.

LANCERS
Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

Imported from Portugal. A Light-bodied Rosé wine—slightly effervescent—delightfully different in taste. Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.

SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 W. 54th St N. Y. 19, N. Y.

in Africa. In its study of the Nilotes, the International African Institute says that the Dinkas "consider their country the best in the world and everyone inferior to themselves." They have resisted outside interference probably more fiercely than any other tribe. According to the Institute, touchiness, pride, and reckless disobedience are their customary reactions to authority. The Dinkas are both conservative and brave, and they believe strongly in the rights of the individual. Nature has certainly helped them to maintain this aggressive attitude, for they are among the tallest people in the world (many are over six feet five), and are proportionately tough. But they are not muscular; both men and women have slight, lithe figures, narrow hips, and extraordinarily long legs. They resolutely refuse, for the most part, to wear any clothes at all beyond a small apron or a few strings hanging from a leather girdle, and even these are often discarded. However, they like jewelry—especially when they are young—and they mark their faces and bodies with cicatrices. Often you will see a man who has decorated himself by covering his entire body with gray ash. It gives him a macabre and ghostly appearance, but he is always a commanding sight, with his long spear and his direct and challenging gaze. The Dinka is a cattle breeder, and he dotes on his animals; a boy on being given a bull by his father will grow up with the beast, living with it day and night, calling it by an endearing name, and singing it songs to keep it happy while it grazes. It is impossible not to like these proud and truculent people. Nothing of my seventeen-year-old memory of their beauty was false. They came wading into the river as we passed, and crowded around us at the stopping places, and they were as graceful and elegant as herons. The women walked down to the river with water jugs on their heads, precisely as I remembered them, and the children were especially charming. When they smiled, their gleaming white teeth split their round cannon-ball heads in two; it was a whale of a smile. But they all hated being photographed, probably because they regard the camera as an evil eye that threatens and interferes with their privacy—which, of course, it does. It takes away from them an image, a likeness, that they feel ought not to be exposed to strangers and, possibly, enemies. When the young Englishman with the beard was taking pictures from the deck one day, a six-foot warrior came rushing across a sandbank and into the water to-

INTRODUCING THE AGE OF STEREO...

THE 1958 NEW YORK HIGH FIDELITY MUSIC SHOW

150 SOUND SALONS FEATURING THE LATEST STEREO HIGH FIDELITY EQUIPMENT

- Over $5,000,000 worth of stereo high fidelity systems . . . for every budget!
- Spectacular stereo record and tape demonstrations!
- Lectures and discussions with top authorities in high fidelity and music!

Tues., Sept. 30 through Sat., Oct. 4
Hours: Sept. 30 through Oct. 3—4 to 11 PM
Saturday, Oct. 4—10 AM to 11 PM
at the air-conditioned
New York Trade Show Building,
36th St. & 8th Ave. • Admission: 99c

INSTITUTE OF HIGH FIDELITY MANUFACTURERS INC.

High School Students admitted at ½ price on Wednesday & Thursday, 3-5 PM with G.O. tickets.

BONNIERS THIRD FLOOR

teak desk	150.00
teak chair black leather	125.00
akari floor lamp 6'6"	33.50

BONNIERS 605 MADISON AVENUE, BETWEEN 57TH & 58TH STREETS

MEZZO 3.50
Crescendoe
GLOVES

The Paris-born glove...spiked with black grosgrain in a melange of colors or black and white. Sueded and leather-tailored of exclusive Wonder Fabric. In any shade, it washes like new... wears forever. At your favorite store, or write.

Crescendoe shoe by De Liso Debs

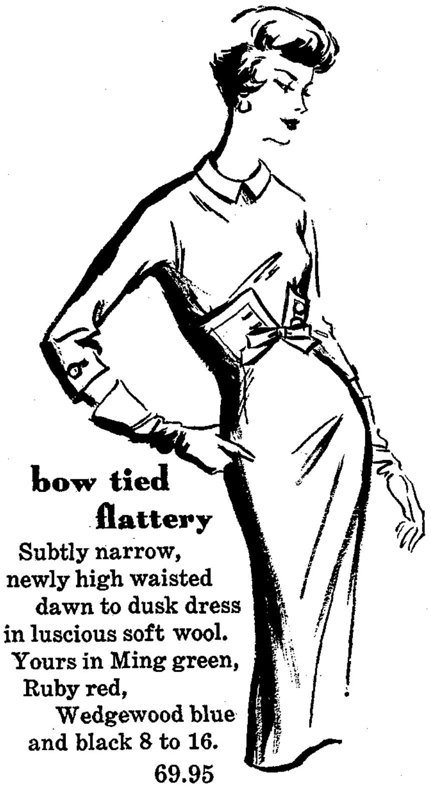
©1958, CRESCENDOE GLOVES, INC., JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK

ward him, in a perfect frenzy of rage. He pointed his finger at us, and then, raising his spear, made a series of vicious uppercuts into the empty air; it was obvious that he would have disembowelled my young friend then and there if he could have reached him. One of our fellow-passengers, a northern Sudanese in a city suit, came up and asked if we had permission to take pictures. He was almost as angry as the tribesman on the shore, but for an altogether different reason: he hated the idea of these "backward" villages' being photographed. The nakedness of the inhabitants was to him an immodest and shameful thing, and to take pictures of them was to give a false impression of the Sudan. The world, he thought, should know about the new republic that the Sudanese were trying to build up—the schools, the hospitals, the Western clothes, the tractors, and the hydraulic projects. In any case, all this primitiveness in the south would soon be swept away. He was right, of course, and we stopped photographing after this.

On the third day out of Juba, we hit the Sudd. The word "hit" is precise. Channels have been cut through this fantastic swamp, but they are narrow, with many bends, and our square cluster of barges was an unwieldy lump, not at all designed for cornering. We lurched erratically from side to side, striking first one bank and then the other with soft but heavy thumps. Often, for ten minutes at a stretch, we would go into reverse and then edge forward again, scraping along the banks and tearing away great chunks of earth and papyrus before we got around a corner. At other times, we would float helplessly sidewise until we crashed into a sandbank. Now the bell in the engine room was never silent, and although the engineer, still sitting cross-legged up there on the bridge, appeared quite unmoved, the rest of us found it all an exacting experience, rather like riding a bucking horse. For the next three days, we went lurching, swaying, lunging, and bumping down the river, with nothing to see on either side but an endless feathery arras of papyrus. It melted into the distance like a green ocean, and the horizon was a perfect circle under a hot white sky.

Samuel Baker gives a fine idea of what the Sudd was like when he saw it in 1870, the stream being then completely blocked. He says, "The immense number of floating islands which are constantly passing down the stream of the White Nile had no exit; thus they were sucked under the original obstruc-

florence LEWIS

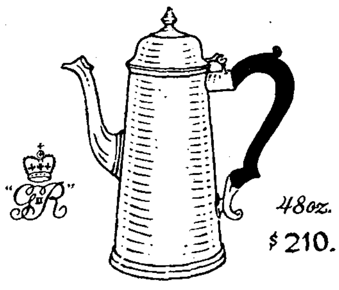


bow tied flattery

Subtly narrow,
newly high waisted
dawn to dusk dress
in luscious soft wool.
Yours in Ming green,
Ruby red,
Wedgewood blue
and black 8 to 16.
69.95

711 Madison Avenue at 63rd St.
New York, New York

à jamais...
photography...
Maggi Sherwood
430 E. 86th Street, New York 28, N.Y.
Telephone: REgent 7-0785

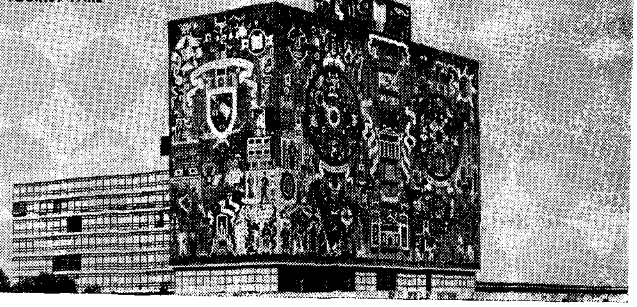


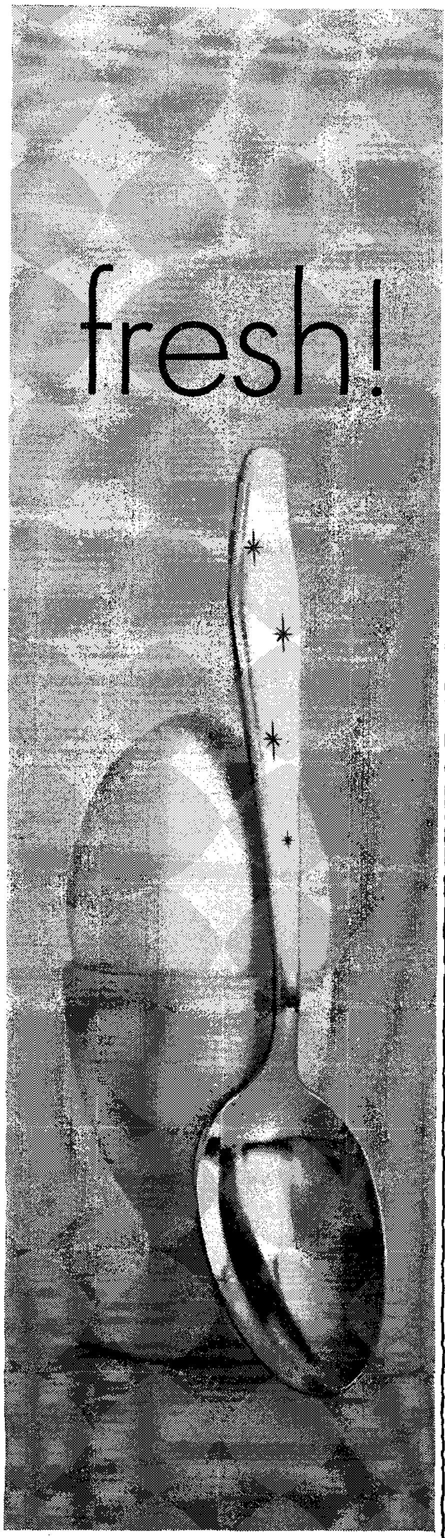
ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

tion by the force of the stream, which passed through some mysterious channel until the subterranean passage became choked with a wondrous accumulation of vegetable matter. The entire river became a marsh, beneath which, by the great pressure of water, the stream oozed through innumerable small channels. In fact, the White Nile had disappeared." This was the obstacle that for a good two thousand years blocked every attempt to get to the source of the river. Two centurions sent by the Emperor Nero were forced to turn back, and between that time and the nineteenth century numberless unsuccessful expeditions set out. The mystery of the Nile fascinated the nineteenth century even more than outer space does today. Baker managed to cut a way through, only to find that the mass of weed closed up behind him. In 1874, an Egyptian expedition opened up a channel, but within four years it was choked again. In 1880, the Egyptians once again cut a way through, but soon after that the dervish rebellion put an end to further attempts at clearance for fourteen years. It was not until the early years of this century that a permanent channel was made, by the British. A group of engineers under Major Malcolm Peake did this by cutting loose huge blocks of vegetation—some of them a mile long and twenty feet thick—and chopping them into segments ten feet square. These were hauled out bodily from the river by gunboats equipped with wire hawsers working downstream from the blockage—a hot and trying job that took four years.

The Sudd continues for about two hundred and fifty miles—nearly half the length of Italy. If it were ever drained—and the project has been discussed—it could become another Plain of Lombardy, though much larger. At present, however, it is almost without life—a vast, pitiless desolation. This swamp is hostile and primeval, something out of the unformed beginning of the world. A single papyrus is a rather beautiful plant, growing about twelve feet high, on a long green canelike stalk, and then spreading out in a foliage of delicate fans. But when it is seen like this, en masse, in a mad abundance that goes on mile after mile, day after day, it is oppressive, claustrophobic, even a little sinister. One day when we were tied up for an hour or two, mending a broken rudder, I went ashore, and within a few yards of the bank I found myself completely surrounded by walls of exactly identical stalks. I was only a few steps from the river, but the mind

Great Thoroughbred Racing
Belmont Park
First Race 1:15 pm • Daily Double Closes 1:05 pm • Gen'l Adm. $1.95 tax incl.
Special LIRR trains from Penn. Station and Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn.
By Subway & Bus or by Car—via Parkways. Plenty of Parking Space.
FOR RESERVED SEATS: FIELDSTONE 7-2200.


New York - Mexico
AERONAVES
Featuring the jet-prop Britannias
The only daily non-stop flights at $104*
See your local Travel Agent or call:
AERONAVES DE MEXICO
500 Fifth Avenue • New York 36, N. Y. • BRyant 9-9700
*ONE WAY TOURIST FARE



...that's the word for the incised sparkle of Dawn Star, the newest Wallace Sterling pattern. The teaspoon above, $3.75. Six-piece setting, $24.95
Fed. tax incl.

WALLACE SILVERSMITHS
at Wallingford, Conn. since 1835

creates nightmares in this wilderness, and it was all too easy to imagine that the boat had sailed without me, that I was utterly abandoned and certainly doomed to die. Visions of pythons—those cherished pythons of my myth of the Nile—rose up from the swamp to crunch me. Barge 3, when I got back, seemed like a suite at the Ritz.

The fires in the Sudd—the outbreaks of spontaneous combustion I had been told about—are very beautiful, and they were all around us now, day and night, crackling and snarling, sending up great columns of smoke into the sky. You saw them on the horizon, some five or ten miles away, but more than an hour might go by on the winding river before you drew level with the flames, and then the punishing heat would come out and strike you from the shore. In the darkness, it sometimes looked as if a ring of distant cities were on fire, the smoke being lit from below with a lurid pinkish-purplish light—an effect that for some reason made me think of historical paintings such as "Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow" and "The Last Days of Pompeii." The fires attracted the small birds along the river; they darted into the very edge of the flames to snatch the insects driven out by the heat. These birds, like the Sudd itself, exist in an impossible profusion. I thought they were locusts when first I saw them—they made a kind of brown stain across the sky—and it was only through binoculars that I made out the shapes of tiny feathered wings, millions upon millions of them. They flew at great speed and in a dense mass, weaving and wheeling together in the air and constantly changing direction; like bats, they must have some sort of radar to guide them, for they never collided.

In the Sudd, the Nile cabbages vanish—perhaps they are broken up by the rapids above Juba—but they are replaced by the water hyacinth, which is even more prolific. It is a green, fleshy creeper with a pale-purple flower, and it reaches out, floating, from the bank. Long filaments of the plant constantly break away and sail off down the river. We kept smashing into these green rafts, and although they were torn to pieces by the paddles, they always gathered themselves together again in our wake. Outcrops of hard land occur at intervals in the Sudd, and on them a tree or two will grow and a village will spring up. We were now entering the territory of the Nuers, a kindred tribe to the Dinkas, though shorter and less handsome. They also seemed to me to

A TRIBUTE TO YOUR TASTE!

SWEET OR DRY

TRIBUNO
EXTRA DRY
TRIBUNO
VERMOUTH

Cocktails made with **TRIBUNO VERMOUTH**
"21" Brands, Inc. NEW YORK, N. Y., SOLE AGENTS U. S. A.

TRUE HI-FI BEGINS WITH

Sonotone®
STEREO PHONO CARTRIDGES
50 manufacturers of over 417 phonograph models specify SONOTONE.
When you buy or modernize your record player, insist on Sonotone Ceramic Phonograph Cartridges.

facing Lake Michigan on the Gold Coast
Enjoy air-conditioned luxury only five minutes from downtown . . . steps from famous restaurants and exclusive North Michigan Avenue stores. Superb appointments and friendly service. Rooms, suites and apartments.

Lake Shore Drive HOTEL
SUperior 7-8500
181 East Lake Shore Drive
CHICAGO

be poorer, and their poverty increased steadily. As the Sudd closed in more and more relentlessly, the villages grew farther and farther apart, finally degenerating into single homesteads of crude grass huts. On all but the river side, they were hemmed in by the papyrus. The people were pitifully thin and listless, and clearly they were hungry; I saw one group of men flaying a dead crocodile, which can hardly be a palatable diet. It was interesting to watch the tribesmen's reactions to our boat. It made quite a commotion on the river and was certainly the most imposing object for many miles around, and in the more highly developed settlements upstream it had been a great center of interest. But here we did not attract much attention. The men and women sitting outside their huts hardly bothered to look up, and some of them elaborately turned their backs. It occurred to me that they probably did not like to be confused by strange objects, or jerked out of the narrow, uneventful rhythm of their lives. Our arrival, having no purpose or meaning in their existence, was nothing more than an intrusion and an interruption; they were absorbed in their own dullness. And their dullness could merge into moments of really desperate sadness. Looking up from my book one day, I saw a solitary boy sitting in the shade of a lean-to shelter on the bank. He did not stir or make any sign. This was strange, for even here the children usually waved and called to us. Then, looking closer, I saw that this boy's stomach was enormously swollen by some disease. He was obviously in a deep daze of pain and apathy; nothing could amuse him or enlist his attention. It is particularly unwise to jump to conclusions in Africa, yet it was almost certain that the boy had been segregated from the rest of his family and left alone there in the shelter to die. I watched him until we turned a corner, but still he never moved.

AFTER almost three days in the Sudd, we emerged into Lake No, where a tributary called the Bahr el Ghazal joins the main stream. Here the Nile makes a sharp turn to the east, and almost at once there were signs that at last we were leaving the Sudd behind us. The continual bumping of the boat into the banks came to a blessed end at last; the river now ran broad and straight, and once again we saw hills in the distance. We were still a long way from Luxor and the great riverside temples of ancient Egypt, but we

DEW IT YOURSELF!

Germaine Monteil shows you how to create living moisture for your complexion by encouraging your skin's cells to maintain a normal, healthy moisture balance. Surface moisture will lend the skin a surface bloom — but this inner, living moisture gives it the very glow of youth!

Super Moist Beauty Emulsion contains both the "skin vitamins" — A and D — as well as Monteil's "Healsel" and G-62, important factors that suppress surface bacteria and skin irritations. Wear it under your make-up and see for yourself how quickly it makes — and keeps — your skin naturally fresh!

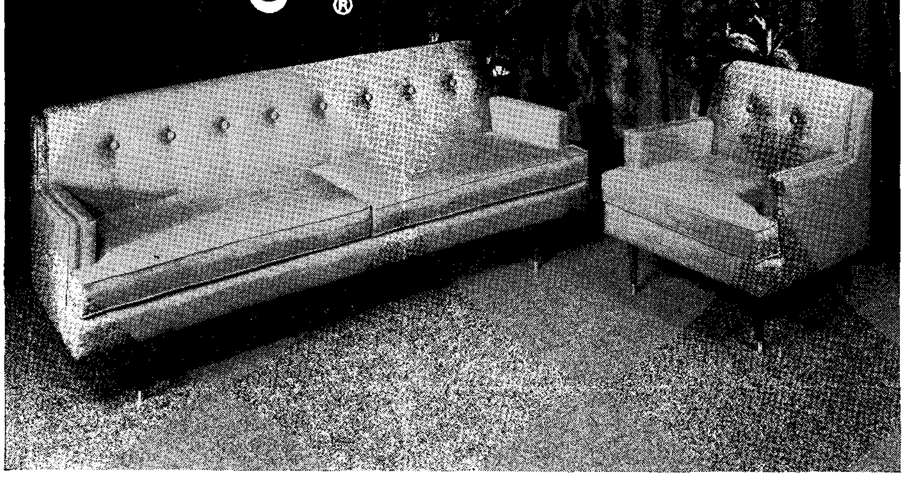
SUPER-MOIST BEAUTY EMULSION

7.50 12.00 20.00 PLUS TAX

Germaine Monteil

Parfé®

A NEW COLOR DIMENSION IN UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE



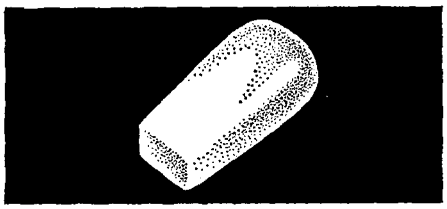
BERNE FURNITURE CO. introduces an excitingly new concept of color in upholstered furniture with a MASTERCRAFT upholstery fabric made of Parfé, a new Bemberg yarn. Salvos of color, spaced intermittently along Parfe's entire length, produce a breathtaking striae effect in the fabric . . . original, decorator-smart. See the Berne Parfé group at fine stores everywhere.

Bemberg®

ARISTOCRAT OF RAYON YARN

Parfé is American Bemberg's registered trade mark for cuprammonium rayon yarn.

For name of store, write: AMERICAN BEMBERG, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



WHITE SHOE PEG CORN

A treasured American delicacy comes to market

Perhaps you have visited in that cradle of fine American cookery, The Old Dominion. If so, you may have tasted Country Gentleman white corn. Indeed, the gentry thereabouts often oversee the planting, the growing, the picking of it themselves, so highly do they prize it.

Such a corn has not been easily obtainable heretofore, even at the finest groceries. But now an exceptional new variety of this honored breed has become available. It is unlike any other corn you may know.

For one thing, these whole kernels are unusually tall and slender. Their unique shape begat their name, a borrowing from the tiny pegs once used in making fine shoes.

Then too, they are extraordinarily young and, hence, extraordinarily crisp. The flavor, we assure you, is beyond common experience.

Naturally, this delicacy has never been easy to come by. One reason being that its seed is the fruit of hundreds of breedings and cross-breedings. Another is that only certain prime soil is suitable for its cultivation.

Modest quantities of this aristocratic corn now have reached a few of the finer provisioners. It is called Le Sueur Brand shoe peg white corn. May we suggest that you try it soon?

LE SUEUR
WHITE CORN

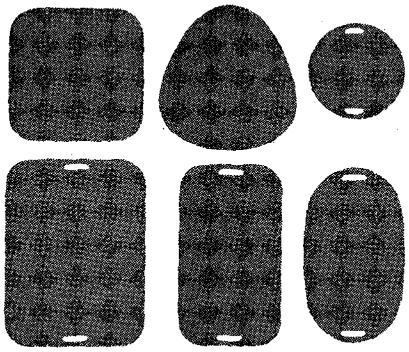
LE SUEUR
BRAND
Shoe Peg White CORN

Green Giant Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota
"Le Sueur" Brand Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. ©GGCo.

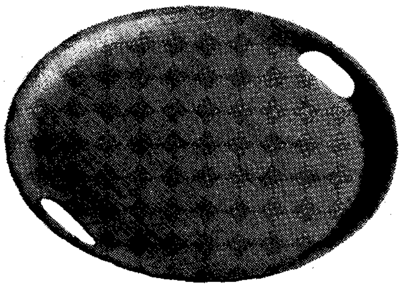
were returning to civilization of a sort. Wide, dusty plains replaced the papyrus; and thousands of cattle were grazing on them. The villages were dreary, semi-sophisticated places, with galvanized-iron sheds along the banks and broken-down motorbuses standing about; more and more of the inhabitants wore clothes. Surprisingly, the wildlife increased; flocks of black storks rose from the reeds as we passed, and it was a common thing to see crocodiles sunning themselves on the sandbanks and groups of snorting hippopotamuses rising to the surface.

There was a sudden uproar in the night just before we reached Malakal. We ran down a fishing boat in the darkness, and, in a hullabaloo of shouting, three scared and bewildered young men were hauled on board the paddle-wheeler. I came on them in the morning, crouching beside the engine. Heaven knows why they should have been put in that horrible place; the stench of hot oil was overpowering, and the noise made it impossible to speak. Obviously, this was the first time these youths had come so close to civilization. They had been plucked straight out of their antediluvian world by this thrashing monster on the river, and they were utterly confused. They squatted there, black and naked, with just a string of wire around their waists, and their faces heavily scarred above the eyebrows. Their eyes were like those of trapped animals. At Malakal, police came on board to take charge of them—very smart police, in khaki, with blue felt hats turned up on one side. They kept asking questions, and the three young fishermen gazed up at them, trying desperately to understand. All they wished to say, no doubt, was that they had lost their boat, and now they wanted to go home. But here at Malakal we were back again in the world of law courts, witnesses, and statements. By the time I went ashore, the head policeman had produced a notebook.

Malakal (population 12,000) is another Juba, except that it is somewhat larger, busier, and dustier. It has, however, one distinction: it is in the territory of the Shilluk, and not far away on the river, at Fashoda, is the dwelling place of the divine king of the tribe. When Frazer published his tremendous work "The Golden Bough," in 1890, very little was known of the tribal customs of Central and East Africa. Frazer, of course, was not primarily concerned with them; his main object was to explain the significance of the pre-



laminated golden
TEAK TRAYS
from Sweden—designed by Paul Secon
Lightweight, Strong and Stainproof
22 handsome styles $3.75 to $17.50



iDG Write iDG for fine store in your area and for contract information
INTERNATIONAL DESIGNERS GROUP
58 East 58 Street, New York 22, N. Y.

A Fine Personal Gift
HANSON
Weighmaster
Oversize dial—you can see and be sure. Weighs accurately on both tile and carpeted floors.
White and colors. $7.95. Gold Trim $8.75
HANSON SCALE CO. (Est. 1888) NORTHBROOK, ILLINOIS

ORDER NOW for December delivery
VOLKSWAGEN
AUTHORIZED DELIVERIES ABROAD
BRISTOL MOTORS SERVICE
442 East 92 St., New York • EN 9-6160

historic King of the Wood in the sacred grove of Diana, on Lake Nemi, just south of Rome. But he had a moment of rare prescience when he wrote, in the preface to the abridged edition of his twelve volumes, "How far the facts point to an early influence of Africa on Italy, or even to the existence of an African population in Southern Europe, I do not presume to say. The prehistoric relations between the two continents are still obscure and still under investigation." This is akin to Darwin's contention that the first human beings to inhabit the earth lived in Africa, and now that we know a good deal about the divine kings of the Shilluk, it is fascinating to read the famous opening passage of "The Golden Bough." Describing the sanctuary on Lake Nemi, Frazer says, "In this sacred grove there grew a certain tree round which at any time of the day, and probably far into the night, a grim figure might be seen to prowl. In his hand he carried a drawn sword, and he kept peering warily about him, as if at every instant he expected to be set upon by an enemy. He was a priest and a murderer; and the man for whom he looked was sooner or later to murder him and hold the priesthood in his stead. Such was the rule of the sanctuary. A candidate for the priesthood could only succeed to office by slaying the priest, and having slain him, he retained office till he was himself slain by a stronger or craftier. The post which he held by this precarious tenure carried with it the title of king; but surely no crowned head ever lay uneasier, or was visited by more evil dreams, than his. For year in, year out, in summer and winter, in fair weather and in foul, he had to keep his lonely watch, and whenever he snatched a troubled slumber it was at the peril of his life. The least relaxation of his vigilance, the smallest abatement of his strength of limb or skill of fence, put him in jeopardy; grey hairs might seal his death-warrant."

When Frazer was writing this, the actual embodiment of his divine murderer-king was living at Fashoda; in fact, his successors reside there to this day. "According to Shilluk folklore," says Seligman, an authority on the subject, "there was once a period when any man of the royal family who could slay the king might reign in his stead, and this is given as the origin of the still existing practice that the king sleeps by day and is awake at night, for it was only at night, when alone or with his women, that his life might have been attempted with hope of success. The

music by
MANTOVANI
stereo
at its enjoyable best

mantovani
Strauss Waltzes
Blue Danube; Wine, Women and Song; Tales from the Vienna Woods; Emperor Waltz; Voices of Spring, 7 others. PS 118

MANTOVANI
song hits from theatreland
If I Loved You; Hello Young Lovers; Stranger in Paradise; Bewitched, Some Enchanted Evening, 7 others. PS 125

MANTOVANI
Film Encores
My Foolish Heart; Love Is A Many Splendored Thing; Laura; High Noon; September Song, 7 others. PS 124

mantovani
Gems Forever
All The Things You Are; True Love; I Could Have Danced All Night; Summertime; Hey There, 7 others. PS 106

OVER 100 ffss RECORDINGS NOW AVAILABLE—WRITE FOR CATALOG

LONDON RECORDS
DEPT. Z 539 W. 25TH ST. NEW YORK N. Y.
ffss
full frequency stereophonic sound

MARTIN'S
V.V.O.
Gold Bar Extra Quality
MARTIN'S
ORIGINAL
V.V.O.
BRAND
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
ALL EXTRA QUALITY
SCOTLAND
Towers above them all—
MARTIN'S V.V.O.

86.8 PROOF IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Peerless Shirts of Tycora are of a fabulous man-made yarn that has every great virtue . . . and are *fully* full-fashioned for choosy men. In Black with red stripes, brown stripes or blue stripes. S-M-L-XL. 13.95

Mail orders promptly filled

Al Berman
PHILADELPHIA 47, PA.
"Three Fine Stores Serving Greater Philadelphia"

SONGS FROM GREAT FILMS

An album you'll treasure! Clebanoff's thoughtful arrangements draw the last measure of beauty from songs made for reverie and lazy listening. A rare performance, lush with the richness of Clebanoff's singing violin and the full depth of the Strings. An album you'll always keep at hand for your quiet moods . . . one you'll lean upon over and over again.

ASK FOR
MG20371
Mercury Records
FOR
STEREO...
SR60017

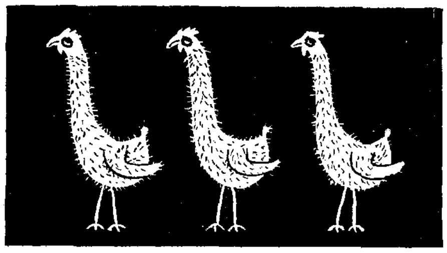
SONGS FROM
GREAT FILMS
THE SONG FROM MOULIN ROUGE
GIGI
WILD IS THE WIND
SAYONARA
THE SONG OF RAINTREE COUNTY
LOVE THEME From "A Farewell To Arms"
VERY PRECIOUS LOVE
TERRY'S THEME
THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN
TAMMY
MOONGLOW AND THEME From "Picnic"
FRIENDLY PERSUASION

Shilluk tell of grim fights around the huts of the royal wives, neither the king nor his assailant calling for assistance, for it was said to be a point of honor for the matter to be settled in single combat."

In more recent times, there were some refinements of this custom; the Shilluk king was simply strangled, or walled up in a hut and left to die. Nowadays, the king can still be killed by a rival claimant to the throne, provided the claimant is of royal blood, and for this reason none of the king's sons or the sons of previous kings are allowed near Fashoda at night. The Shilluk, however, do not murder their king for sport; they have a much more practical reason. They believe that their king is inspired with divine power; he is a rainmaker, a spellbinder, a bestower of fertility and health. They also believe that their own destiny as a race is entirely bound up with the physical condition of the king; if he is healthy and strong, so are they all, and their crops will flourish. If, on the other hand, he is weak and ailing, the whole tribe—about a hundred thousand strong—will suffer, too. Consequently, when the king's powers diminish, he must be quickly killed to make way for a healthier man; to allow him to die naturally might mean that the whole tribe would also die.

All these practices are now on the decline. As Frazer says of the kings at Lake Nemi, "No one will probably deny that such a custom savours of a barbarous age, and, surviving into imperial times, stands out in striking isolation from the polished Italian society of the day, like a primeval rock rising from a smooth-shaven lawn." Yet it is impossible to make this journey down the Nile without feeling that a deep mysteriousness still remains. After all, the majority of these people are still pagans and are still beset by strong instincts and secret dreams; to be with them is to feel very close to the beginning of things. The Nilotes still rise like Frazer's primeval rock from the smooth-shaven lawn of modern civilization.

WE were now nearing the end of our journey, and though we were still almost two thousand miles from the mouth of the river in the Mediterranean, it was, in a way, as though we were leaving Africa itself. Now the huts were more like houses, very neatly built. A road ran beside the river, and an occasional truck drove along it through the dust. Small birds still streamed in billions along the banks, and once I saw a group of tribesmen



Recent Survey Reports
A Few Chickens
in The Crowd

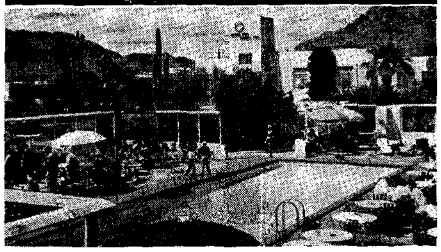
A recent survey conducted by a very independent research organization shows that some of you people have never been inside F.A.O. Schwarz.

You can quote us (and we hope you do), as saying this really is silly. What are you scared of? We are simple, honest storekeepers who *just want* to sell *you* some wondrous toys at pocket-pleasing prices to match any other prices you'll find.

So why don't you come and see us, our toys, our prices, our famous store? In fact, we *insist* that you come. Please, no excuses! Quick now, no hanging back! (Stop your bashfulness. Grab your pen. Send today for our free Catalogue E-1.)

F.A.O. SCHWARZ
World's Greatest Toy Store
745 Fifth Ave., at 58th St., New York
Telephone MUrray Hill 8-2200
Boston. Mass. • Ardmore, Pa.

Camelback Inn
AT PHOENIX, ARIZONA



Open October 10 to May 1. Escape city pressure for golf under Arizona's clear sunny desert skies. Play exciting Paradise Valley Country Club. Thanksgiving and Christmas-New Year's are two *great* standout vacations for family fun. Mouth-watering food makes our American Plan appealing and at modest rates, quality considered.

Under the same management of the Jack Stewarts since 1936

For reservations write, wire or phone WHitney 5-8441.

FOR BIG, TALL MEN

Sizes 10 to 16; Widths AAA to EEE

We specialize in Shoes, Shirts and accessories for big men only. Today's most wanted styles in all hard-to-find sizes. Write for FREE Catalog in color.

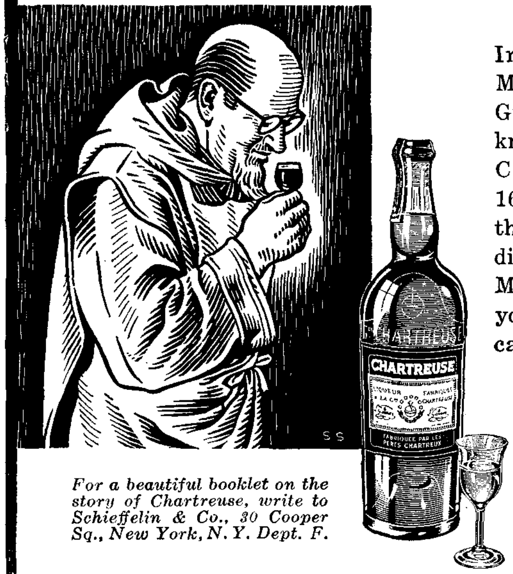
KING★SIZE, INC. 844 Brockton, Mass.

cutting up a young hippopotamus they had speared among the reeds. But now there were other steamers paddling by, and the atmosphere was that of a great estuary which would presently lead to wharves and docks and advertising signs. In point of fact, however, the river does nothing of the sort; it plunges into drier and drier desert. Beyond the green fringe of the banks, there is a wilderness of sand that is even more desolate than the Sudd. It may be less claustrophobic than the great maze of papyrus upstream, but there is something forbidding in this extremity of emptiness, and at times the heat—a dry heat now—is beyond all bearing. There is everywhere a quality of harshness and sluggishness that is very strange. All the way from the equator, the fish eagle had been our constant companion—and it had been a wonderful thing to see the rapidity with which he launched himself from a bough to snatch a fish from the river—but here on the edge of the desert, even this swift marauder seemed to be affected by the general inertia. One afternoon, I was watching one perched on a bare thorn tree when a remarkable incident took place. Three or four large fish rushed clean out of the water onto a sandbank, immediately followed by a young crocodile, his jaws snapping furiously. The fish made a last frantic effort and wriggled back into the water, and although one of them vanished in a quick crunch of the crocodile's jaws, the others got away. All this happened within twenty yards of the fish eagle, and there was ample time for him to have got his share of the spoils—no eagle on the upper Nile would have missed a chance like that—but the whole affair was over before this bird had spread his wings, to hover about disconsolately for a while before he returned to his perch.

At Kosti, which is about two hundred miles from Khartoum, you leave the river once more and take a train for the last lap of the journey. I cannot say that I saw the last of Barge 3 with much regret, and yet I am astonished at the clarity with which I can recall the slightest detail of my trip aboard her: the engineer praying beside the crying gazelle, the broken streamers of papyrus fronds hanging in festoons along our sides, the churning of the electric fan all night, the smell of the river, and the taste of the sweet, gritty grounds in the little cups of Turkish coffee that were served on board; if these things had been really unpleasant, no doubt I would have blocked them out of my memory. As it is, they form a quite

the **SECRET** these Monks
have kept for 353 years...

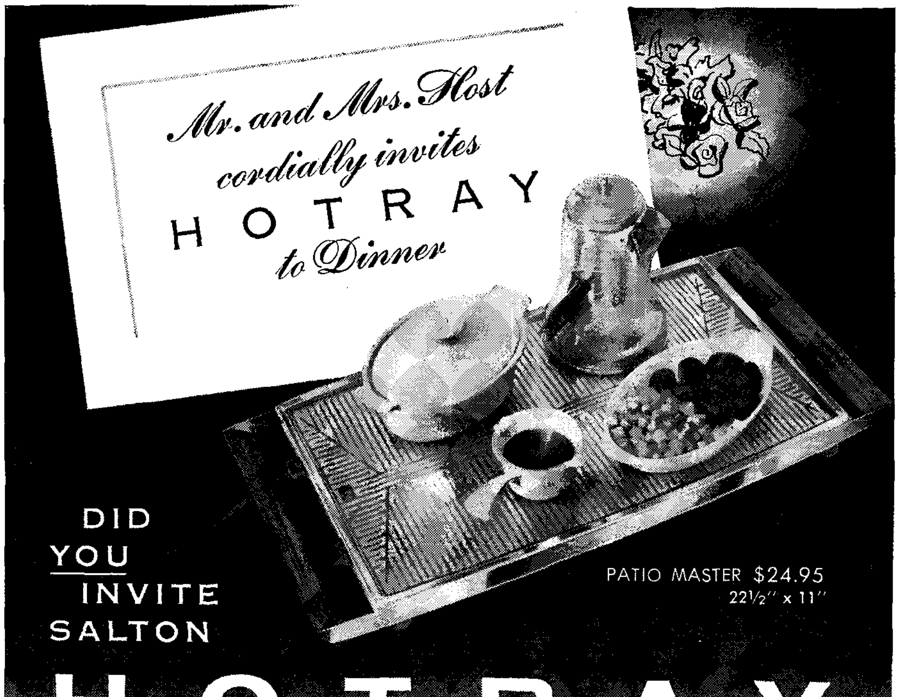
In all the world, only four Monks at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse in France know the secret formula of Chartreuse Liqueur. Since 1605, no one has duplicated this recipe combining over 130 different herbs grown near the Monastery. Try Chartreuse yourself. Discover why it is called "Queen of Liqueurs."


SS
CHARTREUSE
FABRIQUEE PAR LES PERES CHARTREUX

For a beautiful booklet on the story of Chartreuse, write to Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., New York, N.Y. Dept. F.

Chartreuse is served at every leading hotel and restaurant, and sold by leading retailers. Try it when dining out, or buy a small bottle to serve and enjoy at home.

LA GRANDE **CHARTREUSE**
Yellow-86 Proof • Green-110 Proof



DID
YOU
INVITE
SALTON

PATIO MASTER $24.95
22½" x 11"

HOTRAY®
TO YOUR PARTY...TO YOUR DINNER?

It's the life saver for every host or hostess. This automatic, thermostatically controlled, electric food warmer keeps foods hot for hours, never steals away the flavor of any food. You'll invite Salton Hotray to every meal...every serving occasion after just one meeting. This Hotray will save you time, steps, food and free you from meal time worry. HOTRAYS $5.95 to $49.95...HOTABLES $57.50 to $200.00.

Recipe booklet sent free upon request

SALTON MANUFACTURING CO., INC., 310 EAST 95TH STREET, NEW YORK 28, N.Y.

Available in these and other fine stores

Hammacher Schlemmer, N. Y. C.
Kaufmanns Dept. Store, Pittsburgh
Halle Bros., Cleveland
Halls, Kansas City, Missouri
Good Housekeeping, Inc., Houston
Von Lengerke & Antoine, Chicago

UNIVERSITY TOWN

"As smooth as a SCOTSFORTH..."

Our pure shetland imported Scotsforth sportcoatings have set a new standard for softness, loft and texture.

And what our Scottish weavers do with weave and color is superbly complemented in this easy natural cut. Antique paisley lined. Brings out the male in you!

about $50.

at knowledgeable retailers including

Birmingham . . . . BURGER-PHILLIPS
Charlotte . . . . HARRIS-HART
New Orleans . . . . PORTERS
Portland, Ore. . . . . WEINER'S
Rochester . . . . McFARLIN CLOTHING CO.
Springfield, Ill. . . . . MYERS BROS.
St. Louis . . . . STIX, BAER, FULLER
Waterbury . . . . WORTH'S
or write PINCUS BROS.-MAXWELL, INC., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

HOTEL PIERRE MARQUES

The Ultimate in Acapulco, Mexico!

Affiliated with Hotel Pierre, New York

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or International Representative
Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York • Chicago • Wash., D. C.
Boston • Miami • Toronto • London

isolated and distinct experience, which came to an abrupt and definite end with my arrival in Khartoum.

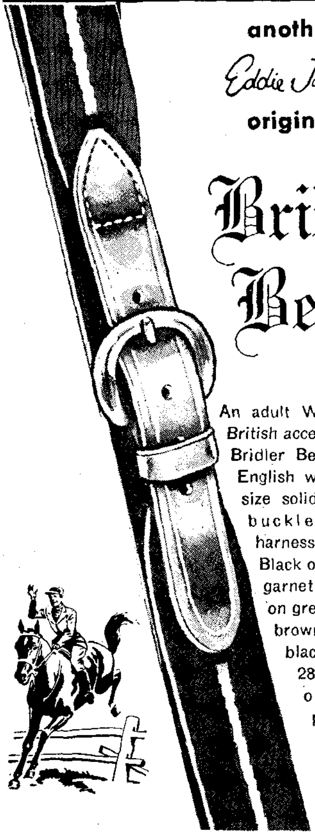
I had a day and a half in Khartoum before I joined a plane to Europe, and that was time enough to discover that while the city had grown a great deal during my absence, it, too, had changed only to remain the same. No haboob was blowing, but the temperature rose to a hundred and ten, and at the confluence of the White and the Blue Niles you could still see the two rivers running side by side, one brownish-white and the other grayish-blue. On the left bank, you could still go over the ground where Churchill, as a young subaltern, charged with the 21st Lancers in the Battle of Omdurman, in 1898, and General Kitchener, in bronze, still looks very fine riding his horse Diplomat in a green square on the opposite bank. In the palace—a splendid white pile such as you might see beside the Thames in London, were it not for the Moorish flourishes—you can still examine the cannon and the breastplates captured from the dervishes at Omdurman; some of them are said to have been presented to the local inhabitants by Napoleon when he made his conquest of Egypt. In the courtyard is the curving flight of steps upon which General Gordon was assassinated. If you walk southward from the palace, you will obtain a pretty good idea of the city—a cross-section, as it were, of its history and its present aspect. First you see the feluccas, with their mutton-chop sails, which have been sailing on the river since the time of the Pharaohs; then the official town, built among trees by Kitchener sixty years ago (with the streets laid out in the form of the Union Jack); then the mosques, the bazaars, and the modern city buildings; then the railway yards; and, finally, the desert. All this was very much as I had remembered it.

In the evening, I went down to the zoo. Here there was even less change. No General de Gaulle, of course, but the leopards, the zebras, and the gazelles were there. In the twilight, I found my old seat beside the pond, and presently the animals and birds began to gather around. I looked for the long-legged stork and the marabou and the shoebill, which is a bird with a head like a boot and a steady, exasperated stare. They were all there. One of the shoebills took up a position about six feet away and glared at me fixedly, almost as though he recognized me and was not much enjoying the experience. He was a mournful bird. He was as old as a primeval rock. —ALAN MOOREHEAD

CLOTHES OF CHARACTER
EDDIE JACOBS, Ltd.
CHARLES & REDWOOD STS., BALTO. 2, MD.
(also 3417 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.)

another Eddie Jacobs original

Bridler Belts



An adult Western with a British accent . . . our new Bridler Belt of imported English wool with oversize solid brass tongue buckle and russet harness-leather tabs. Black on red or green; garnet on navy; brown on green; red, green, brown or gold on black. Waist sizes: 28 to 42. Mail orders filled promptly. P.P.-no C.O.D. 3.95

For portfolio of our Winter apparel for men, address: Eddie Jacobs, Ltd., Balto. 2, Md.

elegance

Central New York's largest and finest hotel. Six hundred rooms and suites. Exceptional comfort and convenience. Mid-town, minutes from Thruway.

hotel syracuse

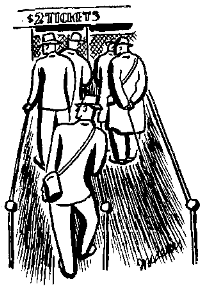
JAMES F. GILDAY EXEC. VICE-PRES.
SYRACUSE, N.Y. Teletype SS300

DIAMANTE
16 EAST 55 NY

HAND KNITTED WOOL TIES 15.00
MADE IN ANY SOLID OR STRIPE COLOR COMBINATION
1 ½" AND 2" WIDTHS
MAIL ORDERS FILLED

THE RACE TRACK

The "I"s Have It



Expectation often leads to disappointment, but seldom does it cause as much discomfiture as it did in the Futurity at Belmont last Saturday. First Landing, who was looked upon as a certainty, lost by a length to Intentionally, and—almost as cruel a blow to horseplayers—Watch Your Step, the well-fancied second choice, finished fifth, behind Dunce and Sherry Prince. Still, it is no more than fair to add that Intentionally's performance was particularly fine, and stamped him as one of the top two-year-olds. He led from start to finish, and his time for the six and a half furlongs was 1:14⅗, only a fifth of a second slower than Native Dancer's time in winning the race six years ago. Whether Intentionally will go on to be another Native Dancer is a different matter.

Long before saddling time, the crowd began streaming from the stand to the paddock to see the eight runners for the Futurity. The chief object of interest was First Landing, and he was a pleasing sight. Watch Your Step, a bright chestnut, was fidgety, and Dunce and Intentionally looked fit and behaved beautifully. Nobody gave more than a glance to the others. There was little or no delay at the post, and when the stall gates opened, Intentionally and Watch Your Step went stride for stride down the Widener course for nearly half a mile, with First Landing, who was easy to distinguish because of his blue-and-white colors, lengths behind them. At the halfway point, First Landing moved up stoutly, and in a furlong he had reached the leaders, but in the last sixteenth Intentionally drew away, to win by a length, and Dunce, closing with a rush, almost took second money. If fractional times interest you, Intentionally did the first quarter in 0:21⅘, the half in 0:44⅗, and six furlongs in 1:08⅖. I suppose I should make excuses—everybody's doing it—for First Landing, who had won seven straight, but I think I'll reserve judgment until after the Champagne Stakes, a fortnight hence. Watch Your Step has more speed than stamina. Dunce, on the other hand, may have possibilities,

Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality
JUSTERINI
J&B
RARE

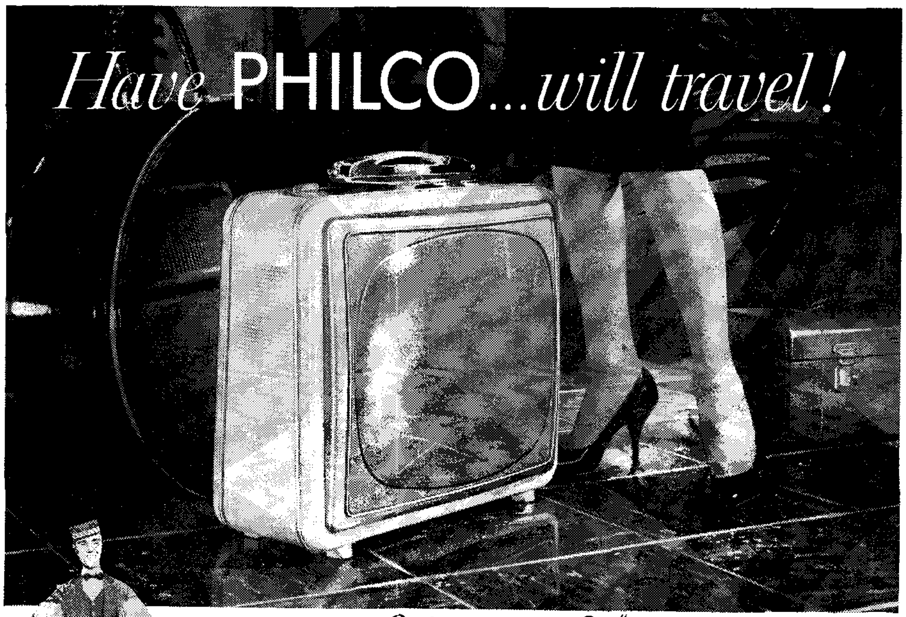
JUSTERINI & BROOKS

Charles Dickens was an eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks who have been purveyors of fine wines and spirits for over two centuries. Today this celebrated house is famous for a standard of quality that has brought good cheer and good fellowship to every corner of the world. Try the famous J & B Rare Scotch, of flavour unsurpassed.

Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality

J&B RARE SCOTCH WHISKY
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky

Imported by
THE PADDINGTON CORP.,
630 Fifth Avenue,
New York 20



Have PHILCO...will travel!

PHILCO "BRIEF CASE" Slender Seventeener

17" OVERALL DIAGONAL MEASUREMENT SCREEN.

Looks like a handsome addition to your luggage . . . and it is! 'Cause you'll take this '59 Philco Slender Seventeener wherever you go. Philco's new S-F (Semi-Flat) picture tube and wrap-around chassis have made possible portable TV that's "brief-case thin."

The unique Scan-Tenna Handle—most comfortable of all—houses a telescoping 39-inch antenna that rotates. Delivers three times more signal power. Durable vinyl finish in Saddle Tan and Baby Alligator Black or White. Also Blue, Green or Gold enamel. Priced from $179.95.

Specifications subject to change without notice. Price slightly higher South and West. UHF slightly higher.

LOOK AHEAD... *and you'll choose* PHILCO®

J. PRESS *SHAGGY DOG SHETLAND SWEATERS

**Registration applied for*

Real Shetland Soft Brushed Wool:

Crew neck pullovers hand frame knitted in Scotland in 9 colors — Light Natural, Gray Natural, Brown Heather, Black/Brown Marl, Black/Gray Marl, Black/Green Marl, Bronze/Black Marl, Black/Blue Marl and Green Lovat **$14.50**

Women's soft brushed Shetland wool sweaters *hand knitted* in the Shetland Islands with native multi-color Fair Isle neck designs. Oatmeal, Gray Natural and Green Lovat. Pullover with buttoned opening at nape of neck **$16.50**

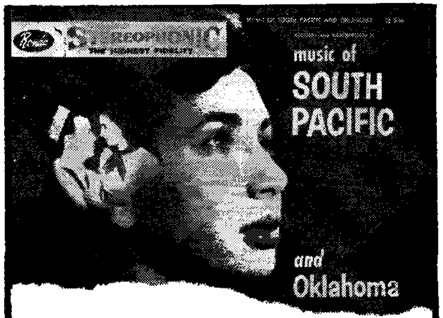
As above, but eight button front Cardigan style **$18.50**

Mail Orders Filled. Add 45c mailing cost. Travel Exhibit dates & Brochure upon request.

NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK

J. PRESS INC.

262 York St. — New Haven
82 Mt. Auburn St. — Cambridge
341 Madison Ave. — New York



Rodgers and Hammerstein's greatest in highest fidelity stereo

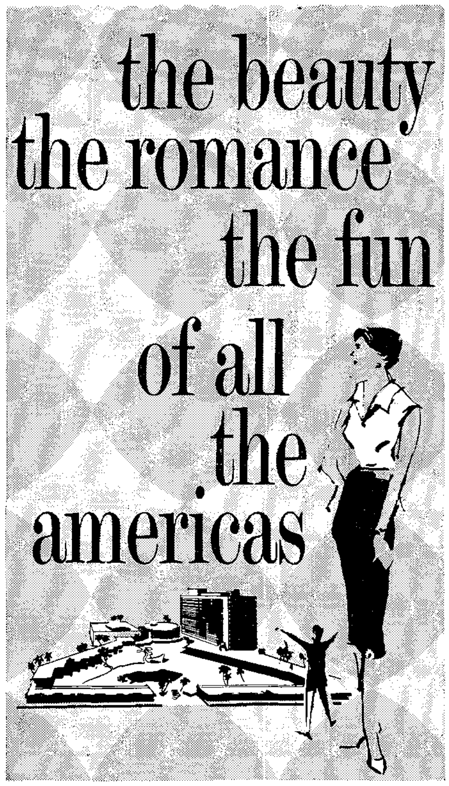
at Music Stores,
Macy's,
Department Stores

Rondo has everything

or he may live up to his name. Let's wait and see. As for Intentionally, a son of Intent (he had his number taken down for crowding in the 1952 Santa Anita Handicap), he is a sturdy, well-balanced, medium-sized black colt (the only other black horse to win the Futurity was the famous Domino, in 1893), and he is owned by Harry Isaacs, a Baltimore clothing manufacturer. Mr. Isaacs gives all his horses names beginning with the letter "I," and he's thought up some little dandies—Inyureye, Itsabet, Isasmoothie, and Isendu, to recite a few. To date, Intentionally has started eight times, winning four races and finishing second in three, and earning $136,002. His coming engagements include the Garden State Stakes in Jersey and the Pimlico Futurity at Baltimore, on his home ground.

WHEN Mrs. Charles U. Bay's Idun won the Gazelle Handicap early last week, I felt the glow that comes from seeing a job competently and confidently done. The picture of quality and good grooming, she took the lead when she pleased and galloped in by four lengths or so. Just the same, I think that the Irish-bred filly Munch, who was second, is somebody to keep in mind for the longer races to come—the Beldame and the Ladies Handicaps. Munch starts off slowly, as most racers who have been schooled abroad do, but she finishes well. A Glitter, who was fourth in the Gazelle, has lost the form she had in the spring, when she ran up five firsts, one of them the Coaching Club American Oaks. Another good show was the Nassau County Handicap, which Eddie Schmidt won by a head from Nadir after Reneged had set a headlong pace for a mile, only to finish third. And it's a long time since I've seen more exciting racing than Belmont has been having over the turf course at the current meeting.

SPEAKING of names for horses, as this department does now and then, in the vain hope that someday they will be improved, I gloomily submit a few carried by the sons and daughters of Nasrullah, who is considered by many the kingpin stallion. (At least, his get bring the fanciest prices at the sales.) There are such indigestible nuggets as Nasperion, Nasomo, Nasranee, Nasrulline, Nasreddin, Nasromonde, Nasrina, Nasco, and—my favorite, I guess—Nasy Lady. A few owners, for reasons best known to themselves, like to incorporate as much of the stallion's name as possible, so there are a Fleet Nasrullah



Summer rates start at $7 daily per person. dbl. occ., 72 of 460 rooms at this rate. New York: PL 3-3925

THE HOTEL OF THE AMERICAS
americana
A TISCH HOTEL
CHARLES T. CRADDOCK, Gen. Mgr.

OCEANFRONT, 96th TO 98th STREETS, BAL HARBOUR • MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

Air-Conditioned

DRAKE ROOM

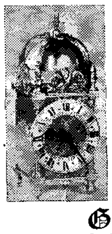
Fashionable meeting place of New York's sophisticates

LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
AFTER-THEATRE SUPPER
with Addison Bailey
and his unusual piano divertissements at cocktail, dinner and supper

PL 5-0600

THE Drake

PARK AVENUE AT 56th STREET
A ZECKENDORF HOTEL



Visit our treasure house

of Antique Clocks & Watches

Gathered from the four corners of the globe to offer a unique selection of gifts for home or office.
Entrust your valued clock and watch repairs to our skilled craftsmen. All work is guaranteed.

Greenhill & Rogers
Clock & Watchmakers since 1848
Members: the Antiquarian Horological Society Ltd.
670 Lexington Ave. • New York 22, N. Y. • MU 8-5282

86th ST. **Brauhaus**

GOOD BAVARIAN FOOD
LUNCH • DINNER • COCKTAILS
YODELING • DANCING • ENTERTAINMENT
SCHNITZELBANK EVERY NIGHT
IMPORTED BEERS ON DRAUGHT
249 E. 86 (bt. 2nd-3rd) LE 4-9840

and an Our Nasrullah on the books. Others are willing to settle for less, so we have Alarullah, Amarullah, Farullah, Galarullah, Marullah, Pocket Rullah (what's a pocket rullah, anyhow?), Vicerullah, Judy Rullah, Martin's Rullah, Ruffrullah (now, I ask you!), Amanullah, Rullahlea, Rulling, and a whole string of Rulers—Sir Ruler, Blue Ruler, Bold Ruler, Fair Ruler, Jedgar Ruler, and Rulership. Then, there's the colt by Nasrullah out of Risque Ma, who was bought by Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis, a California couple, for $80,000 at the Keeneland Sales two years ago. You'd suppose that they would try to outdo all the other owners of Nasrullah progeny, and they sure did. They called him Jeff's Uh Oh.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

HAMBURG, GERMANY (UPI)—A ball-shaped movie theater in which people sit on swivel chairs surrounded by the screen has been developed by a German motion picture producer.

Adalbert Baltes, a Hamburg motion picture producer, said his globe-shaped movie theater will project the picture on a 360 degree screen. An airplane screened over his system will roar over the spectators' heads and disappear in the rear just as it would in reality.

People may crane their necks to see it go or swivel around in their chairs built into the center of a huge spherical theater.

The 42-year-old producer believes he can give an audience the impression of being in say, Hawaii, in a film shown in his Cinetarium.

"You will see Hawaii's mountains in front of you, a blue sky above and the beach in the rear," he said. "I can even turn on the heat to give you more reality. A score of loudspeakers built around the audience will complete the impression."—*Long Island Daily Press.*

Better seat people in wheelchairs and let 'em mill about.

•

IF ANYBODY IS INTERESTED

Recent experiences impel its author to suggest that WHEN JAMES GORDON BENNETT WAS CALIPH OF BAGDAD is under copyright until 1982; that direct quotation therefrom should have written approval from the author and that indirect quotation from that, or any of his published books, need not twist facts.

Incidentally, this advertiser cannot even now subscribe to a published and widely read statement of many years back that he was—or is—"the late" so-and-so. However tardily, a cerebral cavity for a dozen years suspected of vacancy has revealed dormant occupancy, and a long over-driven machine has begun to emit evidence of "reactivation."

ALBERT STEVENS CROCKETT
Overseas Press Club 35 East 39th St.
—*Public notice in the Times.*

Imagine anybody *not* being interested!

ALL PURPOSE GRIND
Brown Gold
100% COLOMBIAN
coffee

Now...from the high slopes of the Andes

COMES THIS ALL NEW ALL-COLOMBIAN COFFEE!

Not just another brand, Brown Gold is an *all new coffee*—the *only* coffee of its kind in all the world!

Grown in the matchless climate and rich soil of the Andes, beneath filtered tropic sunshine, Brown Gold is the finest coffee Nature can produce.

All good coffees contain *some* Colombian coffee. Brown Gold is *all* Colombian—not a blend, never bland. It's *the* coffee for coffee connoisseurs!

Brown Gold costs more, naturally. But it gives you so much more in pure coffee enjoyment—in extra-rich flavor, hearty aroma.

Try it today!

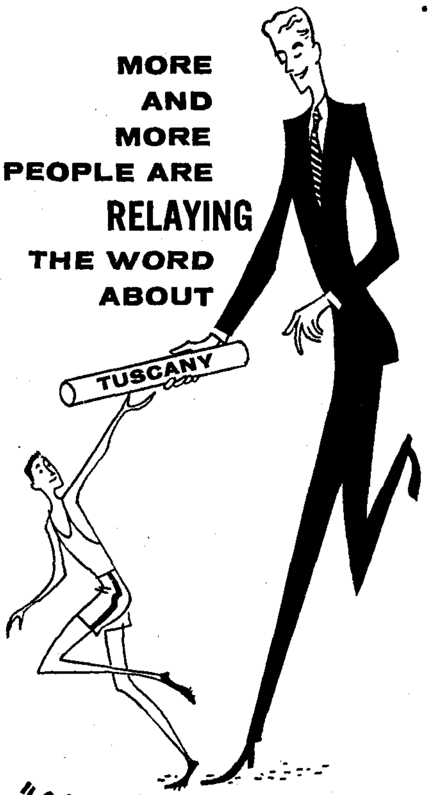
(Note: If your dealer does not have Brown Gold, order direct from the Andes Coffee Co., 80 Front St., New York 5, N. Y. Send $1.50 for 1 lb., or $2.70 for 2 lbs., parcel post prepaid.)

Brown Gold
America's New All-Colombian Coffee

when
cheese
lovers
get
together...

they enjoy Flora Danica, the Danish Blue Cheese that makes friends easily . . . a friendship based on the camaraderie of good taste. Flora Danica is the finest of Danish Blue Cheeses, aged like a vintage wine. In salads . . . sauces . . . hors d'oeuvres, try this supreme example of good taste, **FLORA DANICA.**

Genuine
FLORA DANICA
IMPORTED
DANISH
BLUE CHEESE


MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE RELAYING THE WORD ABOUT
TUSCANY

"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

WORLD'S FIRST HOTEL WITH COLOR TV IN EVERY ROOM

Rates are high, but not for what the Tuscany offers! The entire hotel is AIR-CONDITIONED. Every room with bathroom extension phone, "silent valet," butler's pantry, "catnap throw," FM radio and every conceivable luxury. Our restaurants are extraordinary, too!

May we send you a brochure?

the Tuscany

39th St., just east of Park Ave., New York 16
Bertram Weal, General Manager
MUrray Hill 6-1600 Teletype NY 1-392

CHILD'S SETS

from Denmark in sterling silver with enamel flowers. Blue "Forget-Me-Nots" or red "Poppies." Curved spoons provide easy handling. Straight spoons also available. Six pieces attractively gift-boxed at $30.00, or select your favorite piece or combination: Baby spoon or pusher $6.00 ea., child's spoon, knife, fork or napkin ring $9.50 ea. Fed. Tax, bags and shipping incl. Exclusively at:

H. Nils Danish Silver

Now at 573 Madison Ave. (57 St.) N. Y. 22

THE LIGHT, FIRM HAND OF MRS. PEREGRINE BISSETT

"WOULD it be worth while, unpacking, just for one night?" Mrs. Manwaring said, standing before the dressing table of Bedroom No. 8 at Castle Hover, in the Southwest of England. "Oh, yes, I think I will, if only to give my poor things a change from the suitcase."

She pulled open the top drawer, intending to bestow therein her stockings, scarves, belts, and sleep shade, but she shut it again immediately at sight of the little drift of face powder on the pink paper lining, and the single hair. The room itself was lovely, shabby, and somewhat filthy. "I guess not, then," she said. "I've seen four maids in the hall. An easygoing lot they must be."

John Manwaring, hanging his raincoat and one suit in a cupboard that could have held the wardrobe of a prince, said, "Let's not bother, just for one night."

How wide the halls were in that ancient house, how dark the furniture. Big jars of pungent autumn flowers stood on the chests they passed as they pursued what they hoped was the right way to arrive downstairs at a bar. Tall clocks stood on the landings. "Look!" Mrs. Manwaring said. "This one says quarter of seven, and the one in the hall above said seven, and the one outside our door was a little *past*. That's odd."

"Look out here. How green everything is."

They paused by an open window and gazed out. Abraded small stone beasts, upright and rain-worn, stood as erect on balcony railings and roofs as the day they had been hoisted to their perches to face, in all directions, the green slopes walling in their circular flat valley; the handful of centuries intervening between that proud day and the September evening the Manwarings stood admiring had draped an emerald moss wig over each fierce little head. Sunlight still filled the bowl where Castle Hover lay, but that other, inverted bowl, the sky, was already crisscrossed by swallows catching their last insects before night should come.

The Manwarings went on down.

There were only two people in the bar, which must once have been the library—a man in a white jacket standing behind the counter, opening a bottle, and a tall woman on a bar stool, with an evening bag, her glasses, her drink before her. The Manwarings se-

"My name is Gurli Hemmingsen, I am a Dane. I have been in the United States for eight years. I work as a free lance photographer. Both my husband and I (he is also a Dane) agree that George Tanier's selections of Danish furniture and lighting represent the best things being done in Denmark today."

GEORGE TANIER INC

521 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.
Through dealers, decorators, architects

Autumn at Buck Hill

Pleasant, mild days beckon you to enjoy the colorful Fall foliage of this Pocono Estate. Meals to match mountain appetites. Sports include golf, tennis, riding, hiking, lawn bowling.

Advance reservations necessary

THE INN
Buck Hill Falls
PENNSYLVANIA

3 HOURS FROM NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA

New York Reservation Office
30 *Rockefeller Plaza*
CIrcle 5-5620

ON BEING FASTIDIOUS . . .

Have you looked at your watchstrap lately? Is it limp, old and odorous after a long hot summer? Time Mart's Strap-a-rama has 20 thousand elegant leather watchstraps to choose from. All sizes—most colors, for men and women. Prices from $2.50 to $6.50

TIME MART 425 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. Bet. 48th & 49th Sts.

CEYLON **India** INN

Authentic INDIA CURRIES
Luncheon • Dinner
Open Daily
Aircond. Est. 1913

148 West 49th St.
JUdson 6-9140

lected a table of shiny yellow wood near a long window, and sat down. A very small dish of nuts was on the table—rather limp nuts, Mrs. Manwaring discovered, and as she was in the act of returning an almond her glance encountered that of the woman at the bar, who stood up off the stool and advanced down the room on the Manwarings with a welcoming smile.

"I'm Vera Bissett," she said as she came. "Shall I join you?" Mrs. Bissett was a tightly swathed cylinder, in a dress several seasons gone and a vast rope of pink quartz; very tall and flat she was, and worldly—terribly worldly, they thought, for a woman who lived in the country—as she loomed over them, swaying, carrying some pale, quartz-colored drink strange to the Americans.

As she sat down at their table, she said to them, "I *hope* you're comfortable in Room Eight," and called, "Drinks, Geoff," over her shoulder, and then Mrs. Manwaring realized who she was—the owner, the proprietor of Castle Hover. Seen close to, in the clear evening light from the window, she proved to have large blue eyes extravagantly outlined in black, and relentlessly black hair and a wide red smile. "*So* glad," she said. "We try to make everybody frightfully, frightfully comfortable. Now, what can Geoff bring you? This is on the house. . . . Oh, yes, it is! Am I not to do what I like in my own house? . . . Two dry Martinis, Geoff," she went on, miraculously divining what John Manwaring had been mildly trying to get said—though what he had been prepared to say was "Two gin and French, please." "I may be only an innkeeper these days, but I can still be hospitable. Years ago, before we lost all our—our *money!* Ha! Isn't it laughable!—we lived the most *beau*tiful life here, my husband and I."

Mrs. Manwaring, who had only just closed her lips after a continuing attempt to say what a delightful house for an inn Castle Hover was, now opened them again and said it.

"For a very special sort of inn, for a while, yes, p'haps. Of course, we're not too full just now. End of the season." Mrs. Bissett thoughtfully drank, and then said, "Hunted four days a week, once. Ten horses."

John Manwaring shook his head and made a cluck in his throat, denoting sympathy, but it did seem almost presumptuous to be sorry for anyone as truly worldly as Mrs. Bissett. Her thickly blackened lashes splayed up every time she spoke, and her mouth

STEREO FONOGRAFS BY WEBCOR

HEAR THIS MARVELOUS NEW STEREOFONIC MUSIC FROM WEBCOR...THERE'S NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT!

New from Webcor! Stereo-Fidelity! This is *true stereofonic music*—colorful, living, three-dimensional music for your home! Webcor French Provincial Stereo-Fidelity Radio-Fonograf (above), about $475.00. Matching Stereo Mate IV external amplifier-speaker unit, about $129.95.

ALL MUSIC SOUNDS BETTER ON A WEBCOR!

Grand Marnier
Liqueur

May we take you to our leader...

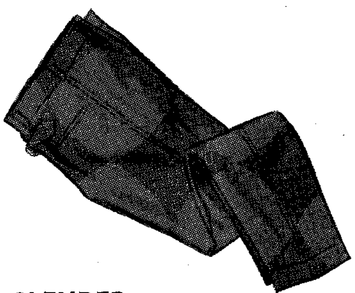
This is the after-dinner liqueur that royalty bows before. It gives a duck something to die for; a dessert a reason for being. The only liqueur made exclusively with a fine champagne cognac base, and tanged with orange. New Recipe Booklet: Carillon Importers Ltd., Box NY9, 65 E. 55 St., N.Y.C.

Grand Marnier

LIQUEUR A L'ORANGE • PRODUCT OF FRANCE • 80 PROOF

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

Custom Tailors Chipp *Furnishers*



SLENDER LINE ODD TROUSERS

Slim line trousers—the base for any Odd Coat or Sweater Set—properly proportioned rise.

Tropical Worsted (9 oz. usable year around) Clergy, Oxford, Cambridge, Black-Brown 22.50

Worsted Fleece Flannel—Clergy, Oxford, Cambridge, Black-Brown, Lovat....23.50

*Whipcord Twill—Clergy Grey or Natural Olive 27.50

*Bedford Cord (Frontier model—¼ top pockets—wide belt loops—flap rear pockets—back strap) Lovat Tan—Oxford Grey..27.50

*Fleece Flannel Checks—Deeptone Squares, primarily styled for at home use with blending shade sweater—suggested cuffless bottoms—Red & Black or Olive & Black 25.00

*Iridescent Poplin Dacron—silky frostlike finish—frontier style pockets—wide belt loops—(illustrated) Grey-Gold or Lovat-Gold 21.50

*Poplin-Dacron (Wash & Wear)—Natural, Eggshell White, Grey, Black-Brown, Olive, Black, Navy....17.50

*Plain front only, all others available with pleats or plain front. State color choice—Plain or Pleated where option is given. All trousers shipped unfinished cuffs—Waist sizes: 28-29-30-31-32-33-34-36-38-40-42.

No C.O.D.'s Mail Orders Accepted
Add 35¢ Postage
Chipp Travelers Now On The Road
Itinerary on Request

Chipp

14 East 44th St. • New York 17, N. Y.

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

On the town?

Start your evening at one of the graciously unhurried White Turkeys. An extra generous Gobbler Bar cocktail or two . . . then dinner, prime ribs of beef, perhaps . . . or chicken pot pie, Maryland Chicken, lobster—any of our hearty dishes.

THE WHITE TURKEYS *Open Sun. from 1 p.m.*

38th STREET, *at Madison Avenue* MU 3-1581
12 EAST 49th STREET, *off Fifth Ave.* PL 3-1181
300 EAST 57th STREET, *at Second Ave.* PL 9-3584

For Country Dining
WHITE TURKEY-HARTSDALE
THE RED BARN, Westport, Conn.

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

looked ready for a strong bit. The Americans wondered to themselves about Mr. Bissett—who and where was he? The illustrated brochure that had brought them here for the first night of their trip through the southwestern counties had said only, "managed by the light, firm hand of Mrs. Peregrine Bissett." Where, then, was Peregrine? Buried, perhaps, lightly but firmly.

"And here is Peregrine," Mrs. Bissett said, waving at a thin man sidling down the room between those new shiny yellow bar tables and chairs he must have so hated to encounter in his library. "Join us, darling?" called Mrs. Bissett.

"Now, this round's on me," John Manwaring said, with what proved to be unnecessary determination.

It was clear why the brochure mentioned only Mrs. Bissett; Mr. Bissett's friends must for some years have been saying to each other, "Not the man he was, Peregrine." He had a battered look. Tossed by horses, perhaps? By two wars? By that thing he had not expected to have happen to him—simple old age?

He talked about his roses—floribunda, perpetual tea, and miniature.

"Peregrine, poor lamb, he's a dreamer," his wife fondly told them. "I do everything." He was her wizened baby. "I simply can't think what would ever—" she began, but she never finished. "Oh, Geoff," she called, having chanced to glance down into her glass.

"Mine," said John again, and he was rewarded by a worldly, flashing smile and the gay assurance that he was too good.

"Do have a nut," he was urged.

"Won't you?" He proffered the tiny bowl.

"I? Oh, no, *no*. . . . Take them away. I absolutely dote on nuts, but I mustn't gain an ounce, my doctor says." Mrs. Manwaring then made deprecatory sounds implying Mrs. Bissett hadn't a thing to be concerned about on that score. "Yes. Not one ounce, he says, *threat*ening me. My heart's quite ridiculously wonky, you know. But of course you couldn't know. Spins like a top, sometimes, doesn't it, Peregrine, my pet?" And John, who had doubts about the wonkiness of Mrs. Bissett's heart, was touched when Mr. Bissett laid one of his small hands on Mrs. Bissett's long blunt one and said, "Hush;" and he did then believe.

DINNER took place in a noble square room where many tables, set with beautiful old linen, waited for

Cordial Enjoyment!

You will love Tia Maria

Coffee Liqueur from Jamaica

The exquisite essence of world-famous Blue Mountain coffee provides a distinctively refreshing flavor to this Jamaican liqueur that's delightful in a variety of tempting ways . . .

ENJOY IT
as a cordial or "on the rocks" . . . in coffee or over ice cream . . . and add a gracious note to your dining pleasure!

For recipe leaflet write:
R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., INC., Dept. N
655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N.Y.
63 PROOF *Sole U.S. Agents*

SIDEWALK
Café de la Paix
LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS · DINNER · SUPPER
SUNDAY BRUNCH

Rumpelmayer's
BREAKFAST · LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS · TEA
Complete Dinners from $3.50

ST. MORITZ ON-THE-PARK
50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

the Living Room
intimate Supper Club
Presenting Nightly
BOBBY SHORT
EVE LA MONT • RUSS HADDOCK TRIO
OPEN 5 P.M. • COCKTAILS • SUPPER
915 2nd Ave. nr. 48th St. • EL 5-2262

Serving Dairy Food Over 32 Years
B'WAY N.Y. AT 82nd
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT

"Service is a high art on the s.s. UNITED STATES," says The Hon. William Benton, publisher of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. The skilled staff numbers more than 800—one for every two passengers. At night, 3 Meyer Davis orchestras play for dancing. You may also see a first-run movie.

The menu takes you 'round the world. Surrealist painter Mr. Max Ernst and Mrs. Ernst may choose specialties from 5 continents, including caviar from Iran, pheasant from Scotland, tender American steak, fine French wines. And our chefs fill special orders, too.

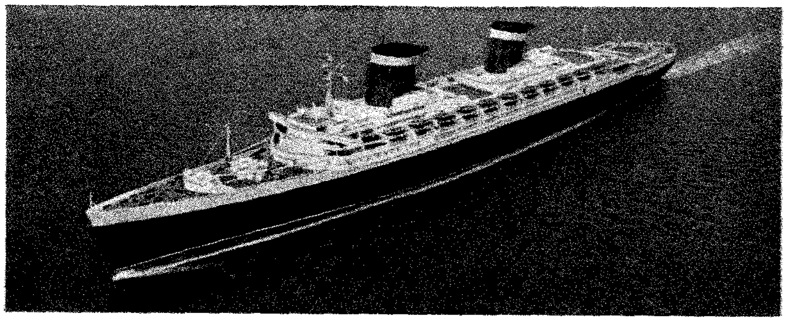
Every meal a masterpiece —on the fastest ship afloat

EUROPE is just 5 dinner parties away on the s.s. United States

Film Star Leslie Caron and her husband Mr. Peter Hall enjoy a selection from the lavish buffet aboard the beautiful s.s. AMERICA. This popular liner offers extra hours of leisure at sea.

s.s. United States The world's fastest liner, completely air-conditioned, sails from New York 12 noon: Oct. 2, 16*; Nov. 1*, 18*; Dec. 5*, and regularly thereafter. Arrives Havre early morning 5th day, Southampton same afternoon. *First Class $367 up; Cabin class $232 up; Tourist class $181 up.* *Also arrives Bremerhaven 6th day

s.s. America Popular running mate, offers extra hours of fun at sea. Sails from New York Oct. 3, 23; Nov. 28; Dec. 20, and regularly thereafter. 5½ days to Cobh, 6½ to Havre, 7 to Southampton, 8 to Bremerhaven. *First class $312 up; Cabin class $212 up; Tourist class $174 up.*



CONSULT OUR AUTHORIZED TRAVEL AGENTS OR

No finer food and service afloat or ashore **United States Lines**

ONE BROADWAY, NEW YORK 4, N. Y. TEL: Digby 4-5800

Offices also in: Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, Montreal, Norfolk, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Vancouver, Washington, D. C.

Empress Chinchilla by Leo Ritter

After Dinner—a DRAM* of DRAMBUIE

the cordial with the Scotch whisky base

For a luxurious after-dinner adventure, there's nothing like a dram of Drambuie. Made with a base of finest Scotch whisky, Drambuie is truly a whiff of the heather, with exquisite aroma and unique dry flavour.

Drambuie was the personal liqueur of Prince Charles Edward and has been made in Scotland since 1745 from Bonnie Prince Charlie's secret recipe. For more than 200 years it has delighted discriminating palates the world over.

Enjoy Drambuie in the traditional cordial glass or on the rocks—with twist of lemon peel if desired.

80 PROOF

**Dram—A small drink. When the drink is Drambuie, a luxurious after-dinner adventure.*

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. • Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.

custom. There was only one other couple, over by a far window. Mrs. Bissett, sitting down with her husband at a table just inside the door, as though to cope with the hungry horde that might pour in, performed introductions across the expanse of tablecloths, cutlery, and flowers. The Manwarings and the Steins exchanged bows and four smiles that only barely carried across all that space. Later, over soup, steak, and savory, served by several maids, there were painful attempts at conversation from table to table that sounded—islanded as they were in the room—not only hoarse but foolish to their perpetrators. After dinner, they all gathered in the drawing room by the fire.

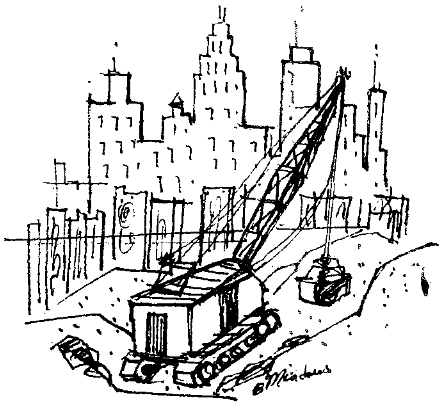
It came out at once that the Steins were travelling in a large limousine, with chauffeur, through the Southwest of England, and were bound for Hereford the following morning.

"We're going to Wells for the night," Mrs. Manwaring put in.

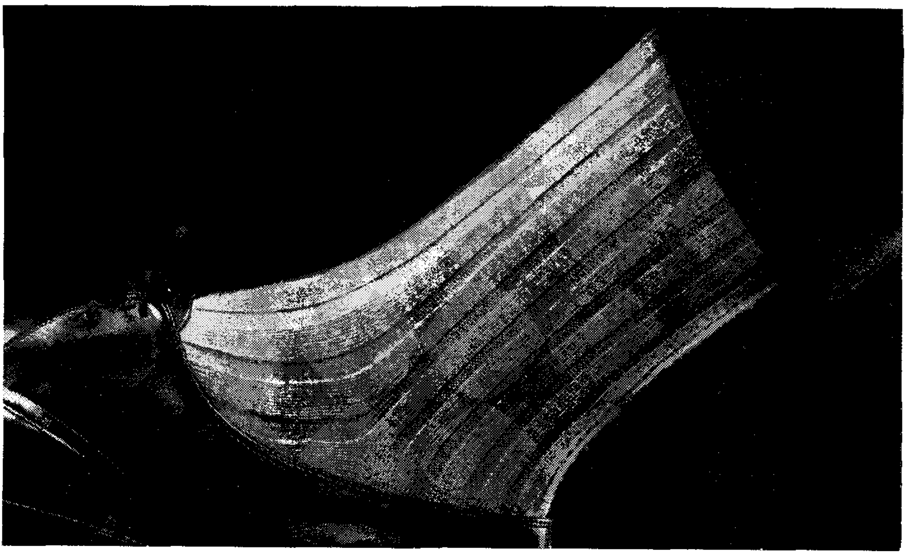
"Hereford!" exclaimed Mrs. Bissett. "Really? Why into Hereford, particularly?"

"Well, we've heard about it," Mr. Stein said. "It sounds very pleasant."

Mrs. Bissett caught sight of a man in the hall, and got up and hastened off. They heard her greet him by name and say how utterly splendid to see him again, back where he belonged. There was further talk out there; presently she returned, calling into the hall over her shoulder, "But if you do change your mind, remember we're the home for lost and strayed bachelors, won't you?" She folded her long body down into the sofa corner again. "Edward Newcome," she told her husband. "Back in the village for the winter. No," she went on, in answer to his questioning look. "Putting up at the pub till spring. Just dropped up here to get some of his tack. *Oh*, well." She straightened up and turned her attention to the guests she had. "Winters we love. It's so quiet here. Hardly a soul. It's what Pere-



Now Viyella® Socks—$1.50



Knitted in England from wool and cotton—for warmth and lightness. If they shrink, we replace.

Men prize Viyella socks because they are ineffably warm and *light*. Their wives like them because they don't shrink—and almost never need darning. They are knitted in England, where a gentleman is judged from the feet up. Hence the subtle ribbing, the perfect restraint. In 22 colors. Short socks retail at $1.50—the regular length at $1.75. Write Wm. Hollins & Co., 347 Madison Ave., New York 17—MU 4-7330.

Pleasure

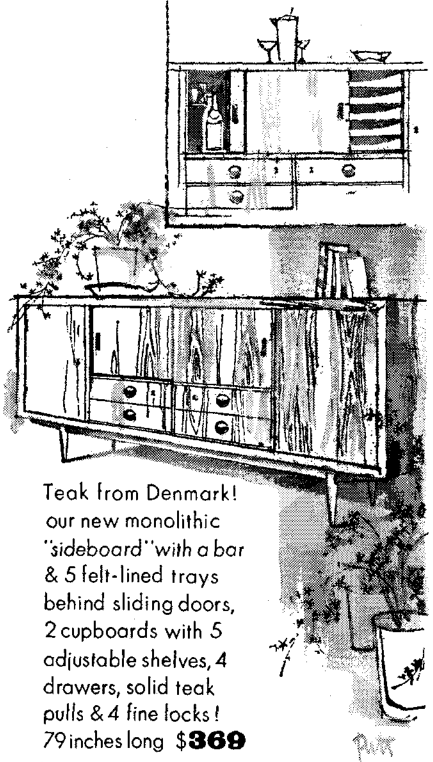
You'll find it's always a pleasure to visit your 'BOTANY' '500'® dealer. You are warmly welcomed and graciously helped. And you are shown clothes that do the most for your appearance. Stop in at your 'BOTANY' '500' dealer for a free and friendly try-on... and be sure to see the new "Compatibles", suits, sport coats and outercoats designed together to go together harmoniously.

Illustrated: Town Brown Suit $65
other suits $59.50 to $75
outercoats $59.50 to $129.50
sport coats $39.95 to $45
Prices slightly higher in the West

'BOTANY' '500'®
tailored by DAROFF

H. DAROFF & SONS, Inc., 200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
2300 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

new york's SHOWCASE of GOOD DESIGN



Teak from Denmark! our new monolithic "sideboard" with a bar & 5 felt-lined trays behind sliding doors, 2 cupboards with 5 adjustable shelves, 4 drawers, solid teak pulls & 4 fine locks! 79 inches long **$369**

Maurice Villency

45 EAST 8th ST • LIVING • DINING • BEDROOM
MONDAY & THURSDAY til 9 • DAILY til 6:30 • GR 3-3218

NOW thru Mon. OCT. 13

ROY ROGERS
"King of the Cowboys" in Person
RODEO

MAT. WED. FRI. SAT. SUN. & OCT. 13 — 2 PM
Early Show Sun. Nite 6 PM
TUES. WED. THURS. EVES. 7:30—FRI. & SAT. EVES. 8:30
(No perf. Monday Eves. except Oct. 13 — 6 PM)
Res. $2, 2.50, 3, 4, 5, 6 tax incl.
Children ½ Price Wed. & Fri. Mats.
& Tues. Wed. Thurs. Eves.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Add 25c per order for handling & mailing
MADISON SQ. GARDEN

THE Café Carlyle

Returning Sept. 29
GEORGE FEYER
at the piano nightly
An intimate setting with murals by Vertes. Open daily from 6 for cocktails, after theater drinks, supper dishes.

HOTEL CARLYLE
Madison Avenue and 76th Street

grine and I love best. Time just saunters by, the way it ought to, and not rush, rush— I do think it's so amusing, don't you, the way it seems to go rushing, rushing by. But summers, I give you my word, there's a steady stream of guests coming in at the gate. Though as a matter of fact, for some unknown reason, this past summer was not *too* hectic here. No, not too. But often enough, in addition to our guests who've booked ahead, one of those great pink-and-blue motors comes sweeping in and up to the door, but usually, thank heaven, the people don't want to stay the night. They order tea, and unsling their cameras and go clicking all over the place. Snapping away at each other as they lie in *my* garden chairs," she said scornfully, swinging her quartz chain back and forth, as though it were a part of herself angrily twitching.

"Now, my dear," Peregrine said mildly. "Now, now, Vera. Not to get upset."

Mrs. Bissett caught her breath and apologized, and turning again to the Steins she said, "But you never did tell me why it was you wanted to go into Hereford, did you? It's absolutely charming over there, of course, and you should see it, but to stay—to *stay* there—I can't for the life of me think of one single inn where you would be comfortable at all. Not a single one in all Herefordshire."

"We just thought—" Mr. Stein gently began, but his voice was inundated by the rolling waves of his hostess's concern.

"Oh, I daresay you could find *beds*, somewhere, such as they'd be, and not at the three guineas a night I have to charge. Ha! Don't I sound like a businesswoman! . . . You are comfortable here, aren't you? Oh, good. Everyone always is. Now, I've just had the most perfect thought while I've been talking. After a lovely night here in my divine beds, why not get in your car in the morning and be driven around in Hereford for the day? I'll ring up a rather nice restaurant I know of, and they'll do you a very decent luncheon if I ask them to, and then, end of the afternoon, just come rolling comfortably back here and there'll be one of our good dinners waiting for you, and another restful night. Another night or two you could have, because I rather wonder if some people I'd booked for your room actually are coming, or not. V.I.P.s, and you know how unpredictable *they* are. So I think I could manage, for you."

The Steins protested that it wasn't

The Maisonette

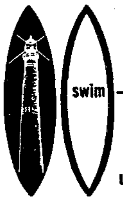
OPENING OCTOBER 1st
Constance
Moore
and her songs
MILT SHAW and his Orchestra and the Ray Bari Ensemble

HOTEL St. Regis
Fifth Ave. at 55th St.
a la carte Theatre Dinner 6 to 8 P. M.
(no entertainment tax)

Enjoy cocktails in the stars . . .

starring the most beautiful view in all New York . . . overlooking East River and United Nations!
TOP O' THE TOWER
COCKTAIL LOUNGE & TERRACE
open from 4 'til after midnight
Beekman Tower
HOTEL
In fashionable Beekman Hill
East 49th St. (at East River), New York 17

RESOLVE to keep in shape (or change it!) in 1958. Join the Health Roof where in a clublike atmosphere, only 3 mins. from Grand Central, are all facilities for exercise, sport and relaxation. Game courts, steam and hot rooms, massage, snack bar. 480 Lexington Avenue. YUkon 6-4747.



A waterfront community in an island haven — 2 hours from N. Y. C.
— sail — fish from your own yard
loveladies harbor
Send for Brochure A36
Loveladies Harbor • Harvey Cedars, N. J.

the three guineas at all but just that they had heard of Hereford as being— But Mrs. Bissett's voice swept on and over them, conjuring up the most delightful plans. "So, the day after, you would enjoy yourselves tremendously if you made the circuit of Bath and Wells. And there's Berkeley Castle open now, too—worth a whole day to itself. You had planned to see Berkeley, hadn't you? No? Oh, my *dears!* Then back to me for the night. I was, rather, thinking of giving roast pheasant for dinner *that* night. You like pheasant, of course."

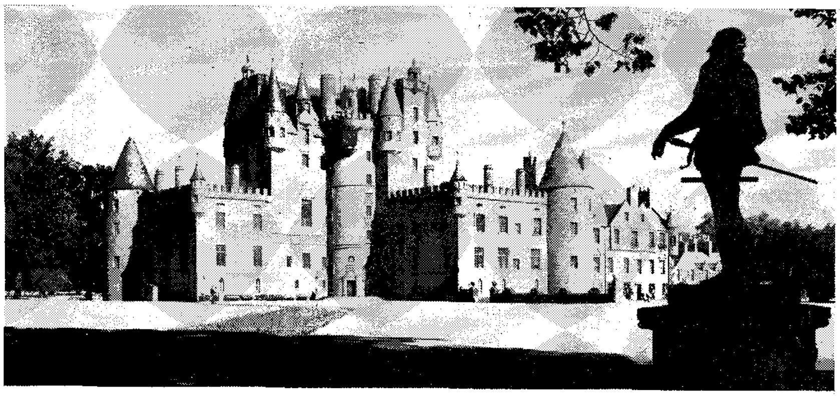
Mrs. Manwaring silently exclaimed, "Oh, you poor goops! Don't listen to her. Don't give in." She watched Mrs. Stein's soft hands fluttering in indecision. Can't you see how you're being pushed around, Mrs. Manwaring thought. Does she need the money so desperately? Maybe Peregrine isn't told everything about their affairs. Short of money; short of breath . . . Because it was apparent that by the time Mrs. Bissett had arrived at her inspiration of pheasant, she was in some distress. But she smiled and smiled, though panting, and got back her breath little by little. The Steins were murmuring together.

"How about a nightcap?" suggested Mr. Manwaring, who was made restless by all this talk.

"On us," said Mr. Stein, turning. "To celebrate we have decided, Mrs. S. and me, to accept the kind offer of our hostess to make her beautiful home our headquarters."

"*So* glad," Mrs. Bissett said, sounding all at once indifferent, or possibly quite tired, and "So sorry," polite but aloof, to Mrs. Manwaring when she earnestly pointed out that they, too, would have liked to stay longer at Castle Hover except that their trip was all planned, and had been for weeks.

BUT later, stretched out in one of Mrs. Bissett's divine beds, Mrs. Manwaring couldn't get to sleep. The clock outside their bedroom door had bonged ten times; she lay waiting for the ones on the lower floors to catch up. Through large windows she saw the black, star-sprinkled sky, arched over Castle Hover as it had been for she didn't know how many years; hundreds of years. But how much longer would the great house belong to the Bissetts? Not long. Not forever; not many years, even. What was to become of Peregrine on that day, that sad and surely coming day when Mrs. Bissett couldn't, quite, get her breath? Mrs. Manwaring lay and listened to her hus-



BRITISH RAILWAYS
Thrift Coupons
FIRST CLASS
$31.50 1000 MILES Approx

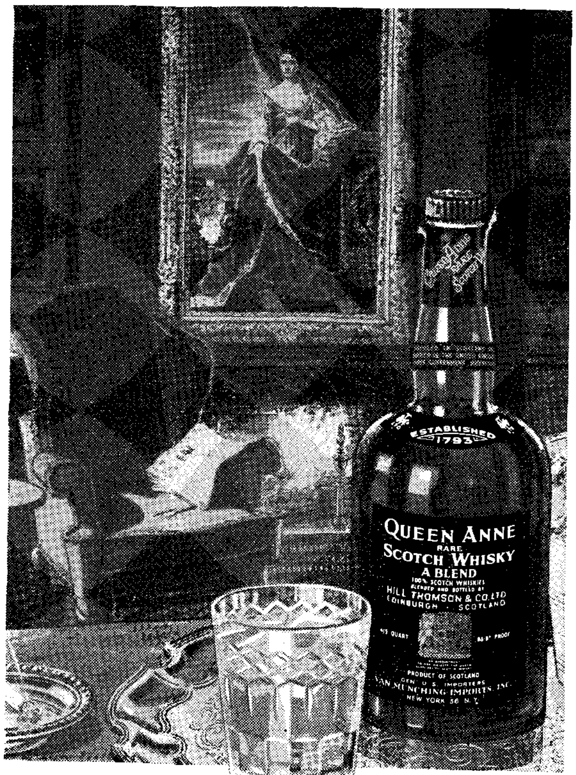
Low Cost Travel in Britain
...with Railway Thrift Coupons

London to Glamis (466 miles) $10.02

See panoramic views of Britain from comfortable and swift, modern British Railways trains. See how far your dollars go with Thrift Coupons . . . 1,000 miles of go-as-you-please rail travel for $21 (2nd class) . . . $31.50 (1st class). Also good on Irish cross-channel and MacBrayne's steamers. Additional miles at commensurate savings. Valid for six months. **Buy Thrift Coupons from your travel agent before you leave. Not sold overseas.**

BRITISH RAILWAYS
OFFICES IN NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES · TORONTO

Want "planning literature"? Write British Railways, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y., Dept. B8-9



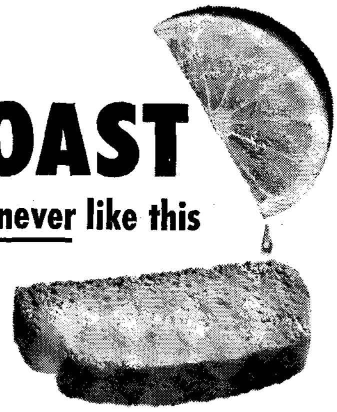
IF
you are the man...
whose tastes are tutored by an instinct for excellence...

You're the man for

QUEEN ANNE
Rare Scotch Whisky

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF

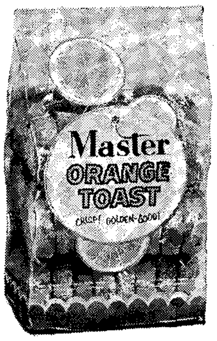
GEN. U. S. IMPORTERS, VAN MUNCHING IMPORTS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.



TOAST

was never like this

No imagination . . that's been the trouble with Zwieback all these years. Then along came Master Orange Toast and Zwieback moved out of the nursery. Real orange flavor gives it a special tang, and it's so crisp it actually *snaps*. You may even revive teatime so you can serve it more often.



Ask for it at your favorite food shops, or write Zinsmaster, Minneapolis, Minn., Box 957 . . . We'll tell you where.

Master ORANGE TOAST

MONTREAL'S FINEST
APARTMENT HOTEL

The Croydon

Spacious singles
from $8. daily,
Doubles
from $13.

GUY AT SHERBROOKE ST.

Montreal Tel. WE 7-5792
Toronto Tel. WA 4-9233

miami, florida	franklin 3-5593
boston, mass.	hancock 6-0876
chicago, illinois	state 2-7711
new york, n. y.	mu 7-3646
philadelphia, pa.	kingsley 5-5511
washington, d. c.	sterling 3-2280
los angeles, calif.	trinity 5345
san francisco, calif.	garfield 1-0493

Corduroy

RANCHER

tailor-made to take you smartly thru a busy day's schedule—unruffled. Has easy-to-get-into snap front, self belt.

Finest washable Corduroy in Desert Beige, Turquoise, Red, Pink Coral, or Avocado Green.

Sizes 10-44, 12½-24½

Sizes up to 20....$12.95

Sizes over 20......$14.95

Send check or m.o. (no COD's)

WESTERN CLASSICS

Box 4035, Dept. Y-9
Tucson, Arizona

band, deeply asleep. Was he breathing naturally? Was it all right for him to be puffing quite so hard? She raised herself on one elbow.

"John! Turn over." There was no abatement in the huffing and puffing. "Turn *over!*"

After a pause, he said "I will" in low, sincere tones, like one acceding to his marriage vows. There was no accompanying rustle, but in a moment she knew he was now awake. "Terrible, isn't it?" he asked, through the darkness.

"What is?"

"The way she has to work."

"Oh, for heaven's sake! She was playing them for all she was worth. I never saw such a performance. She had just sense enough not to try it on us."

"I know." His voice was peaceful. She could even hear a yawn. "If we started in the mornings by ten, we'd have all the time in the world," he said. "Gloucester and Tewkesbury tomorrow. Burford and Stow-on-the-Wold, and that section, other days. Back here nights, all very leisurely, very pleasant. What do you say?"

Mrs. Manwaring whacked her pillow and turned it over. "If we stay on here," she said, "I know one thing I'm going to get done, and that's make one of those dozens of maids clean out the dressing-table drawers!"

"Do that," said Mr. Manwaring, and turned over as requested, and went back to sleep. —LOUISE FIELD COOPER

•

Jack Lemmon stars as a Marine lieutenant on the front lines in Korea who learns that each of his predecessors was killed within 30 days of his arrival on Alcoa Theater (NBC) at 9:30.—*Greenville (S.C.) News.*

Shake him up any?

•

EVANSVILLE, IND., Aug. 6—A boomerang-shaped teething biscuit scientifically designed for baby's ease and chewing comfort, is being introduced currently by the makers of Pablum infant cereals.—*News release from Mead Johnson & Co.*

We have every confidence in baby's throwing arm.

•

MOST FASCINATING POLITICAL DOPE STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

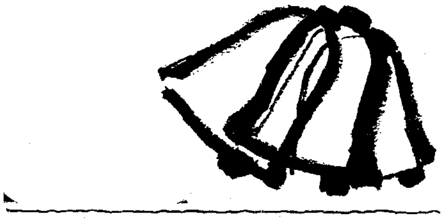
RENO, Sept. 1 (AP)—Nevada Democrats settle tomorrow a primary contest centered on a man who is not a candidate for anything. The man is E. L. Cord, business executive.

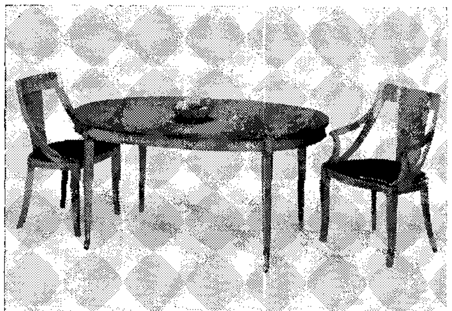
THE
KING
AND I
FOR ORCHESTRA

Great music
from a great show . . .
THE KING AND I
played by Warren Barker
and his orchestra
as you've never heard
it before.

Both albums available in stereo
and regular long play.
Warner Bros. Records, Burbank, California

It tolls for thee in
realistic stereo . . . the
stirring music from
FOR WHOM THE BELL
TOLLS as conducted by
Heindorf and recorded
in Vitaphonic High
Fidelity by Warner Bros.





P A R M A

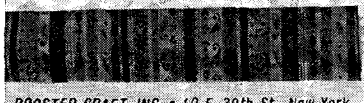
Italian Provincial

At better furniture and department stores. Send 15 cents in stamps or coin to dept. N for booklet

UNION-NATIONAL, INC.
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Greeley was right
"Go West Young man" to
Dick Kollman's Left Bank
309 W 50th St., N. Y. C.—CI 7-3470
Beautiful Food and Entertainment
4 P.M. to 4 A.M.

Singular!



ROOSTER CRAFT, INC. • 10 E. 39th St., New York

rooster

The Ronrico Daiquiri—wild! Juice of ½ lime, ½ tsp. sugar, 1½ oz. White Label Ronrico. Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

tamed!

(well almost)

You can't expect a rum like Ronrico to be *completely* tame. We've civilized it for polite consumption, yes. But lurking in the flavour is an exotic, half-primitive memory—refreshing as a Caribbean breeze. Makes you thrillingly aware you're drinking Ronrico . . . even in the most unassuming cocktail. Try it!

RONRICO RUM

86 PROOF. DISTRIBUTED IN THE U.S.A. BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N.Y.

WHITE LABEL
86 PROOF
RONRICO
Best Rum Bar None
Distilled
PUERTO RICAN RUM

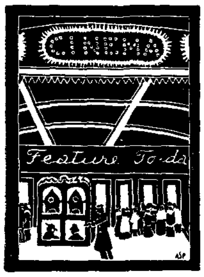
Sascha Brastoff

A man of many hands and many talents.
whose wizardry with clay, color,
form, and texture offers you breath-taking beauty
in articles of daily use.
CERAMIC ACCESSORIES—LAMPS—FINE CHINA—
each piece a signed original—
in America's finest stores.

SASCHA BRASTOFF PRODUCTS, INC., 11520 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles 64 · Illustrated brochure, NY-4. 25¢

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Cotton-Belt Bedlam

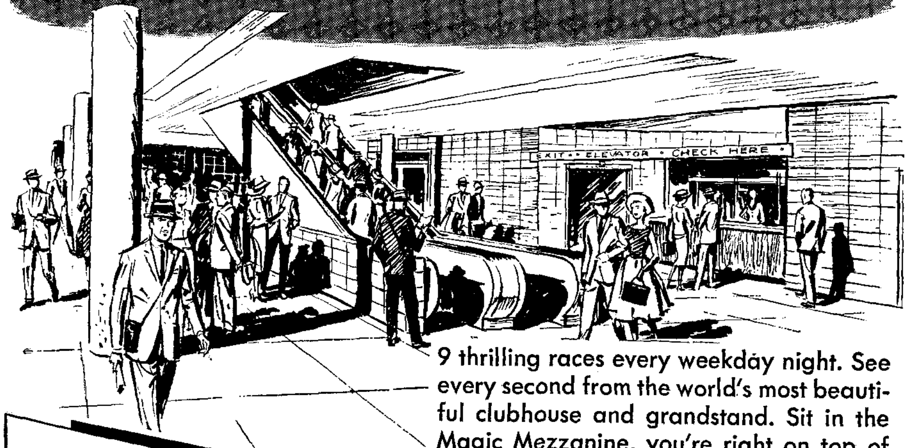


ONE of the characters in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," an adaptation by Richard Brooks and James Poe of Tennessee Williams' play, has this to say about the Mississippi mansion where most of the action takes place: "It was never a happy house." That, I can assure you, is a really strapping understatement, the house in question being a kind of cage for a clutch of ill-assorted Southern primitives who are as full of frustrations as mice in a maze. When in full cry—which they are practically all the time—these delta denizens air some extremely peculiar grievances, and their dialogue is perfervid stuff indeed. But although it is interesting for a while to listen to them letting off emotional steam, their caterwauling (boosted Lord knows how many decibels by stereophonic sound) eventually becomes severely monotonous.

Mr. Brooks, who not only collaborated on the script but directed the film, and Mr. Poe deserve credit for trying to bring Mr. Williams' work to the screen without doing violence to the structure of the original drama, but they have been unable to indicate more than fleetingly the real problem of the hero—homosexuality, which is, of course, a taboo subject in American movies. This hero, played by Paul Newman in the I'm-all-shook-up-but-won't-show-it-if I-can-help-it style of Marlon Brando, is represented here as a former big football type who has been rendered impotent and dipsomaniacal because he thinks his wife (Elizabeth Taylor) seduced his best chum just before the chum took a fatal hop out of a window. He and his wife bicker at a great rate while awaiting the arrival of Big Daddy (Burl Ives), who has gone off to a famous clinic to have a stomach disturbance that might be cancer looked into. Big Daddy has another son, called Gooper (Jack Carson), who has rolled into the old homestead from Memphis, together with his wife (Madeleine Sherwood) and five obnoxious brats, to make sure that if Big Daddy is a goner old Gooper will be on hand to protect his interest in the estate (twenty-eight thousand acres and ten million dollars in

THE
EMPIRE ROOM
OPENS THE FALL SEASON
Marguerite Piazza
GLAMOROUS STAR OF OPERA, RADIO AND TELEVISION
EMIL COLEMAN
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
BELA BABAI "King of the Gypsies"
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
SHOWS: 9:30 and 12:15
WALDORF·ASTORIA
ELdorado 5-3000
Park Avenue • 49th to 50th Street

NEW!
ESCALATORS . . . ELEVATORS
to all levels . . . clubhouse or grandstand



9 thrilling races every weekday night. See every second from the world's most beautiful clubhouse and grandstand. Sit in the Magic Mezzanine, you're right on top of the action.
THE GREATER YONKERS RACEWAY
Daily Double 8:15 First Race 8:25
General Admission $1.95 tax incl.
For dining reservations, call GReenleaf 6-6430
THE GIANT OF TROTTING

FLYING IS FOR BUSINESSMEN

FLIGHT PLAN

TO Chicago, Ill. FROM Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
DEPARTURE 8:15 am ARRIVAL 11:05 am
NO. PASSENGERS 6 AIRCRAFT Aero-Commander
PURPOSE Plans Board Conference

Circulation 222,615 June 30, '58 ABC
THE WORLD'S MOST WIDELY READ AVIATION MAGAZINE
FLYING • ONE PARK AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

NEW AND UNUSUAL
CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM
The Metropolitan Museum of Art

A distinctive new group of 82 cards from the Museum's collections—Oriental scrolls, medieval woodcuts, miniature paintings with gold and precious colors, masterpieces of European drawing, painting and sculpture, early American and Victorian Christmas illustrations. ✫ Printed under the direct supervision of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The cards cost from 5 to 95 cents each. They can be bought ONLY by mail or at the Museum itself. Mail the coupon below, enclosing 25 cents for the handsome new illustrated catalogue.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
FIFTH AVENUE AT 82 STREET • NEW YORK 28

Please send me (check one)

☐ The Museum's 1958 Christmas catalogue.
25 cents is enclosed

☐ 35 different cards and the catalogue.
Check for $4.95 enclosed.

☐ 50 different cards and the catalogue.
Check for $7.95 enclosed.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

cash and blue-chip stocks). Also awaiting Big Daddy is Big Mama (Judith Anderson), a pretty sad case after forty years of marriage to a man who can't stand the sight of her. While Mr. Newman is hitting the bottle, Miss Taylor plotting to keep Mr. Carson and Miss Sherwood from grabbing the estate, Miss Anderson arranging a birthday party for Big Daddy, and Gooper's brood (referred to by Miss Taylor as "the no-neck monsters") raising hell around the house, Mr. Ives returns with the news that he is in the pink. From here on, the various characters saw away on each other's nerves, Big Daddy insisting that the football hero produce an heir, Gooper and his group falling all over themselves to impress Big Daddy, and Big Mama, who alternates between broad you-all dialect and a clipped English accent, trying to make Big Daddy recognize that he and she are a mutual-admiration society. Of those on view, Mr. Ives comes up with the most creditable performance, turning his self-made plantation owner into a plausible figure, and Miss Taylor and Miss Sherwood do well as a pair of squabbling females. Mr. Carson is all right as Gooper, too.

MR. POE, who collaborated on "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," is also responsible for the screenplay of "Hot Spell," which was based on a drama by Lonnie Coleman. This movie, too, is played against a Southern background, and it has as its central figure a well-meaning, dowdy woman who is married to a man from the Louisiana bayou and who makes a wreck of her life and the lives of those around her by her stupidity and foolish sentimentality. As played by Shirley Booth, she is at once exasperating and pitiable, and her husband, as played by Anthony Quinn, is a crude sort but deserving of sympathy in the light of his wife's fatuity. Cast as the children of this pair are Earl Holliman, Clint Kimbrough, and Shirley MacLaine, all of them disturbed by the fact that Mama and Papa don't get along. Everybody does his best to make these unhappy goings on exciting, but I'm afraid that in the end "Hot Spell" doesn't amount to much.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Q.—How can I find the volume of cylindrical tank 18 feet high and 18 feet in diameter?—H.E.D.

A.—Multiply 3.1416 x 17 x 17 (Pir^2h).
—*Washington Post & Times-Herald.*

Next question.

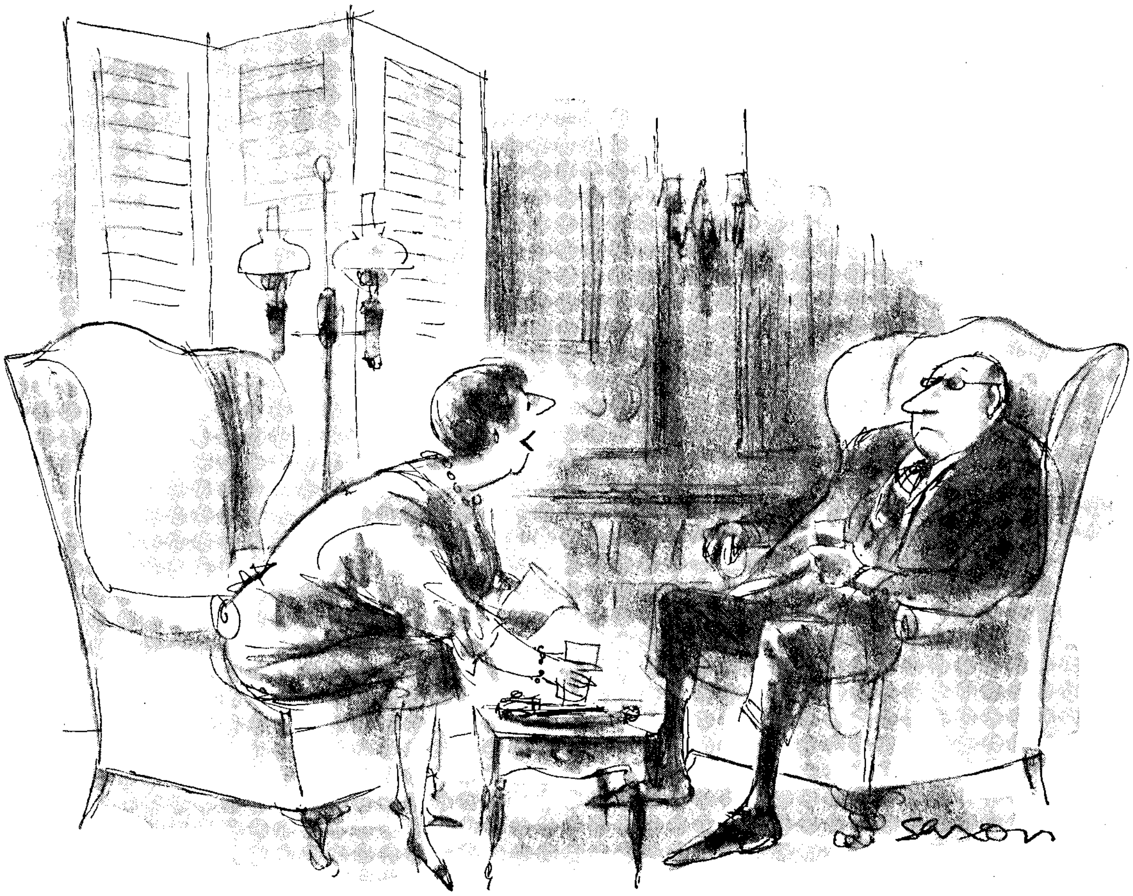
BOOKS

A History of Technology

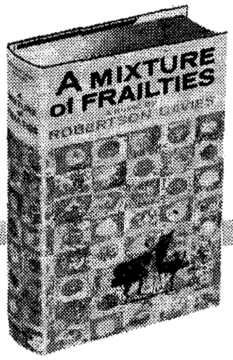
MOST of us have been brought up on a myth about the machine, and it is one that is not quickly seen through, because it has just enough glittering flakes of truth in it to take our attention off the falsehood in which it is embedded. The fable tells us that though man is a tool-using animal, he knew very little about the industrial arts until the Industrial Revolution, in the eighteenth century. Then, suddenly, in Britain, he mastered the arts of mining, smelting, spinning, weaving, road-making, and mass production, and began the transformation of the world around him. He has succeeded so famously that he may even bring about its disintegration. As every schoolboy knows, it all began with James Watt and the teakettle. The only trouble with this account is that the changes in the eighteenth century were merely the crest of a wave that became visible in the third millennium B.C. Those who know what's Watt know that a predecessor, the Marquis of Worcester, got the idea of the steam engine from Heron of Alexandria, and they also know that the main form of power used in factories up to 1820—indeed, up to 1880 in many parts of New England—was the water wheel, which dates from at least the third century B.C.

All but the final volume in the compendious five-volume "A History of Technology," edited by Charles Singer and his associates (Oxford), have now appeared. But the later volumes—the last, on the Age of Steel, will end at 1900—cover fairly familiar ground. While waiting for the last volume, therefore, I shall concentrate on Volume II, "The Mediterranean Civilizations and the Middle Ages," for the main roots of Western culture lie in that period, and a knowledge of it helps to correct the lack of perspective in so much of the literature of modern technology. Unfortunately, however, the editors and contributors go gingerly about putting together the pieces; by not giving us a sufficiently generalized characterization of the industrial advances made before 1500, the terminal date of the second volume, they have not anticipated the real change that did take place somewhat after that time. And a summary epilogue that they have provided in Volume III is too brief to make anything like an adequate interpretation, even in retrospect. The second volume is not as exciting as the first, which traced the history of technology from its unrecorded beginnings, but the problems it raises are even more weighty for our own time. While the period covered is from 700 B.C. to 1500 A.D., two important aspects of technics in existence before the latter date—the mechanical clock and the printing press—are not discussed until Volume III, a fact that puts the whole story of time measurement and social synchronization in false perspective. Compared to the achievements of the three thousand years that preceded this period, the main achievements here seem slow elaborations, rather than displays of fresh inventive skill. So, though glass was first used for beads in 2500 B.C. and first fashioned into vessels around 1500 B.C., evidence of the creation of blown glass is no older than the first century B.C.—not exactly a breathless advance by the standards of this century, which in less than a generation has exploited new plastics in every conceivable form, from bubble domes to toothbrushes. This slowing up of technics after the Bronze Age is a real puzzle, and probably more than one cause must be sought.

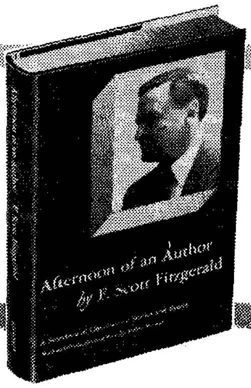
Since the editors of this treatise confine their explanations of technical development chiefly to processes that took place within the realm of the industrial arts themselves, they naturally offer no outside clues to this slowdown, and perhaps nothing so substantial as proof can yet be offered. But it happens that the period covered by the second volume coincides with the rise, in the sixth century B.C., of a series of universal, mainly otherworldly religions, beginning with Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, and the mystery religions of Greece, and nothing would be more likely to slow down technical development than a



"Why is it you never ask me what I had for lunch today?"



Robertson Davies
A MIXTURE OF FRAILTIES
"I've never read a better novel about the training and rise of an artist."—EDMUND FULLER, *N.Y. Times* $3.95

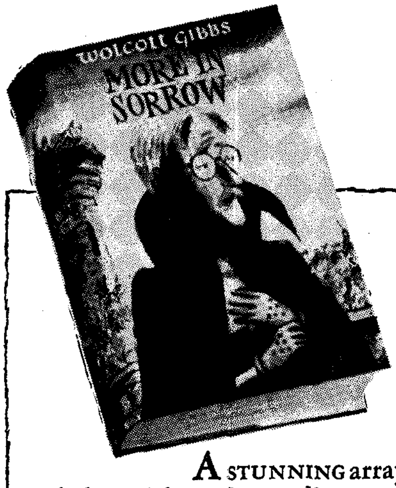


F. Scott Fitzgerald
AFTERNOON OF AN AUTHOR
"There is not a dead sentence . . . not a moment when Fitzgerald's magic fails to work."
—*London Times Literary Supplement* $4.50

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF EDITH WHARTON
Edited by Wayne Andrews
"An experience in artistry . . . In this period when so many short stories are fragile moods or anecdotes, hers are sturdy, full-fledged tales."
—*Newsweek* $4.50
At your bookstore
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

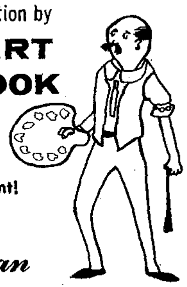
withdrawal of interest from worldly affairs and an attendant contempt for money, power, and material prosperity. If the world is doomed to sin and sorrow, why should anyone bother to "improve" it? Even while these religions were flourishing, however, most people clung to the manifest benefits of civilization, already achieved for the upper classes, at least. The technological improvements that took place during this period were chiefly in the household arts and the fine arts. Instead of radically changing the environment, people sought to enhance the value, through aesthetic design, of familiar utensils and furnishings. True, there was a trickle of inventions. The Etruscans, anticipating Marcel Breuer and Charles Eames, turned out bronze furniture and invented the armchair; the Greeks invented bathtubs and showers; buckets and churns built of sprung staves came in during the Iron Age (on the other hand, the barrel, also shaped by compressing wood, has not been satisfactorily dated); and cupboards with hinged doors also belong to this period. Even mass production of pottery and metal, so characteristic of the Hellenistic period (though it had an earlier beginning), was concerned principally with works of art, or with useful objects, such as Grecian urns and vases, whose aesthetic quality seemed as important to the user as their efficiency. There was no lack of technical skill, for it required immense resources to cast the bronze statues for which the Greeks of the fifth century B.C. are famous. But the great emphasis of technology, after the key inventions of the Stone and the Bronze Ages had been made, was on aesthetic expression, not on practical utilization. The Near Eastern textile workers knew the chemical secret—as yet unfathomed—of keeping the silver thread they used in their cloth from turning black through oxidation, and many another ingenuity of discovery has doubtless been lost, partly because the secret was passed on from master to apprentice without being committed to paper, partly because the process itself lost its significance. As long as technics devoted itself to art or religion, it was not neglected by society, nor was it regarded as servile and beneath human dignity. But the utilitarian cult of Prometheus bowed to the religious and aesthetic symbolisms of Orpheus.

Yet even during the classical part of this long period, the useful arts made some progress; in fact, with the aid of Iron Age tools, the Greeks and the



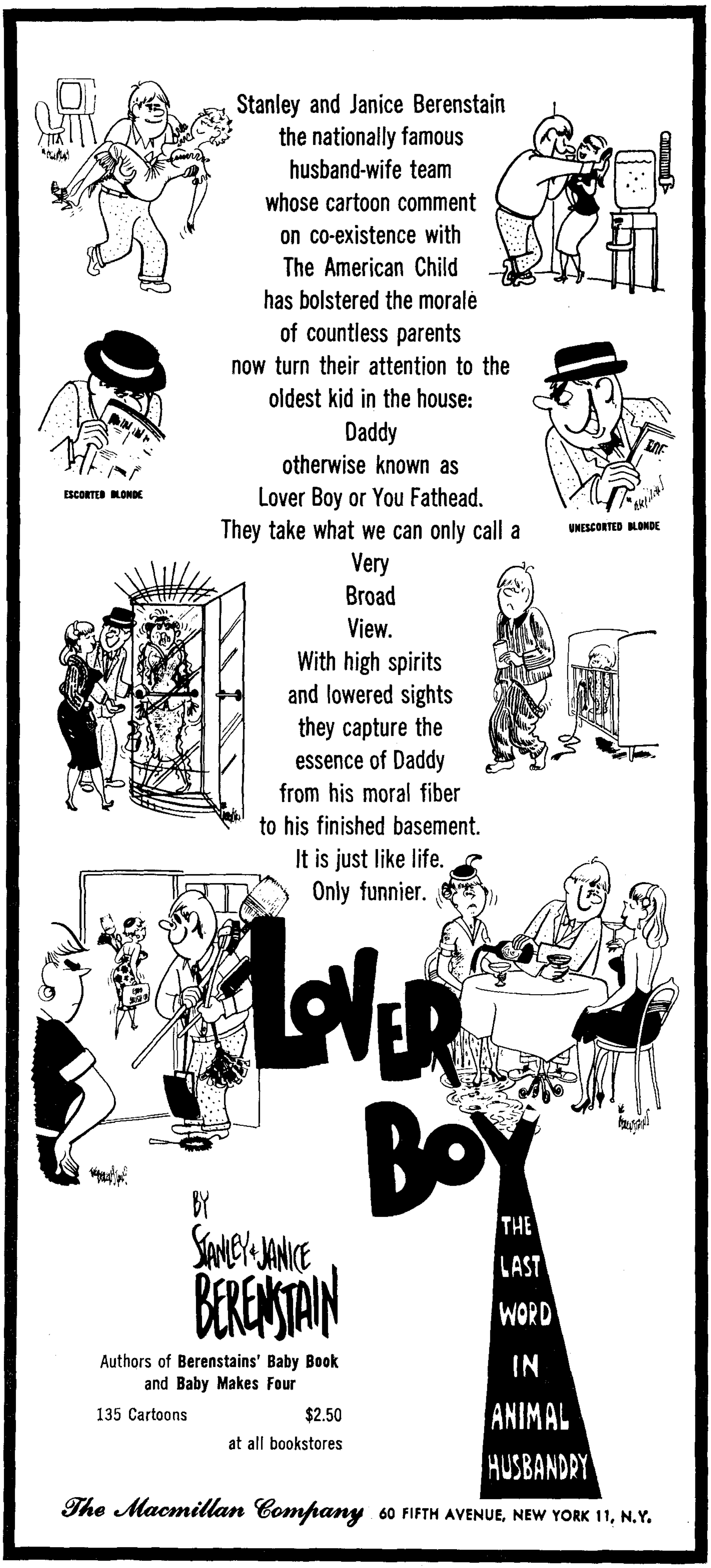
A STUNNING array of the celebrated parodies, profiles, short stories, and theater reviews with which Mr. Gibbs diverted readers of *The New Yorker* for thirty-odd years.
"In addition to being a critic of admirable gifts and needed astringency, Wolcott Gibbs was one of the finest stylists and satirists this country has known. Fortunately, he lives and will continue to live in these brilliant pages."
—JOHN MASON BROWN
WOLCOTT GIBBS
MORE IN SORROW
At all bookstores $4.00 • HOLT

LUCIUS BEEBE says:
"I foresee the day when paintings of Mr. Otis' early period will bring better than a case of Jack Daniels."
Mr. Otis
With an Introduction by
STEWART HOLBROOK
A book for those who crave something definitely different!
$3.95
Macmillan



Romans and the Persians built walls, tunnels, canals, cities, houses, and factories at least as good as those of their predecessors in Egypt and Babylonia, and they performed the work with less manual effort. It is only in our own time, as Sir Winston Churchill has sardonically reminded us, that the most advanced modern houses in England have acquired anything like as adequate a heating system as the old Roman system of warming the floors by hot air in hypocausts, and sanitation and drainage are parallel cases. (It was, however, in their new colonial African towns, such as Timgad, rather than in Rome, that the Romans showed what they could do.) But the emphasis in production was on static "utilities," not on machines—on stable and enduring buildings, not on mechanisms that quickly wore out or that were replaced by improved models before they wore out. The chief machines of this ancient world were bodies of men, organized and drilled into a single collective mechanism, such as the Sumerian phalanx and its imitators. And the department of military affairs was also responsible for the only comparable inventions—gigantic siege weapons and monstrous crossbows and slings.

Not that the ancients lacked real machinery aside from the classic simple "machines" like the pulley and the screw; the Greeks invented the lathe, the first precision machine, for turning wooden or metal cylinders, as early as the sixth century B.C., and the water mill was probably invented in Greece before the third century B.C. But the water mill was limited to the grinding of corn, and there was no attempt, apparently, to put this important prime mover to all the uses that medieval people put it to, any more than there was a serious attempt to utilize the known power of steam and hot air. No one knows why the ancient world did not further develop the power that was at hand, and Professor R. J. Forbes, who wrote the volume's section on water mills, does not satisfy us when he suggests that "the social structure and the cheapness of labor frustrated any inventiveness" on the part of the Roman engineers, for much the same conditions held in England in the eighteenth century, with just the opposite results. But in the next sentence he gives a clue that ties up with my suggestion about the orientation of technics toward art and religion: "Their efforts were only too often wasted on showpieces meant to impress the masses at public festivals." Aesthetic elaboration, not efficiency,


Stanley and Janice Berenstain
the nationally famous
husband-wife team
whose cartoon comment
on co-existence with
The American Child
has bolstered the morale
of countless parents
now turn their attention to the
oldest kid in the house:
Daddy
otherwise known as
Lover Boy or You Fathead.
They take what we can only call a
Very
Broad
View.
With high spirits
and lowered sights
they capture the
essence of Daddy
from his moral fiber
to his finished basement.
It is just like life.
Only funnier.

ESCORTED BLONDE

UNESCORTED BLONDE

LOVER BOY

THE LAST WORD IN ANIMAL HUSBANDRY

BY STANLEY + JANICE BERENSTAIN

Authors of **Berenstains' Baby Book**
and **Baby Makes Four**

135 Cartoons $2.50

at all bookstores

The Macmillan Company 60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

Stop snitching!

Dorothy L. Sayers'

LORD PETER WIMSEY NOVELS

are now being reprinted by Harper, making it unnecessary to pinch formerly hard-to-get copies from friends. Just reprinted —

STRONG POISON

Lord Peter falls in love — with a shady lady on trial for her life. $3.50

THE FIVE RED HERRINGS

(SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS)

Lord Peter solves the murder of an artist — who seemingly could go on painting even after becoming a corpse. $3.50

Also available

CLOUDS OF WITNESS

WHOSE BODY? • UNNATURAL DEATH

THE UNPLEASANTNESS AT THE BELLONA CLUB

At all bookstores • Each $3.00

HARPER

RANDOM HOUSE MYSTERIES

THE EIGHTH CIRCLE

By STANLEY ELLIN

The strange case of a detective who knew what he wanted – proof of his client's guilt, *and* his client's girl – but didn't know how much he was going to give up to get her.

$3.50, now at your bookstore

RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

Grand Award

RECORD of the MONTH

KNUCKLES O'TOOLE

and his orchestra play

HONKY TONK PIANO

Authentic open front Honky Tonk piano music by America's most famous player. Escape to yesteryear with Alexander's Ragtime Band, Ain't She Sweet and 14 more all-time favorites. Magnificent Grand Award high fidelity..........$3.98 List.

Write for FREE CATALOG.

12" 33-1/3 R.P.M. (G.A. 33-365)

AT YOUR RECORD DEALER

If he can't supply you, send to Dept. 9-NY

World's Finest Fidelity

World's Finest Performance

Grand Award

Harrison, New Jersey

was the main concern of ancient technics, even when it was used for mass production. To induce awe and admiration in the beholder was an aim of the old engineers—just as the ancient Chinese armies terrorized opposing armies by donning evil-looking masks, instead of relying on firepower alone. At the beginning, technics associated itself with art and magic in the service of political or religious myth, and though it has now sloughed off art and the cruder tricks of magic, who dares to say that it does not still serve mythical and equally irrational goals?

WHY, then, did a significant shift take place in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, at the very culmination of Christian civilization, despite its otherworldly aims and its concentration of energy on the building of cathedrals and monasteries? The earliest changes toward a machine-oriented technology came from the military; the new one came mainly, it seems, from the ritual and discipline of the monastery. The evidence for this derives from various sources. Werner Sombart, the German economist, was one of the first men fully to appreciate the fact, when he associated the rise of capitalism with the systematic account-keeping of the Benedictine abbeys. Bertrand Gille adds to this general evidence in the present book's excellent chapter on machinery, quoting a passage from the life of St. Bernard about the Cistercian abbey of Clairvaux, through which passed a river that ground corn, filled a boiler where it was heated to prepare beer, worked the hammers that pounded the cloth in the abbey's fulling mill, then entered the tannery, and finally divided into "many small branches" to perform other kinds of work. The ordered life of the monastery, with every hour of the day punctuated by the clock and devoted to a special duty, was the prototype of the modern "working day." The Benedictine commitment to "work and prayer" took the leisure-class curse off work, and the productivity of this system established the economic value of the mechanically regulated life. "To avoid unnecessary labor," as Mr. Gille says, "which reduced the time available for meditation and prayer, all manufactures in monastic hands were mechanized as far as possible." Whereas army drill sought to make men as automatic as machines by abolishing the inner life, monastic discipline sought, through the automatism of machinery, to emancipate the inner life from undue absorption in work, and so to divorce leisure

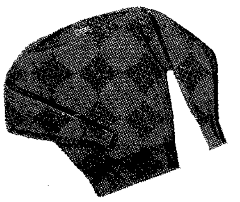
MUMM'S
THE WORD FOR CHAMPAGNE
MUMM
CORDON ROUGE AND EXTRA DRY

Sole U. S. Distributors, Browne Vintners Co., Inc., N.Y.C.

Milton's

SALT-AIRE SHETLANDS

Traditional boat neck shetlands with a new salty flavor from across the seas.



1. Four ply ribbed shetland, imported, full fashioned, in charcoal olive heather; char green; char gray; char red $20.00
2. Ribbed lambswool (75%) with orlon (25%) in beige heather; char olive; char gray; light gray heather $10.00

sizes 38-46 or small to extra large

Mail orders promptly filled. Add $.40 postage
Write for free fall fashion booklet

Milton's
Clothing Cupboard

Chapel Hill, N. C. and
798 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta Ga.

Leaders read the
Kiplinger Letter
every Monday morning

CARRIAGE DRIVE
RESTAURANT & SHOP

The most glamorous in New England

COCKTAILS IN DRUM ROOM

OPEN SUNDAYS

HAMDEN CONNECTICUT

JUST OFF EXIT 61 MERRITT PARKWAY

from any sort of meaningful labor. The good monks hardly realized that the final products of this separation would be automation and television.

This change was abetted and hastened by the Black Death, which wiped out between a third and a half of the population of Europe during the fourteenth century—a catastrophe equivalent to a nuclear war, though, happily, not as permanently and irretrievably devastating. The resulting shortage of labor even brought about the wholesale importation of Oriental slaves into Tuscany. But in time it both improved the status of the native worker and increased the demand for machines, so by the sixteenth century the stage was set for the large-scale invention and operation of machines. Here, too, however, the human process of mechanization antedated the mechanical skill of the machine, for the printing press would have been inconceivable if the monastic copyists had not, over the centuries, achieved precision and uniformity in the shaping of their letters and in the composition of the written page. In other words, it was not the independent invention of machines that made men more mechanical; it was the mechanization and standardization of human impulses, the creation of machine-minded men, first in the army and the monastery, then in the bureaucracy and the factory, that made it possible to invent and organize mechanical parts that counterfeited the human reflexes. The virtues of the machine—precision, repetition, undeviating order of a limited kind—correspond in the human psyche to the typical manifestations of a "compulsion neurosis." Thus, it is not strange that our machine age took form, after the catastrophic disruption of the Black Death, in an attempt to minimize external disorder and maximize psychological security by means that the Christian Church had not offered—a reaction to total anxiety. Without this impulse to order and uniformity, we might have waited much longer before being confronted by the blessings and curses of a machine age. And if my interpretation of these facts is correct, the moral should be plain, though it contradicts most of the writers on the subject, from Karl Marx to the latest academic popularizer of technology; namely, that mechanical invention does not exist in an independent sphere but is the product of human desire and human consent, often springing from sources quite remote from technology, passing from fantasy to action, finally hardening into orderly habit and

help means life itself

Diamanto is Greek, age 9. In a workless area, her parents are too ill to work. "Home" is one small room. There is no running water, no electricity. Bed is the floor. One stremma of rocky soil yields an income of $10.00 a month . . . not enough to live and too much to die. Thin and pale from undernourishment, Diamanto knows only hunger, cold and distress. She limps when she walks for her rubber boots are too small for her feet. She owns no shoes. Her mother and father look with despair on their child whom they cannot feed and clothe. Help to Diamanto means life itself, love and hope.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photographs of "your child" upon receipt of application with initial payment. "Your child" is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. At once the child is touched by love and a sense of belonging. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives a monthly cash grant of eight dollars plus food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs.

Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, helping children, wherever the need—in France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Western Germany, Korea and Viet Nam—and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau in New York City. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

Foster Parents' Plan, Inc.
352 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

© 1958 FPP, Inc.

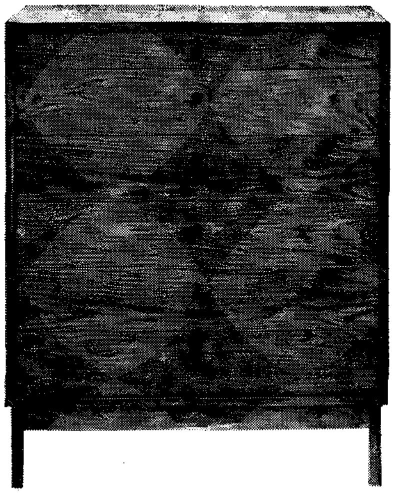
PARTIAL LIST OF
SPONSORS AND
FOSTER PARENTS
Mary Pickford
Mr. and Mrs.
Robert W. Sarnoff
Dr. John Haynes Holmes
Jean Tennyson
Helen Hayes
Dr. Howard A. Rusk
Edward R. Murrow
Bing Crosby
K. C. Gifford
Gov. & Mrs. Walter Kohler
Charles R. Hook
Mr. and Mrs.
John Cameron Swayze
Garry Moore

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN, INC. NY 9-27-58
352 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
In Canada: P. O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year. If possible, sex........, age........, nationality........
I will pay $15 a month for one year ($180). Payment will be monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), yearly ( ).
I enclose herewith my first payment $........
B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $........

Name........
Address........
City........Zone........State........
Date........Contributions are deductible from Income Tax

superb at $145



Six drawer chest. One of a group by R. Artschwager. Hand-rubbed oiled walnut. D 18", W 36", H 42".

Send for Catalog

the workbench

46 Greenwich Ave., N. Y. ALgonquin 5-1270

A PASSIONATE PREDILECTION

for controversial films not shown elsewhere, an insistent interest in cinema as art, a fervid favoring of the active and adult spectator are but three of the startling innovations observable at the private membership screenings of Cinema 16, America's largest film society.

A not inconsiderable number of memberships are available for the 12th season, featuring sixteen programs of classics, prize-winning shorts and works by independent film artists.

We can be induced to send you full particulars and free introductory offer.

Cinema 16

Dept. NB, CINEMA 16,
175 Lexington Avenue,
New York 16, MU 9-7288

Absinthe House

Specialties with the Flavor Distinctive of New Orleans

130 WEST 48 STREET
Res. CO 5-6571
Closed Sundays

routine, yet never entirely free from subjective distortions and irrational pressures.

Hence, a change of faith and ideology would be as capable of retarding technology today as the concern with art and otherworldly religion possibly retarded it in classical times. Some may regard this as a threat; indeed, to those who see man's future solely in terms of artificial satellites, space platforms, and comatose trips to the moon, such a transference of interest to other fields must seem nothing less than damnable heresy, a sacrilege against the cybernetic deity who provides us with a machine-made equivalent for an abundant life. But if the mythology of the machine does in fact issue out of the dark interior where other mythologies have their origin, a countermovement may still take place on a scale even greater than the religious movements of the sixth century B.C. Since modern technics, whether allied with capitalism or Communism, has no built-in brakes to control its suicidal acceleration, we must look to the tendency of all living organisms to maintain their own balance to bring about a shift of human interest sufficiently massive to serve as a brake. The fact that most of our contemporaries can no more picture such a shift than the backward-looking Romans of the fourth century could picture the end of the Roman Empire through the dominance of Christianity does not imply that such a change is impossible. That would not mean the end of technics or of technical improvements; it would merely mean the end of the compulsion neurosis that has undermined the beneficent technical achievements of the last four centuries.

At all events, the great technical awakening of the West dates back to well before the eighteenth century, and one must associate it not only with the breakdown of such medieval social institutions as serfdom after the Black Death but with a general shift in interest from the hereafter to the here and now. With this went another shift, from the contemplative life of the religious to the active life of merchants, sailors, craftsmen, financiers, and industrialists, and to a growing concern with quantity and numbers. When Jakob Fugger, the J. P. Morgan of the sixteenth century, offered a share of his business to one of his brothers, the latter rejected it because he said it might imperil his soul, but by this time a large part of the ruling classes, at least, thought it was possible to buy their way into Heaven as they

Something New in the
Cotillion room
STANLEY MELBA
PRESENTS
"An Evening with
VICTOR HERBERT"
STARRING
RAY MIDDLETON
DOLORES PERRY
JIMMY CARROLL
Joseph Ricardel orchestra for dancing
Dinner Show nightly—9:30
Supper Show Fri. & Sat.—12:30
Theatre Dinner—$5
No entertainment tax 6 to 8 p.m.
GOGI is your Host
Hotel Pierre
TEmpleton 8-8000
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET

AFTER . . . THE BALL *begins!*

From "two on the aisle" to dancing in style . . . for a perfect ending to a perfect evening . . . smart New Yorkers make DANCE CITY one of THE after-theatre spots of the town . . . where everyone is the star of the party. You'll love every hour of it!

BUDDY BAIR
& His Orch.
ARGUESO & his
Latin Rhythms

CONTINUOUS DANCING • 2 GREAT BANDS
EVENINGS EXCEPT MONDAY • MATINEES
THUR. & SAT. • SUN. CONT. FROM 3:30

Roseland
DANCE CITY
SENSATIONALLY AIR-CONDITIONED
TERRACE RESTAURANT • BAR
52nd ST., WEST OF BROADWAY

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
QUO VADIS
Luncheon · Cocktails · Dinner
26 EAST 63RD STREET AT MADISON AVENUE
TEMPLETON 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
13 E. 55TH
PL 3-7296
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION
FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
OPEN SUNDAYS

The finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN PAVILION
24 W. 55 ST.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
JU 6-5950

1835
SCOTCH WITH A HISTORY
Imported in Bottle from Scotland
OLD Smuggler
Blended SCOTCH Whisky
100% Scotch Whiskies · 86 Proof · Four Fifths Quart
Blended and Bottled by Jas. & Geo. Stodart, Ltd.
Distillers, Forres, Dumbarton & Glasgow
IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY NEW YORK
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

Arrival of the Fashionable Scotch

WHETHER you are meeting Old Smuggler for the first time or the thousandth time, its arrival rightfully rates the "red carpet."

It is what Scotsmen call a *fashionable Scotch*. Because it is developed with patience and scruple—because it is distinguished by great softness and delicacy of flavour—and because it carries on quality traditions that date back to 1835.

The precious character of Old Smuggler prompts men to pay it a spontaneous and unique tribute when it is poured: "Careful, don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler."

If you have not yet enjoyed the superb delight of Old Smuggler, why not ask for it by name the next time? You will be richly rewarded. Please take another look at the bottle to fix it firmly in your memory.

Distilled, Blended and Bottled in Scotland
Imported by
W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, N. Y., N. Y.
Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF

OLD Smuggler

SCOTCH with a History

AT HOME AT RESTAURANTS

Enjoy the world's sweetest, tenderest **ROCK LOBSTER TAILS**
The young, deep-sea tails from **SOUTH AFRICA**

IT IS EASY to be sure. When you order rock lobster tails—from your food supplier or at your favorite restaurant—say, "*South African.*"

THEY ARE THE ONLY rock lobster tails from the pure, deep-down, ice-cold sea waters off the Cape of Good Hope, *South Africa.*

THIS ACCOUNTS FOR the firm tenderness and delicate sweet flavor of the snow-white meat . . . seafood at its finest.

SO YOU CAN SEE why it is wise to select rock lobster tails with utmost care . . . the red *South African* label is your guide to the sweetest, tenderest of all rock lobster tails.

FREE RECIPE BOOKLETS are available to give you a new, delicious conception of seafood feasts with *South African* Rock Lobster. Write South African Rock Lobster, 70 Wall Street, N.Y. 5, N.Y.

Seafood At Its Best
SOUTH AFRICAN Rock Lobster Tails
Genuine South African Rock Lobster Tails
Quick Frozen Genuine
South African Rock Lobster Tails
6

Special package . . . 10½ ounces . . . 2-3 tails

Single tail . . . cellophane-sealed

Family package . . . 1½ pounds . . . 6-7 tails . . . cellophane-sealed

South African Rock Lobster Tails ®

By this seal you shall know that here is the finest.

QUICK-FROZEN

South African Rock Lobster Tails

Wherever Frozen Foods Are Sold

bought their way into the royal court. Equally important, doubtless, is the fact that, from the twelfth century on, trade and military adventure brought Europe into contact with technically superior cultures—Arabic, Persian, and Chinese—for the principal inventions that characterize this period (the Persian windmill, Chinese gunpowder and paper, the Arabic-Chinese magnetic compass, and Korean movable type) all came from the East. When one adds to this the chemical knowledge that also came from the East—the very words "alcohol" and "alkali" betray their Arabic origin—it becomes obvious that modern technology is a product of world unification. What happened in England in the eighteenth century was not insignificant, but it would have been impossible without this global development.

Besides providing the material for a more adequate interpretation of technical development throughout history, this admirable "History of Technology" corrects a distortion of the nineteenth century so common that we are usually unconscious of it—an overemphasis on moving machinery and a tendency to ignore the more static arts of architecture and civil engineering, and, particularly, the processes of chemistry. Our modern world is not just a world of machines; it is also a world of chemical processes, and it owes a heavy debt to the primitive arts of the brewer, the vintner, the dyer, and the tanner, from whom we learned the secrets of fermentation, distillation, and antisepsis. If the editors' emphasis on the role of chemistry is due to the sponsorship of the "History" by the Imperial Chemical Industries, of London, we may be grateful for that association. Alcohol was discovered around 1100, possibly at the

PICTURE *yourself* WITH JOHN STUART FURNITURE

Ask your dealer or decorator

JOHN STUART INC. NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for ☐1 YEAR; ☐2 YEARS. My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions	1 year—$7.00; 2 years—$12.00
Canada, Latin America and Spain	1 year— 8.00; 2 years— 14.00
Other Foreign	1 year—10.00; 2 years— 18.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new. Please include postal zone numbers for both addresses.

NAME________________________________

ADDRESS________________________________
(Please include postal zone number)

THE ROUNDTABLE PROUDLY PRESENTS,
IN HIS FIRST NEW YORK ENGAGEMENT:
Andre PREVIN TRIO
CLASSIC CUISINE SET TO MODERN MUSIC
Charlie SHAVERS QUINTET
DINERS' CLUB
No 20% Entertainment Tax
LUNCHEON, DINNER AND SUPPPER
THE Roundtable
151 EAST 50th ST., NEW YORK CITY
Phone PL 8-0310 for reservations

HENRY WARD RANGER
150 contemporary American paintings purchased by the Ranger Fund, lent by 100 museums and the Smithsonian Institution.
CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION
NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN
Sept. 25—Oct. 12
one to six daily
Admission free
1083 FIFTH AVE

Eden Roc Club
LUNCH
COCKTAILS
DINNER • SUPPER
DANCING FROM 10:30 P.M.
148 EAST 48th ST. PL 1-3382

A TRULY REMARKABLE RESTAURANT
Rattazzi
LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER
OPEN NOON TO MIDNIGHT
9 EAST 48 STREET, N.Y.C.—PL 3-5852

medical school in Salerno (as the present volume's writer on "Medieval Food and Drink" points out), and brandy was prescribed by physicians during the Black Death, with as much scientific cogency as aspirin was prescribed for influenza in 1918. Significantly, it was the brewers and dyers who first used coal industrially, and the further development of chemical processes, initially employed on organic materials, made coal itself one of the largest sources of dyes, medicines, and other chemicals. In some ways, in fact, chemical industries set the pattern for automation, because once the apparatus is loaded and the temperature and pressure are set, the human hand plays no part in the process, and the number of workers employed, except for upkeep, is minimal.

THIS second volume of the "History" leaves technology with one foot in the modern age, yet even before the acceleration of invention began, late-medieval technics could not be termed backward in relation to other aspects of human culture. Up to 1500, indeed, it was still true that technics was concerned with statics more than with mechanics, with durable building more than with the production of consumer goods, with art more than with efficiency, with quality more than with quantity, and with the infinite cunning and adaptability and freedom of the human hand and eye (though feeble and limited) more than with the titanic power of the machine, utilizing extra-human sources of energy to drive other machines. But with simple tools and few machines the people of the Middle Ages produced, all over Europe, buildings of incomparable beauty and serviceability, often marvels of sheer engineering. Until the fourteenth century, when overcrowding began in a few big cities like Paris and Milan, the collective result of their industry, the medieval city, was not just relatively but absolutely superior in order and coherence, in the provision of open spaces and nearby recreation areas, in adaptation of means to ends, to, say, either New York or Levittown today.

If medieval people had paid less attention to religion and art, they would doubtless have been able to give more energy to mechanical production, so they might have been better fed in the winter, better shod, and better clothed, and the gap between the poor and the rich would not have been so threatening. But when we add up all the blessings of the machine, we must also note, on the red side of the ledger, the brutal and ir-

DINNER
in the exciting
Embassy Club
Including a
Theatre Dinner at $4.50
served until 8:15 P.M.
Dancing from 9 P.M.
After Theatre Supper
CHAUNCEY GRAY
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
QUINTERO
AND HIS RHUMBA BAND
JANI SARKOZI
AND HIS VIOLIN
Closed Sundays
Reservations-Call Henri PL5-1000
Sheraton-East
FORMERLY THE AMBASSADOR
PARK AVE. at 51 STREET
HAROLD P. BOCK, GENERAL MANAGER

the world famous
Latin Quarter
B'WAY AT 48TH ST., CIRCLE 6-1735
The most spectacular revue this side of Paris!
EXQUISITE GIRLS • SHOWS AT 8 & 12 • NO COVER • DINERS' CLUB

Cherio
RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON-DINNER TILL 11 P. M.
OPEN SUNDAYS 6 P. M.
46 E. 50TH ST. • MU 8-1190

DECOR by RUSSELL PATTERSON
Sal Cucinotta...
teddy's
Italian French Cuisine
219 W. B'WAY—N.Y.C.—res. WO 6-2180

rational contents of both our inner life and our outer activities, as they are disclosed in our present feverish efforts directed toward the extermination of the human race. In that light, our overcommitment to technics may seem as dubious as the medieval overcommitment to its own subjective fantasies. To say this is not to put one age above the other; it is only to indicate that what we have gained in one department we have lost in another. We can travel faster, shoot farther, communicate more rapidly and widely, produce more goods, and exterminate life more effectively than our medieval counterparts. Who can doubt, too, that we have enormously lengthened the probable span of life at birth, and alleviated, in the less crowded parts of the world, the worst miseries of disease and malign accident? But if we have lifted the spectre of starvation, at least in the United States, we have increased the likelihood of random destruction and extermination; if we can travel more frequently, the place we reach becomes ever more similar to the one we left, and the faster we travel the less we are conscious of any change.

To make anything like a final reckoning of accounts on the technical achievements of the modern age would be to take on prematurely a task one must leave to much later generations—with the pious hope that they may at least live to tell the tale. But it is not too early to characterize the mixed technology of Europe at the end of the fifteenth century, and to say that, thanks to a system that combined handicraft and the tool with mechanization and power machinery, something like a balance had been temporarily brought about, more favorable to human life than anything that earlier technology had achieved, for it no longer rested on slavery and regimentation. The technical lethargy of the previous three thousand years was being thrown off; the printing press had eliminated the class monopoly of knowledge, and in one department after another the material goods that had once been restricted to a small caste were now becoming available to the whole population, through the vast increase in the use of wind, water, and horse power that the previous centuries had brought in. New realms of technics were being opened up at the very moment when new lands were being discovered in the Western Hemisphere. The repopulation of Europe after the fourteenth century, and its colonial expansion after the sixteenth century, stand as proofs of its technical resourcefulness no less than of its animal vital-

GORDON'S
VODKA
GORDON'S
DISTILLED
VODKA

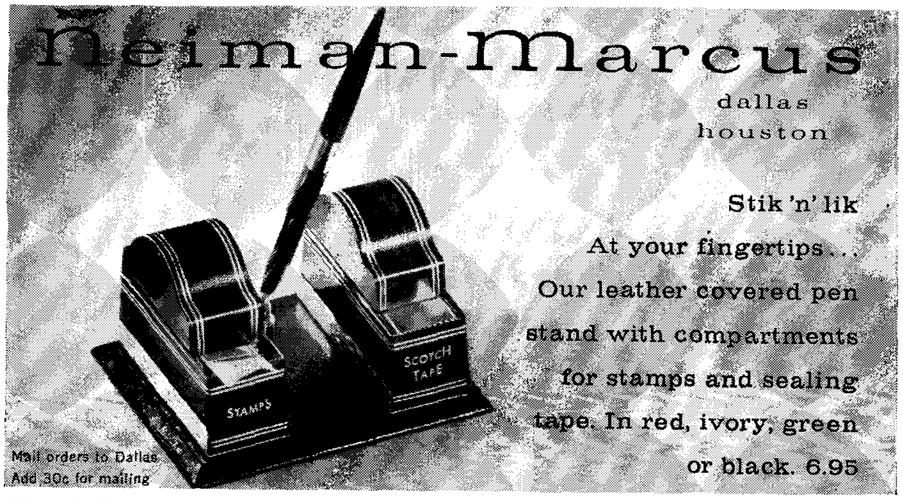
THE SMART WAY TO
ASK FOR VODKA

Are you a BLENDSMAN First Class?

Are you the center of your circle... known for your velvety vodka drinks (made with incomparable Gordon's Vodka) and scintillating syntax? Good! That makes you one of many vodka drinkers excelling in BLENDSMANSHIP* who have switched to Gordon's—the vodka that mixes better because it's distilled.

*the art of being a good mixer

80 & 100 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • © GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N. J.



Neiman-Marcus
dallas
houston

Stik 'n' lik
At your fingertips...
Our leather covered pen stand with compartments for stamps and sealing tape. In red, ivory, green or black. 6.95

Mail orders to Dallas
Add 30c for mailing

This Week's Specialty
POH LOH KAI
Hawaii's and our idea of perfect all weather food: Chicken in the light tangy sauce of the Islands, mingling the color and flavor of pineapple, peppers and maraschinos. Served with steamed rice and tossed green salad........$1.95

Every day: RUMAKI, TERIYAKI and our supper—the DO-IT-YOURSELF platter keeps 'em coming back for more. *Platter for 2*............$2.50
Unusual fountain service. No liquor served

Lunch from 11, Dinner 5-10, Supper till 1 A.M.
Sunday Brunch 11-4 Sidewalk cafe.

COOKERY
8th St. & University Place, NYC Lafayette
ORegon 4-4450

OCTOBER FESTIVAL
Sept. 30 — Oct. 5

Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMET'S RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
Air Conditioned

BREWED IN
LIMITED QUANTITIES
FOR THOSE WHO
RELISH THE
WORLD'S MOST
DISTINCTIVE
BEER

prior®
Liquid Luxury

ADAM SCHEIDT BREWING CO.
NORRISTOWN, PA.
IN NEW YORK PHONE CHICKERING 4-5841
IN NEW JERSEY PHONE UNION 4-3000

DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF
LENNY HERMAN

The Mightiest
Little Band
in the Land

at the famous GRILL
Hotel ROOSEVELT
DINNER and SUPPER DANCING
No Minimum at any time
Madison Ave. at 45th Street

WILLIAM HOLDEN
SOPHIA LOREN
TREVOR HOWARD
in Carol Reed's Production
'The Key'
NOW thru TUES. Sept. 30
Beekman EAST 65 ST. at 2nd AVE.

OPEN SUNDAYS
RESTAURANT
Laurent
We Park Your Car at Dinner
111 East 56th St. • PLaza 3-2730

ity. Technics itself had become an adventure, and the totalitarian conformity of a later day had not yet entered technics as the spiritual price exacted for its abundance, its security, and its order. Technics ground the organ, but life still called the tune. Ah, halcyon days!

—LEWIS MUMFORD

BRIEFLY NOTED

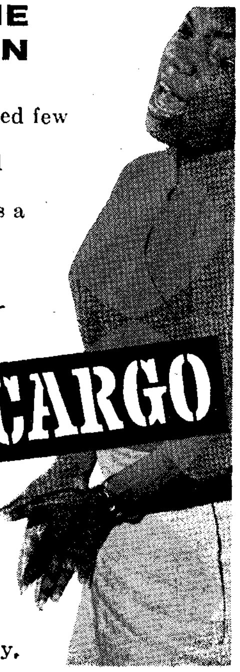
FICTION

AT LADY MOLLY'S, by Anthony Powell (Little, Brown). A brilliant, funny book. Lady Molly Jeavons is an English aristocrat who has married down and who nightly gives a socially jumbled party in South Kensington. Nicholas Jenkins, the narrator of this novel (and of "A Question of Upbringing," "A Buyer's Market," and "The Acceptance World," its predecessors in the author's "Music of Time" series), is taken to Lady Molly's one evening and finds there friends and relatives of his friends and relatives. The group's activities, which include the arrangement and breaking off of an unlikely engagement and a Left Wing earl's appropriation of the mistress of a Left Wing critic, make up the plot, which ends where it began, at a party at Lady Molly's. Mr. Powell's comedy is wonderfully unforced; it is also an exact expression of some stunningly acute perceptions of society and character.

ADMIRAL HORNBLOWER IN THE WEST INDIES, by C. S. Forester (Little, Brown). Whether we watch him in his occasional moments of private doubt, or in the performance of some masterly piece of strategy, or unvanquished in the cruel hands of kidnapping pirates, Horatio Hornblower remains a hero and a dazzling jewel in the British crown. This new Hornblower saga finds the redoubtable sailor in command of His Majesty's West Indian domain, where adventures are to be had for the choosing, and where the breezes blow sometimes for romance, sometimes for suspense. The time is Hornblower time, with the embellishments and manners of the early nineteenth century. A Literary Guild selection.

THE SECRET, by Alba de Céspedes, translated from the Italian by Isabel Quigly (Simon & Schuster). The pathetic story of Valeria Cossati, a Roman wife and mother in her early forties, who starts a diary in order to find some privacy from the family she loves, cares for, and bitterly resents. The diary—hidden now in

ERNESTINE ANDERSON

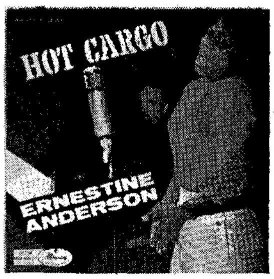


Yesterday known only to the privileged few . . . today a voice for the whole world to appreciate! Ernestine's debut is a musical landmark. Full . . . expressive . . . her voice is an instrument that improvises truly inspired music.

HOT CARGO

Ernestine presents "Love for Sale", "Ill Wind", "My Man", other evergreens in a torchy cargo never before treated so knowingly.

ASK FOR
Mercury RECORDS
MG20354



FOOD AND DRINK OF THE ISLANDS
LUAU DINNERS
Every Night by Reservation
A LA CARTE ALWAYS AVAILABLE
LUNCHEON
NOON TO THREE P.M.
ENTERTAINMENT & DANCING from 10 P.M.
featuring the
CATAMARAN BOYS

DINERS' ESQUIRE
AN ISLAND PARADISE ON NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE
Luau 400
ELdorado 5-6555
EAST 57th STREET at FIRST AVENUE

Established 1864
Keeler's
STATE STREET
The Restaurant Landmark of
ALBANY, NEW YORK

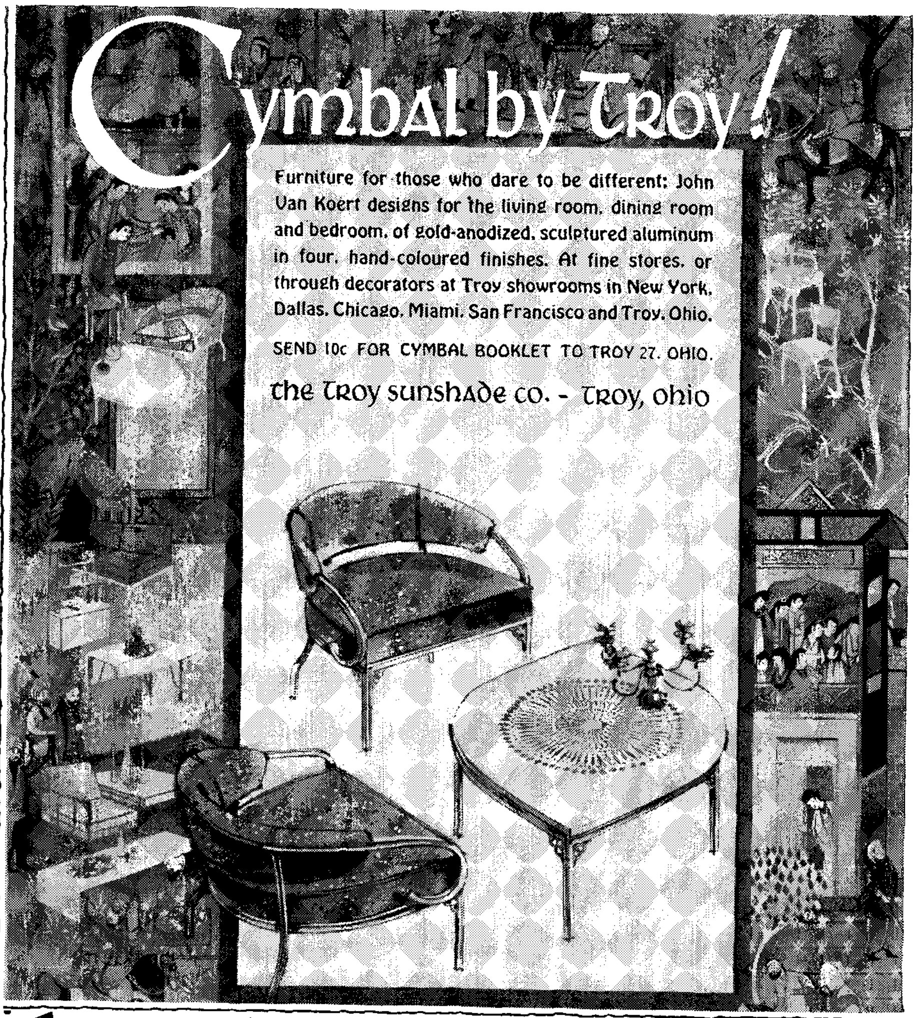
ELIMINATE FENDER NICKS!
NOW—Garage parking no problem with new "EASE-IN". Signal flashes before contact with doorframe or walls. Install in your garage in ½ hour. Runs on 110 Volt AC. ONLY $14.95, PP. add $3.95 for "2-car". No COD's. Mail check or money order to
EASE-IN, P.O. BOX 32, NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN
Mfg'd by Davis Stamping Co., in Det., Mich. since 1926

a ragbag and now in an empty suitcase, and always being moved about the cramped Cossati apartment as Valeria strives to keep it her secret—reveals a thoroughly feminine, if not particularly unusual, personality caught in a moment of suffering that is as commonplace as it is painful. Valeria, who loves her husband and her son and daughter dutifully and wistfully, without feeling passionately about any one of them, finds, as she writes, that her youth has stolen away in small, routine, joyless ways. She longs for an escape that she is too timid and too poor to attempt, and she starves for the affection and the attention from her family that would ease her heart if she were not too forlorn to expect it, which is to say to get it. The time is the present.

GENERAL

OF STARS AND MEN, by Harlow Shapley (Beacon). "It is amazing," says Dr. Shapley, who is a lecturer on cosmography at Harvard, "how little we know, compared to what we conceive as ultimately within our reach." In a sequence of ten closely related essays intended to make up "a tentative obituary of anthropocentrism," he provides us with a glimpse of the cosmos from the position occupied by all of us dwellers on earth—"a very undistinguished location in a faint spiral arm of an ordinary galaxy." He speculates on the likelihood of life on other planets, of which he believes there are about a hundred thousand in our galaxy; he muses on the fascinating possibility that there exists a fifth basic entity to add to the four we already recognize (space, time, matter, and energy)—a something that makes the others "click"—and he generally gives his buoyant imagination its head on a joy ride among the stars. His book makes most science fiction sound like pap.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY TEXAS: THE MEMOIRS OF JOHN HOLLAND JENKINS, edited by John Holmes Jenkins III (University of Texas Press). This vigorous document, most of which was published in the Bastrop (Texas) *Advertiser* in the late eighteen-eighties, is the artlessly effective work of a man who was twelve years old in 1835, when the Texas War of Independence broke out. Jenkins' recollections include that war (in which he served as a rifleman); the incessant backwoods


Cymbal by Troy!
Furniture for those who dare to be different: John Van Koert designs for the living room, dining room and bedroom, of gold-anodized, sculptured aluminum in four, hand-coloured finishes. At fine stores, or through decorators at Troy showrooms in New York, Dallas, Chicago, Miami, San Francisco and Troy, Ohio.

SEND 10c FOR CYMBAL BOOKLET TO TROY 27, OHIO.

the Troy Sunshade Co. - Troy, Ohio

Being Manicured by a Macaw...
Like Campari, an Acquired Taste...
You Could Learn to Love IT!
CAMPARI
ITALY
CAMPARI
Bitter
THE CAMPARI COCKTAIL (also called NEGRONI)
⅓ Campari
⅓ Sweet Vermouth
⅓ Dry Gin
Stir with ice

THE WORLD CONNOISSEUR'S COCKTAIL
IMPORTED, PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY
Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.
NEW YORK—NEW YORK

Campari is wonderful on the rocks! Additional recipes for sophisticates in the gold booklet attached to each bottle. 48 Proof.

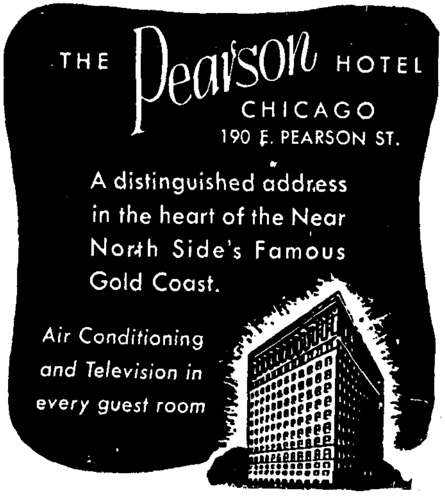
"Just watch me bounce-now that I get Vionate"
only 79¢ for 8-oz. pkg.
Does your dog lack pep? Does he hate to wag his tail? Give him Vionate containing 20 essential vitamins and minerals—add to food once daily for good bones, stamina, "bounce," healthy skin, thick lustrous coat.

See your druggist or pet shop.

VIONATE®

VIONATE is a registered Squibb trademark.

SQUIBB —A NAME YOU CAN TRUST


THE Pearson HOTEL
CHICAGO
190 E. PEARSON ST.

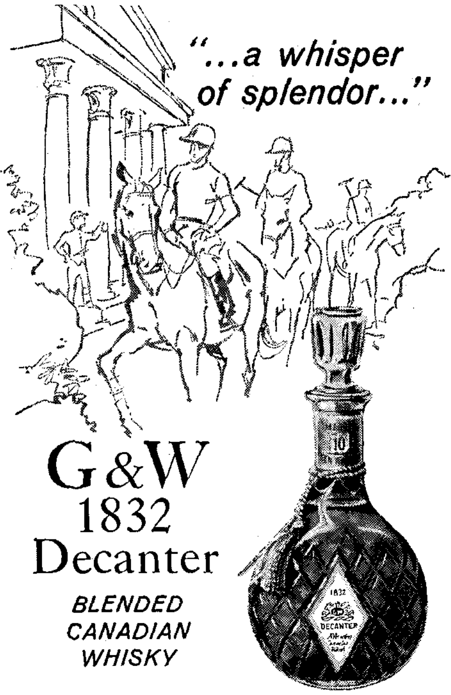
A distinguished address in the heart of the Near North Side's Famous Gold Coast.

Air Conditioning and Television in every guest room

skirmishes with Indians around the present site of Austin that enlivened the early years of the Texas Republic; and—most hauntingly—the hunting (bear, buffalo, deer) that for a time was every man's profession and was to Jenkins a lifelong pleasure. "I would risk life itself once on a chase," he recalls, in an elegiac passage. "When bear could not be found near home, I have taken my dogs and gone a hundred miles to find them, and now, even after sixty years of the best hunting, I believe I would ride twenty-five miles to see a fresh bear track." John Holmes Jenkins, the author's great-great-grandson, has done a splendid job of editing a splendid piece of Americana. J. Frank Dobie contributes an authenticating foreword. Illustrated with maps and contemporary drawings and portraits.

THE STICK AND THE STARS, by Commander William King (Norton). This tantalizing, and ultimately frustrating, little book deals largely with the six or so years that the author spent as a British submarine commander during the Second World War. Commander King's trouble, curiously, is that he is such a good writer. For, time and again, just as he gets going on a funny, limpid, crystalline description of, say, becoming stuck on the North Sea bottom, of being slowly cooked beneath tropical waters, or even of an all-night climb, while on leave, of a mountain in Lebanon, he seems to grow wary of what he is saying—whether out of fear of boring the reader or because of the remoteness of his material—and then closes the incident and marches gracefully on to the next, pulling one helplessly and hopefully after him. The absence of maps and photographs only emphasizes the hoppy, dreamlike quality of the book.

SCHUBERT: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY, by Maurice J. E. Brown (St. Martin's). Schubert was thirty-one when he died, in 1828; he left almost no money, a small reputation, an immense trunkful of unpublished music, and a scattered assortment of letters and papers. Mr. Brown's sensible book is the first biography and critical assessment to use all these documents. They make Schubert, both as a composer and as a man, a more credible figure than the artless infant of nineteenth-century legend. Schubert did not dash off his compositions; sketches and studies have been discovered that


"...a whisper of splendor..."

G&W 1832 Decanter

BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

In a world too often given to extremes, only a discriminating few can hear whispers of splendor . . . still fewer have the wherewithal to indulge their disciplined tastes. For this fabulous few, G & W offers, in limited supply, a blend of fine Canadian whiskies, all aged a decade.

IMPORTED BY ASSOCIATED IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH.
86 PROOF, 10 YEARS OLD

ELLA J. STOUT (Long-time Oregon Artist) says:

"This Otis can't paint any better than Picasso."

Mr. Otis

With an Introduction by STEWART HOLBROOK

A book for those who crave something definitely different!

$3.95

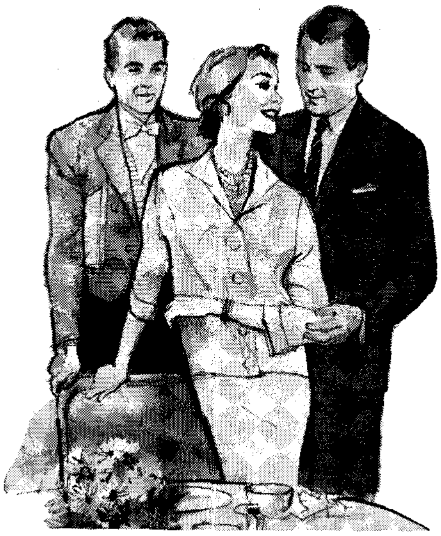
Macmillan

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
1601 Simpson St. Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

She deserves to eat out —at least once a week!

Whether it be dinner, breakfast, brunch or lunch . . . the pleasure's made greater by America's best-loved beverage —coffee! And Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand!

PRESSURE PACKED Chase & Sanborn COFFEE



By Appointment
ROLLS-ROYCE and BENTLEY
Sales and service representative for Greater Philadelphia and Delaware Valley
WARRINGTON ROLLS-ROYCE
701 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Overseas delivery arranged by F. C. Ditmars

One of America's Favorites . . .
Marzetti's FRENCH DRESSING
Send for deluxe box of one pint each (French, Slaw, Italian) and half-pint of Mint Topping: Prepaid $3.40
Marzetti's • Dept. 10, Columbus, Ohio

The house of quality food for the Epicurean
1341 THIRD AVE. at 77th St., N. Y. C.
BU 8-2886
Air Cond.
SUN YAH

show him struggling for the effects he wanted. And he was just as much a grownup in life as in work; he was poor not because he was a romantic child but because the taste of his time was slow to catch up with what he was doing. Mr. Brown is thorough and detailed and quite convincing on the point he most wants to make—that Schubert is a composer we can love and pity but, above all, respect.

PLATO: AN INTRODUCTION, by Paul Friedländer, translated from the German by Hans Meyerhoff (Pantheon). The first of three volumes (in the Bollingen series) that will finally make Professor Friedländer's famous studies of Plato available in English. This one explores the polyphonic ironies of Plato's thought, relates it to that of such modern philosophers as Heidegger and Jaspers, and then considers Plato in the surprising roles of physicist, geographer, city planner, and (with the help of a chapter by Huntington Cairns) jurist. Altogether masterly.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS' DICTIONARY OF CUISINE, translated and abridged by Louis Colman (Simon & Schuster). "Dinner: A major daily activity, which can be accomplished in worthy fashion only by intelligent people. It is not enough to eat. To dine, there must be diversified, calm conversation. It should sparkle with the rubies of wine between courses, be deliciously suave with the sweetness of dessert, and acquire true profundity with the coffee." This rather high-flown definition of our evening meal should serve as a warning to eager brides that Dumas' great culinary classic won't help them much in keeping their balanced meals within a balanced budget, but that does not mean that its study will not do them and their cuisine a world of good ("There is no good cooking without good bouillon," "Parsley is the obligatory condiment of every sauce," "For God's sake never put pickled gherkins in a sauce for calf's liver")—as it will every one of us who eats for pleasure. This absorbing work—half history, half cookbook—which Dumas liked to think would be the crowning achievement of his literary career, was not published until after his death; for many years it has been extremely difficult to find in France, and it has now been translated for the first time, intelligently cut to come somewhere within speaking distance of modern kitchens, and

Why is Mrs. Smith smiling?

Her husband just telephoned from out of town. She's not a "forgotten wife." Her husband does the thoughtful, considerate thing. When he's away, he calls home every day.

Why don't you make *your* call right now?

YOU SAVE MONEY WHEN YOU CALL STATION-TO-STATION instead of Person-to-Person

For example:	First 3 Minutes Person-to-Person	First 3 Minutes Station-to-Station	Each Added Minute (applies to all calls)
From New York City to:			
New Haven	60¢	40¢	10¢
Boston	85¢	55¢	15¢
Washington, D.C.	90¢	60¢	15¢
Detroit	$1.45	95¢	25¢
Cincinnati	$1.60	$1.05	30¢

These rates apply nights after 6 o'clock and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

M.I.P. OR MULTUM IN PARVO

Multum in parvo is a useful Latin phrase (meaning much in little) that we think describes some things about our business very well. For example:

The financial hub of the nation is a few crowded square blocks in downtown Manhattan. Much activity in little space.

A sizable fortune is often represented by a single stock certificate, which is just a sheet of paper with some engraving on it. Great value in a small document.

Multum in parvo also describes the popular Monthly Investment Plan, which enables you to acquire shares representing ownership in American business on a sensible budget. The Plan gives you the "much" of a potential profit in the "little" of a modest investment—as little as $40 a quarter.

If you would like information on how to become a share-owner for as little as 50¢ a day, ask for our booklet on M.I.P. It's free—and it may be the means of giving you a small stake in a great future. Simply address—

Department SB-124

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH

Members New York Stock Exchange
and all other Principal Exchanges
70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 112 Cities

embellished with enchanting decorations by John Jacoby.

ISRAEL, photographs by Izis, edited by Nicolas Lazar and Izis, with a preface by André Malraux and a cover and frontispiece by Marc Chagall (Orion). A volume in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the founding of the state of Israel, and one of the most attractive books that have yet appeared on that country. Chagall's drawing of King David is in the vein of his volume of Biblical illustrations; Malraux's preface has the insight of his studies in the history of art; the pictures, which are imaginatively conceived and vividly executed in the bright Palestinian light, and which cover a wide variety of landscapes, towns, and types, present the whole drama of Israel. The text is an anthology of extracts that also covers a great deal of ground: the Bible, the Talmud, Josephus, the ancient and contemporary Hebrew poets, and the travels of Lamartine and Chateaubriand. Of the final photograph, a sentinel on a darkening mountain, Malraux writes: "The sun sets on the sands that will cover the Jewish State as they cover many others. 'The morning cometh and also the night,' says Isaiah. 'Night cometh and also the morning,' answers a black shape in the dusk. The mountains it guards have seen Jerusalem seventeen times destroyed. It watches over girls who dream of the serenade 'My beloved comes on the Sabbath—my mother slumbers, my father sleeps—only my heart and I are awake!' and in the shadow of Scheol, which grows darker as the Pleiades mount in the sky, the Judges of Israel look down on the tiny doomed sentinel against whom God's threats cannot prevail because the mystery of the dignity of the most lowly is no less profound than that of death."

•

Rocky Cooper put on her diving gear again for a bit of diving with her teacher off Marineland yesterday. She waited until seals' mating season was over; being all in black it would be no fun having a big bull seal mistake you for another seal.—*Los Angeles Times.*

A girl today has to think of everything.

•

Churchill stayed on to play cards on the deck with Miss Garbo, Schlee, Onassis and Mrs. Onassis smoking five cigars during the afternoon.—*The Mirror.*

Between them?

Who is She

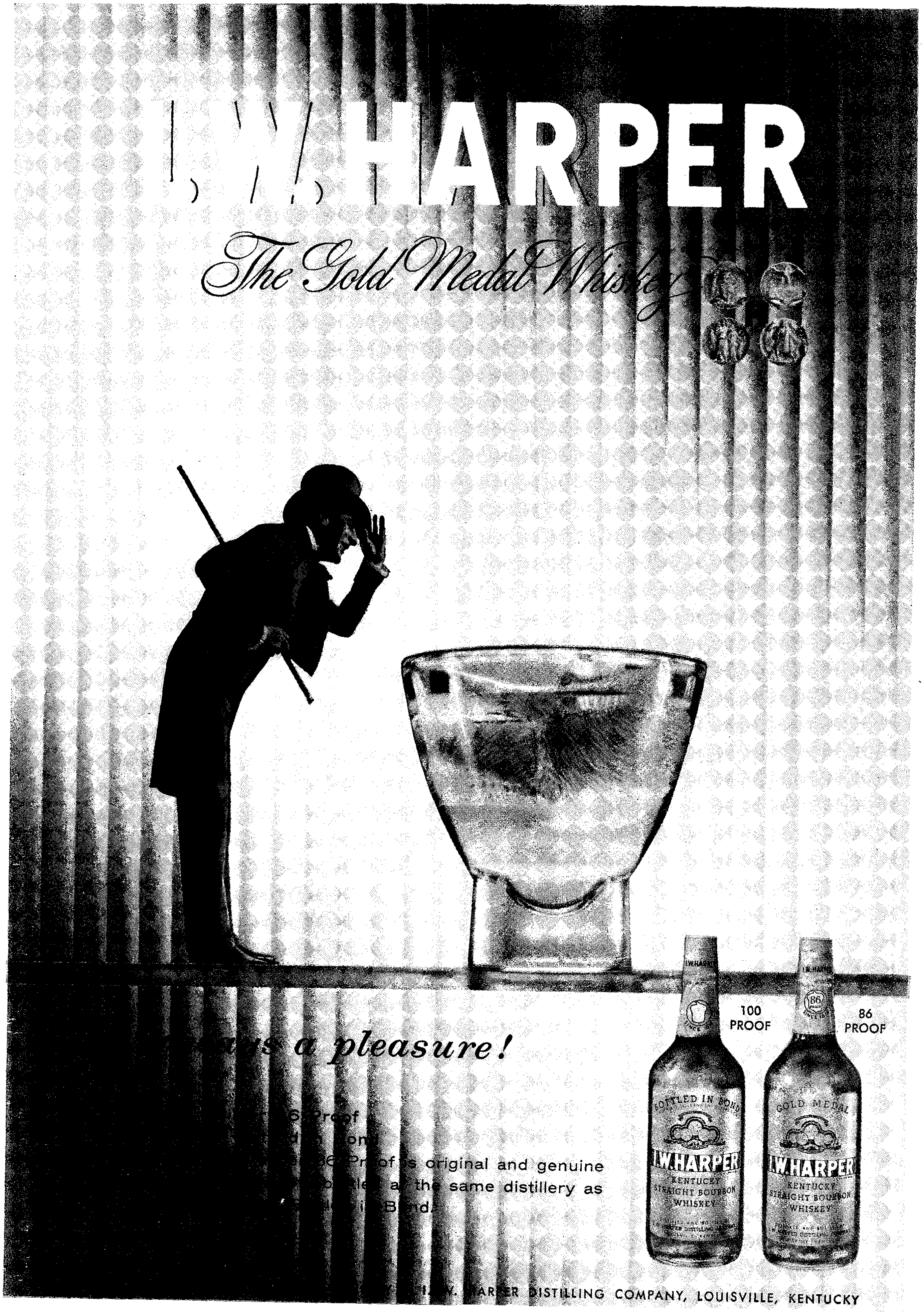
Headquarters Stores featuring
Suburban Outlook Fashions
in fabrics of

Celanese

contemporary fibers

Merchandise shown on page 130 not necessarily at all stores, but representative "Who is She" collections are available

Albany, N. Y.	Flah's
Akron, Ohio	M. O'Neil Co.
Asheville, N. C.	Bon Marche
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's
Augusta, Ga.	White's
Austin, Texas	Goodfriends
Bakersfield, Cal.	Malcolm Brock
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Beaumont, Texas	The White House
Binghamton, N. Y.	McLean's
Birmingham, Ala.	Loveman's
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Buffalo, N. Y.	*Hengerer's*
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	The Killian Co.
Charleston, S. C.	Condon's
Charleston, W. Va.	Stone & Thomas
Charlotte, N. C.	Ledford's
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Miller Bros.
Chicago, Ill.	Mandel Bros.
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. & S. Pogue
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Co.
Columbia, S. C.	Belk's
Corpus Christi, Texas	Lichtenstein's
Dallas, Texas	Wally Williams
Dayton, Ohio	Rike-Kumler Co.
Decatur, Ill.	Linn & Scruggs
Des Moines, Iowa	Younker's
Detroit, Mich.	The J. L. Hudson Co.
Duluth, Minn.	Duluth Glass Block
El Paso, Texas	Popular Dry Goods Co.
Evansville, Ind.	Schear's Dept. Store
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.	Burdine's
Fort Smith, Ark.	The Boston Store
Fresno, Calif.	E. Gottschalk & Co.
Fort Worth, Texas	Wally Williams
Galveston, Texas	E. S. Levy
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Paul Steketee & Sons
Greensboro, N. C.	Ellis-Stone Co.
Greenville, S. C.	Ivey's
Harrisburg, Pa.	Bowman's
Hartford, Conn.	Sage-Allen
Houston, Texas	E. S. Levy
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres & Co.
Jackson, Miss.	The *Kennington Co.*
Jacksonville, Fla.	Cohen Bros.
Kansas City, Mo.	The Jones Store
Knoxville, Tenn.	Rich's Inc.
Lexington, Ky.	Stewart Dry Goods
Lincoln, Neb.	Miller-Paine
Little Rock, Ark.	Pfeifer's
Long Beach, Calif.	Buffums
Los Angeles, Calif.	The May Co.
Louisville, Ky.	Stewart's
Madison, Wisc.	Harry S. Manchester, Inc.
Memphis, Tenn.	Lowenstein's
Miami, Fla., Miami Beach, 163rd St.	Burdine's
Minneapolis, Minn.	The Dayton Co.
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Gimbels
Mobile, Ala.	L. Hammel Co.
New Orleans, La.	Labiche's Inc.
New York, N. Y.	Arnold Constable
Newark, N. J.	Bamberger's
Norfolk, Va.	Smith & Welton
Oakland, Calif.	Kahn's
Omaha, Neb.	J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Orlando, Fla.	Belk's
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz.	Korrick's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph *Horne* Co.
Pittsfield, Mass.	England Brothers
Portland, Ore.	Meier & Frank
Providence, R. I.	Gladding's
Racine, Wisc.	Zahn's
Reading, Pa.	Pomeroy's
Rochester, N. Y.	B. *Forman*
Rock Hill, S. C.	Friedheim's
St. Louis, Mo.	Famous-Barr Co.
St. Paul, Minn.	Emporium of St. Paul, Inc.
San Antonio, Texas	Joske's
San Diego, Calif.	Walker-Scott Co.
San Francisco, Calif.	The White House
Sacramento, Calif.	Weinstock-Lubin
San Jose, Calif.	Hale's
Salt Lake City, Utah	Keith O'Brien
Scranton, Pa.	Scranton Dry Goods
Seattle, Wash.	The Bon Marche
Shreveport, La.	The Fashion
South Bend, Ind.	Robertson's
Spartanburg, S. C.	A. W. Smith
Springfield, Ill.	Myers Bros., Inc.
Springfield, Mass.	Forbes & Wallace
Springfield, Mo.	Heer's
Syracuse, N. Y.	Flah's
Tacoma, Wash.	Rhodes Bros.
Terre Haute, Ind.	Meis Bros.
Toledo, Ohio	Lasalle's
Topeka, Kansas	Pelletier's
Tucson, Ariz.	Levy's
Tulsa, Okla.	The Froug Co.
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop
W. Palm Beach, Fla.	Burdine's
Wheeling, W. Va.	Stone & Thomas
Winston-Salem, N. C.	The Anchor Co.
York, Pa.	Chas. H. Bear & Co.
Youngstown, Ohio	Strouss-Hirshberg Co.

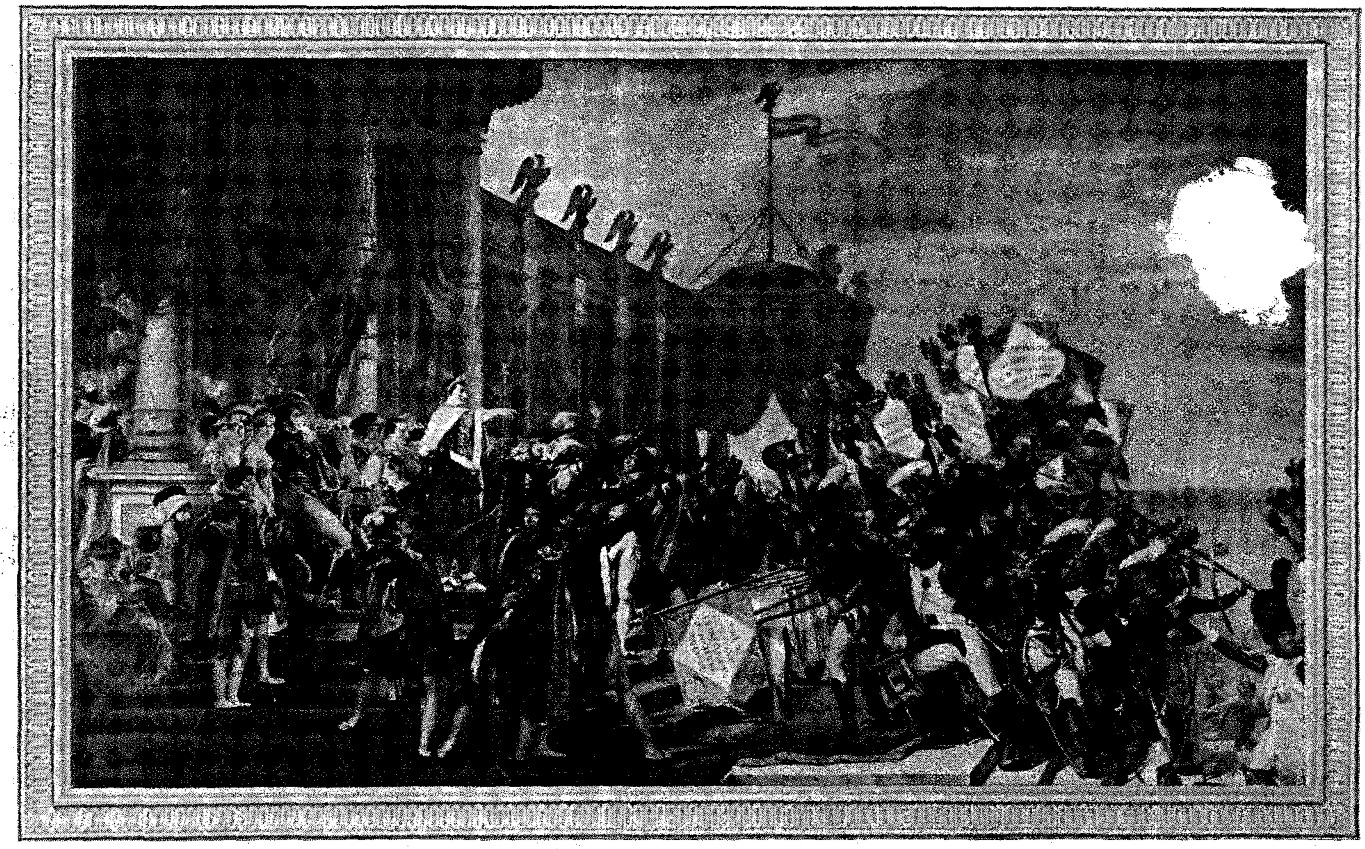


I. W. HARPER
The Gold Medal Whiskey
I.W. HARPER
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND
I.W. HARPER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
I.W. HARPER
86
86 PROOF
GOLD MEDAL
I.W. HARPER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

ays a pleasure!

6 Proof
d in Bond
86 Proof is original and genuine
bottled at the same distillery as
in Bond.

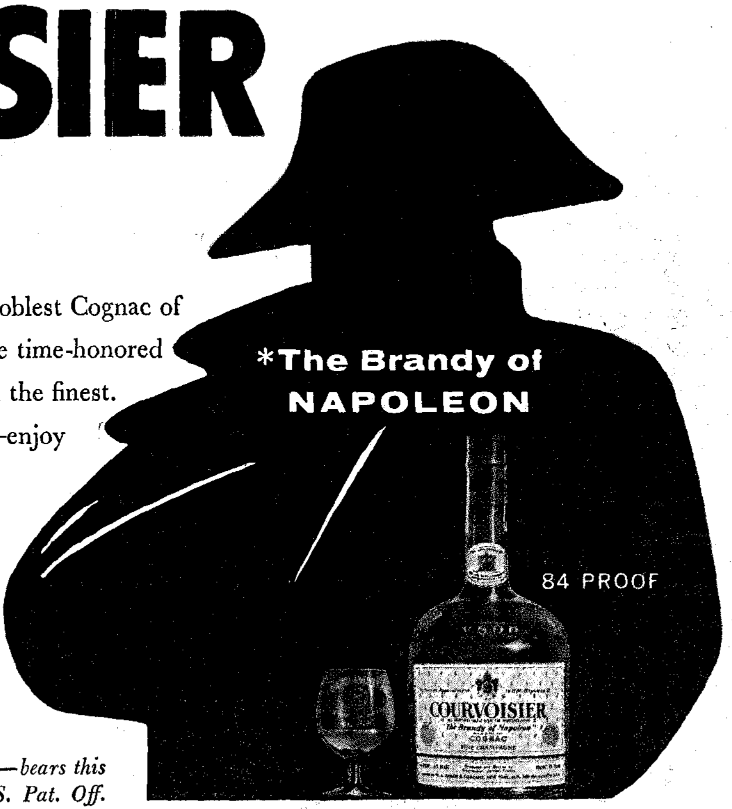
I. W. HARPER DISTILLING COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



DISTRIBUTION DES AIGLES PEINTURE PAR DAVID (MUSÉE DE VERSAILLES)

DISTRIBUTION OF THE EAGLES, *depicting the "Oath of the Army" after the distribution of the standards or flags on the Champ-de-Mars, December 5, 1804.*

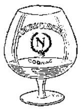
COURVOISIER
COGNAC



Down through the ages Courvoisier has ranked as the noblest Cognac of them all. Famous as "The Brandy of Napoleon," it is the time-honored drink of kings and statesmen, and all who can command the finest. Breathe in the aroma of Courvoisier Cognac reverently—enjoy its matchless flavour leisurely. You will sense the loving care that has been poured into its making—the glorious traditions it perpetuates.

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

**Courvoisier Cognac—and Courvoisier only—bears this registered phrase on every bottle. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*



SPECIAL OFFER IN FRENCH CRYSTALWARE—Four Courvoisier snifter glasses, about 3½ inches tall, with Napoleonic emblem in permanent gold design. Shipped to you from France. Send $1 cash or check *payable to T. V.,* P. O. Box 1205, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Dept. NY-20.